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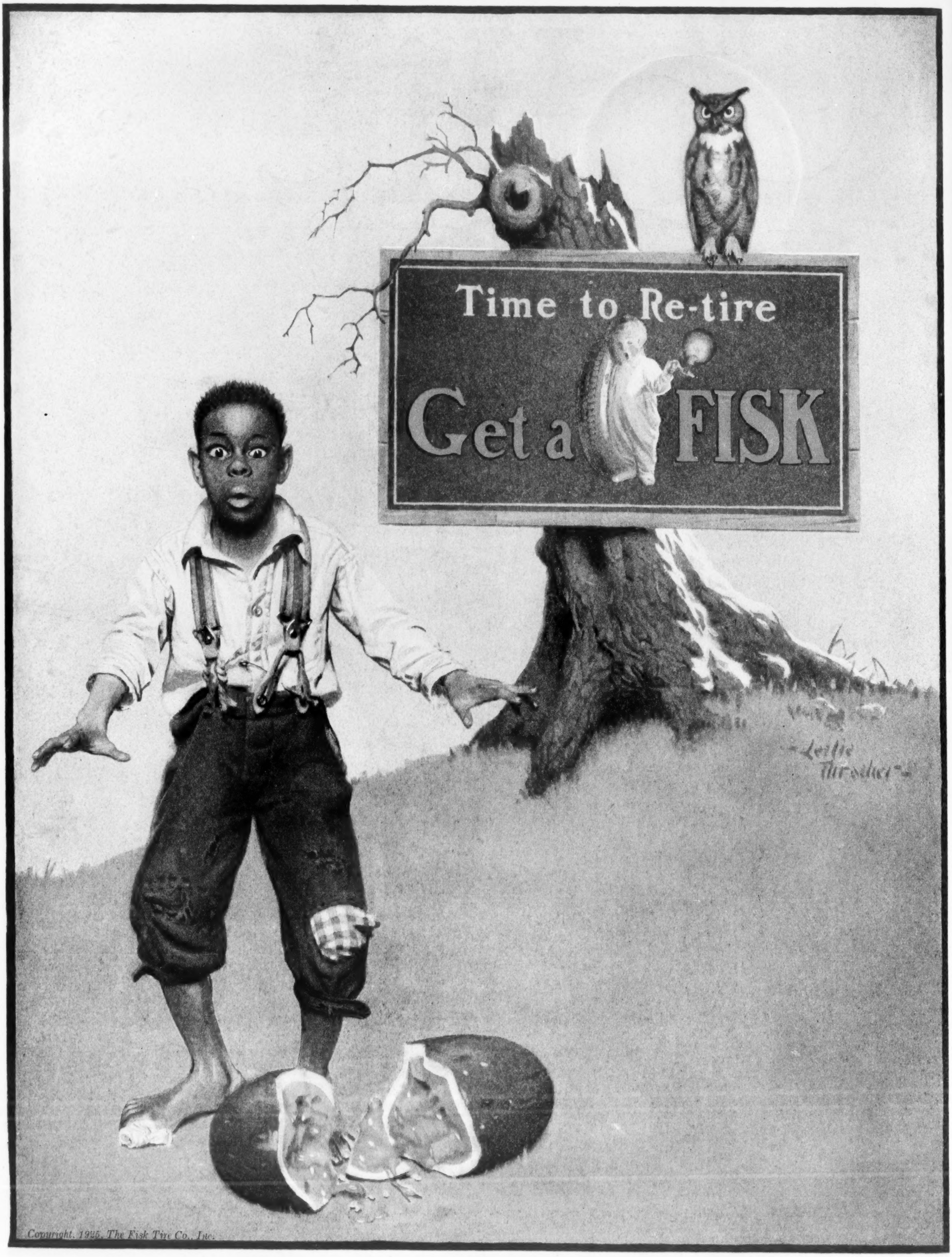
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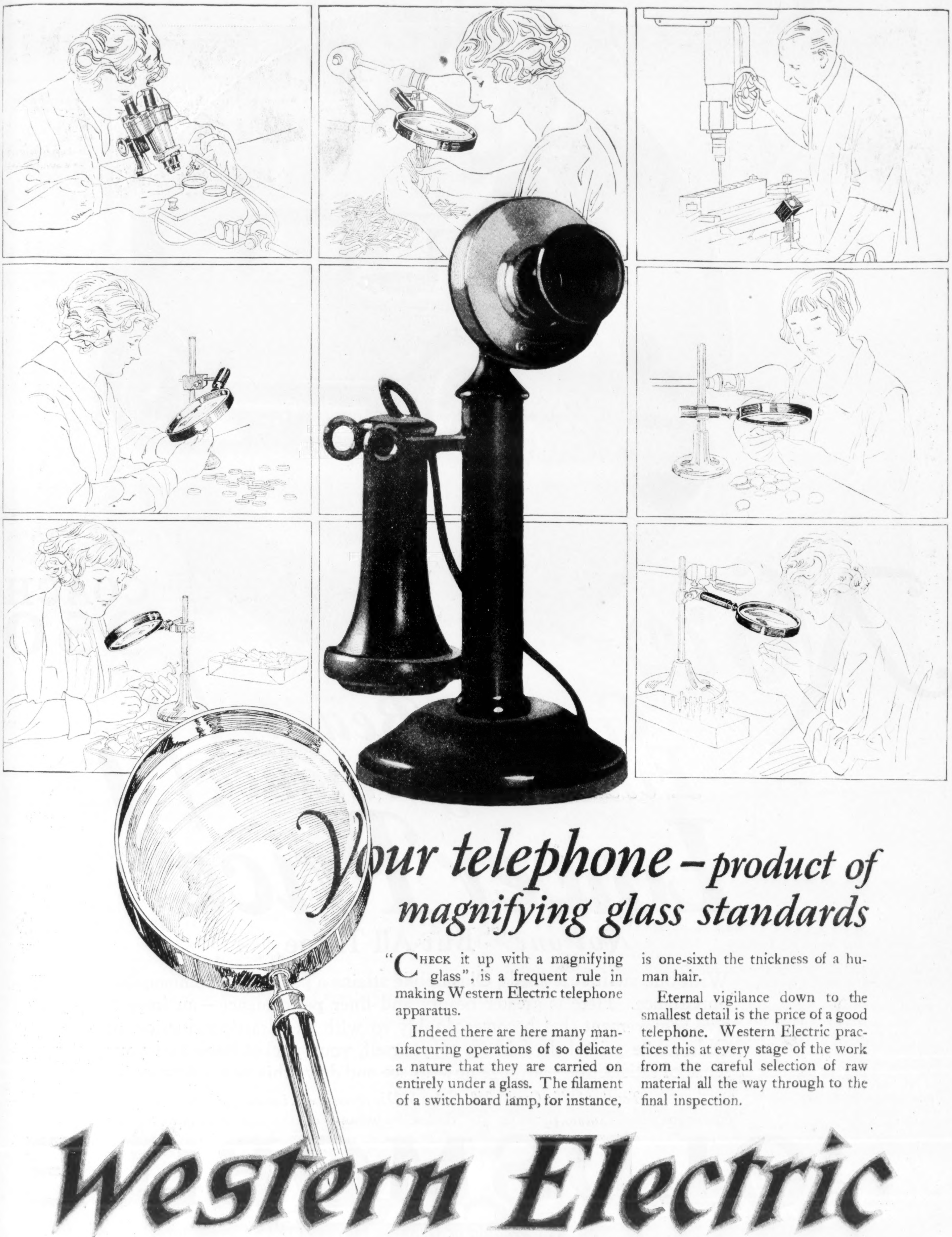

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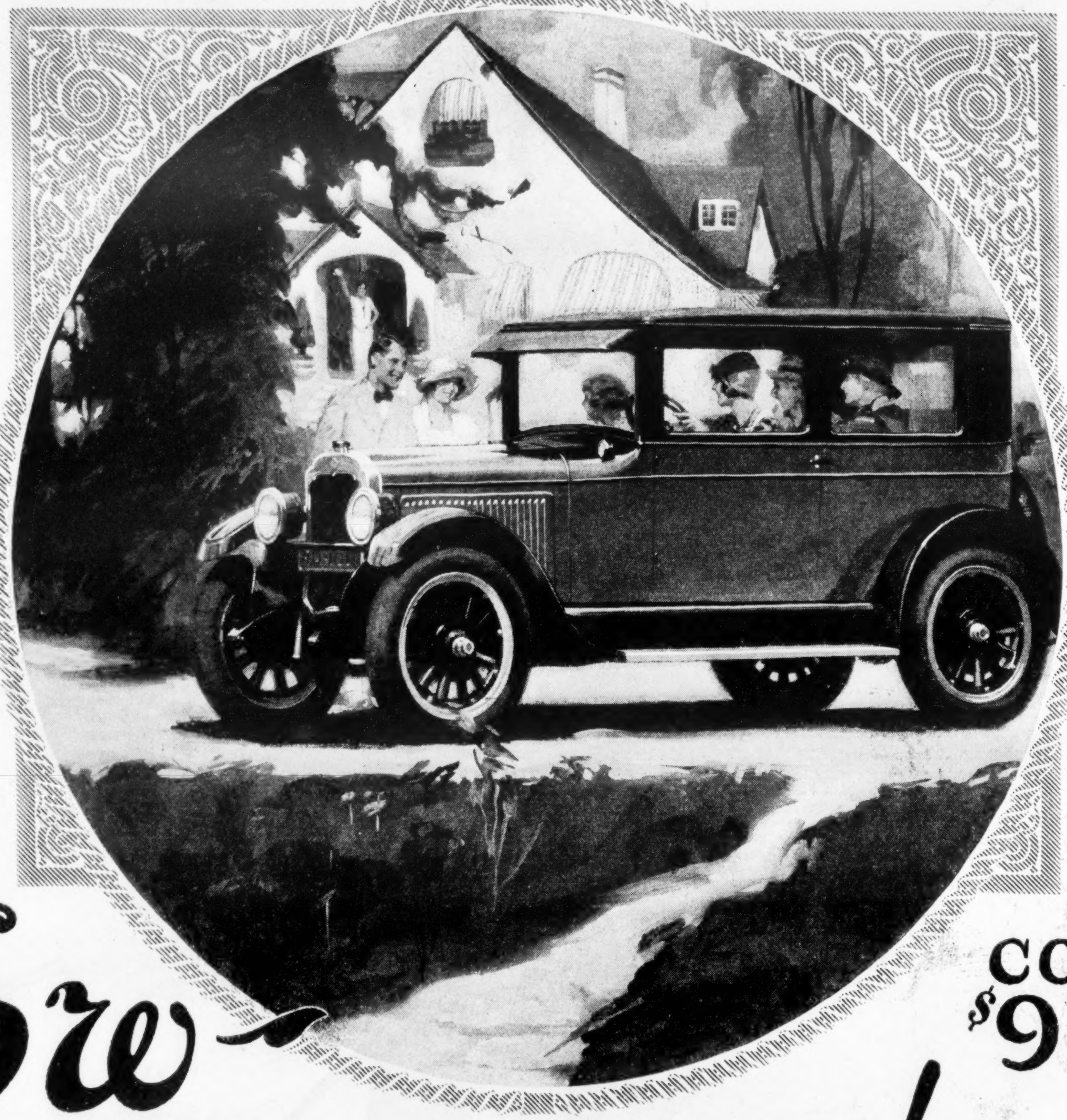

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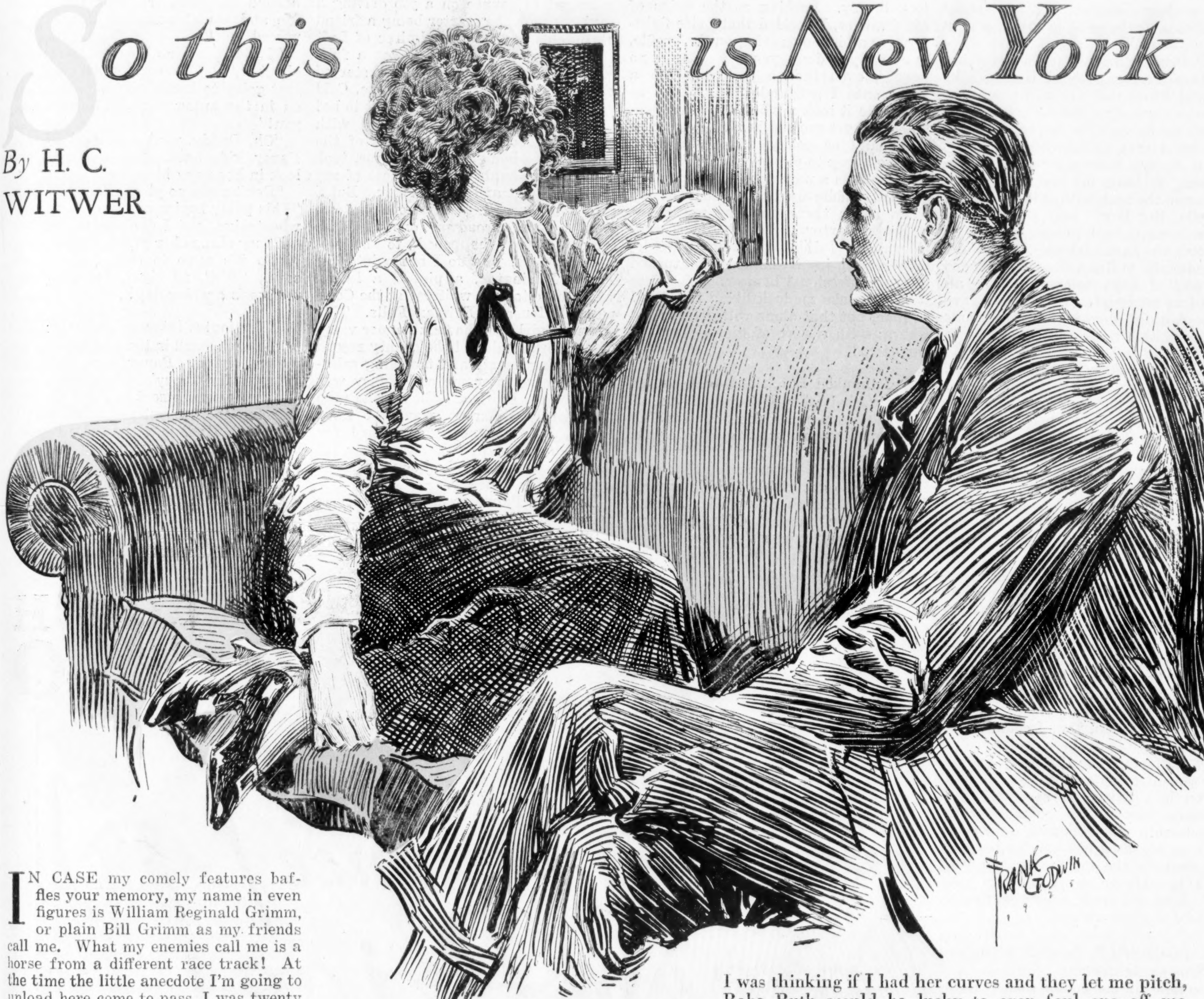
So this is New York

By H. C. WITWER



I was thinking if I had her curves and they let me pitch, Babe Ruth would be lucky to even foul one off me

IN CASE my comely features baffles your memory, my name in even figures is William Reginald Grimm, or plain Bill Grimm as my friends call me. What my enemies call me is a horse from a different race track! At the time the little anecdote I'm going to unload here come to pass, I was twenty years old, built like a heavyweight box fighter and, while nobody had ever mistook me for Norma Talmadge, I didn't look like a rhino either!

Among the thousands of things I *didn't* have was a university education, as maybe you've kind of suspected. Yet, strange as it may seem to the campus sheiks, many of the world's greatest successes wasn't college-bred.

In fact, plenty people to-day are satisfied that "college-bred" is bread which requires a fearful amount of dough, is seldom self-raising, and usually proves to be nothing more or less than a four-year loaf!

However, though I was scant on learning, there was a few particles of ambition in my composition—just enough to defeat my best efforts to be a flop.

This ambition was fanned to life by Barbara Baxter, a lady detective on the pay roll of the U. S. Revenue Department, who looked like the movie beauties would like to look. I met this opium fiend's dream in my home town, Fairfax Falls, N. Y., and I immediately lost my taste for being simply a Smith in Life's Telephone Book. Without the faintest idea of who she was or that I was helping her, I was tricked into assisting Barbara to round up a big gang of bootleggers there, which had operated from a alleged haunted house.

But the biggest surprise about that pinch was that my worst enemy, Jack Fairfax, turned out to be the leader of the scofflaws. Honest to Dawes, when that boy scout was led away to jail you could of knocked me over with a wagon tongue! That's exactly what Fairfax would of loved to done—well, he did what he could, afterwards.

I can't say I was tickled to find out Barbara Baxter was a copper and had simply used me as a tool to make that collar.

I told her so too, cold turkey!

But though I'd been girl-proof till I met her, she turned me into a love-sick sap and made me like it. I was then the proprietor and pilot of the only taxicab in Fairfax Falls, and, while the local bank didn't have to open any branches to handle my deposits, I was getting past nicely. But before the fair Barbara checked out for New York City she urged me to shove off from the little hick slab of Fairfax Falls and strike out for bigger fields and bigger opportunities.

So that's how I come to flee to Gotham and drive a taxi there.

THE very first thing I done after leaping off the rattler at Grand Central was to phone Barbara Baxter. When the voice with the smile had tired of giving me the regular push around—"Busy," "Wrong number" and "They don't answer"—she snapped into it and I found out from Barbara's aunt that her charming niece had been called to headquarters at Washington. So, being as homeless as a poker chip, I started on a hunt for a room, keeping firmly in mind that my roll of seventy-three iron men might have to last me till W. J. Bryan rated being called "Mr. President!"

Butch Ford, a old pal of mine and a first-class trainer of scrappers, was running a gym on Twenty-third Street at the time, and I went there for some dope as to where I could park and feed the old body. I happened to hit Butch's trap during the rush hour, and the place was jammed with pugs and mock pugs—sparring, shadow boxing, pulling the weights, bag punching, running around the track, being rubbed by their handlers, pickling their fists in the brine bucket, and throwing the medicine ball. It was the greatest collection of red-blooded Nordics, broken noses and tin ears I ever viewed in my life—a flock of human accidents getting ready to happen somewheres!

Butch pegged me the minute I stepped inside, and he yelled to one of these athaletes, which immediately quit skipping rope and come over. This egg wore the high-sounding name of Left Hook O'Brien, being another lifelong friend of mine and one of the best lightweights which ever give the referee a argument. Left Hook was a sweet puncher, fairly clever, and as easy to knock out as the Rock of Gibraltar—a glutton for punishment and a spendthrift at handing it out. His real name was Izzy Rabinowitz, but he grabbed the Irish moniker for business reasons and so's his people wouldn't know he was a prize fighter. They fondly thought their beloved progeny was a buttonhole maker.

Left Hook O'Brien was then training for his quarrel with Rough House Hicks—a fight which the fans will never forget on account of a thrill having nothing what the so ever to do with the bout, but plenty to do with *me!*

Well, my two buddies give me a warm greeting, shaking my hand and patting me on the back with no little delight.

"Hello, Big Boy!" says Butch, "how did *you* come to back in here?"

"How's the taxi business in the Falls these days?" O'Brien wants to know.

"Boys," I says solemnly, "I'm all washed up on Fairfax Falls. I've gave up the worldly pleasures and frivolous delights of that park and have come to New York to seek my fortune!"

"That's a victory!" grins O'Brien. "Why don't you ask the Standard Oil Company could they use a younger man than Rockefeller at the head of it?"

"I bet Wall Street would quake in its boots if it was Jerry to *you* bein' here!" remarks Butch. "When d'ye figure on pullin' off your first panic?"

"The question to me is whether you clowns will laugh after I smack you down!" I growls, with a frown. Of course, I was kidding.

Butch regards me seriously.

"And, brother, you could do that thing too!" he says softly. "Listen—have you landed anything here yet?"

"I just got off the choo-choo," I says, "but I got to get on somebody's pay roll somewhat quicker than right away! You couldn't use a social secretary, could you?"

"No," says Butch, "but I could use a heavyweight! Look here, Bill, you're simply fritterin' your life away on the front seat of a taxicab. All *that'll* ever get you is a ticket for speedin'! As you stand, you're just so much ring champeenship material goin' to waste. You're as big as a box car, as healthy as a week in the mountains and you should be able to drop anybody you sock! Why not trade your chauffeur's badge for a set of gloves?"

"BE YOURSELF, Butch!" I laughs. "I'm no fighter!"

"You'll do till one comes along!" says the earnest Butch. "I'm willin' to train you and manage you on a fifty-fifty split, and the worst you can get is a punch in the pan. What d'ye say?"

"And *I'll* wise you up on how to put that strength of yours into rights and lefts," chimes in O'Brien, enthusiastically. "You should be able to cope with most of the mugs in the heavy division right now! And, Bill, think of the gravy in this game! I clicked off over seventy thousand smackers last year—"

"Not countin' tips," Butch butts in on him. "You wouldn't think Left Hook O'Brien was a millionaire, would you?"

"No," I says truthfully, "I would not!"

"Well, he ain't!" says Butch, "but he's just bought him another apartment house, and he's got important money in government bonds. Where'd he get that sugar? For a minute's manual labor in a twenty-four-foot ring. Think *that* over!"

I *did* think that over! Here's Left Hook O'Brien purchasing apartment houses like I buy collars, and he was so unbright in school that he couldn't get out of the fourth grade till one day it caught fire. He thinks anchovies is a disease and Kanakas come from Kansas, yet he's putrid with government bonds. O sole mia!

Well, though the bait was tempting, I wasn't quite hooked by their proposition. I thoughtfully gazed at O'Brien's busted smeller and swollen ears, which he later had retreated by a beauty doctor on the grounds that they didn't look dressy. Looking at the ruins of his features, I decided that prize fighting was a bit too wearing on the profile. Personally I don't yearn to get in no brawls, even though they say I'm a killer once I get under way. But at that time it took a whole lot more than money to get me red-headed enough to fight, and as coldly and deliberately cutting a guy to pieces or punching him insensible as a regular trade—honest, I couldn't cuddle up to that idea at all. Then again there was the matter of Barbara Baxter to be taken into consideration. I didn't think she'd get demented with joy if she heard I'd turned into a professional bruiser. Of course it would make me look like a two-fisted he man, but that alone will get you nowheres with a raft of girls—you'd be surprised!

SO I thanked Butch and O'Brien for their kind offer, but stalled 'em off for the time being. I don't mind telling you that I wasn't positive myself that my refusal was final, particularly after Butch let fall the information that Left Hook was to get $7,500 for his coming debate with Rough House Hicks. Seven thousand five hundred dollars for ten rounds—thirty minutes' work if the fight went the limit. I'd have to drive a taxi twelve hours a day about *four years* for that!

Well, to make a long story agreeable, I took a room with Butch Ford and Left Hook O'Brien in their tasty suite at a uncostly hotel. Both them boys could of afforded the Ritz, but they saved their pennies—a feat which took *me* years to accomplish and then I had to have help. A few days after that I managed to pounce on a job driving a taxi, through the starter being a friend of Butch's and a wild admirer of Left Hook O'Brien. At last I was a full-blooded New Yorker and had started on the road to fame and fortune. Cold cat—what a trip *that* turned out to be!

A exciting series of run-ins with hot-headed coppers, on account of the traffic rules being Chinese to me, took my original bank roll and most of my wages in fines and hush money. But I was soon wheeling a venomous taxi. Acin' around Broadway one pay day, which likewise happened to be my afternoon off, who do I bump into but Pansy Pilkington, a pip of a looker which used to be a waitress at the Commercial House in Fairfax Falls. This campfire girl was the first flapper vamp of our town and held the county record for busting hearts and traveling salesmen. Years later me and Pansy was both to put Fairfax Falls on the map in entirely different ways. I liked Pansy, but was never overboard for her, though she was strong for *me* till Barbara Baxter hit the burg. Then it was just the opposite.

However, Pansy seemed glad enough to see me this day.

"Well, for weeping in public!" she cries. "Is it really you?"

"Absolutely!" I grins. "Me, myself, in person—not a moving picture!"

"Gee, but it's great to meet a friend from your home town!" hums Pansy. "My, I'm tickled to see you, Bill!"

"That's two of us feels that way!" I says. "How come you ain't on the job back at the Falls?"

"I got that cheated," laughs Pansy. "I've brushed off my last table and hoisted my final tray for the yokels. Me and the Commercial House is divorced, Bill!"

"I didn't see nothing in the papers about it," I kids her. "Listen—I was just going to knock over a feed. Come on in the automat and I'll wheatcake you!"

"Oh, Daddy, you're so good to me!" Pansy kids back, with a come-hither look in her navy blue eyes.

"Don't make no plans, Pansy," I says. "This party begins and ends with them wheatcakes, and I don't mean maybe!"

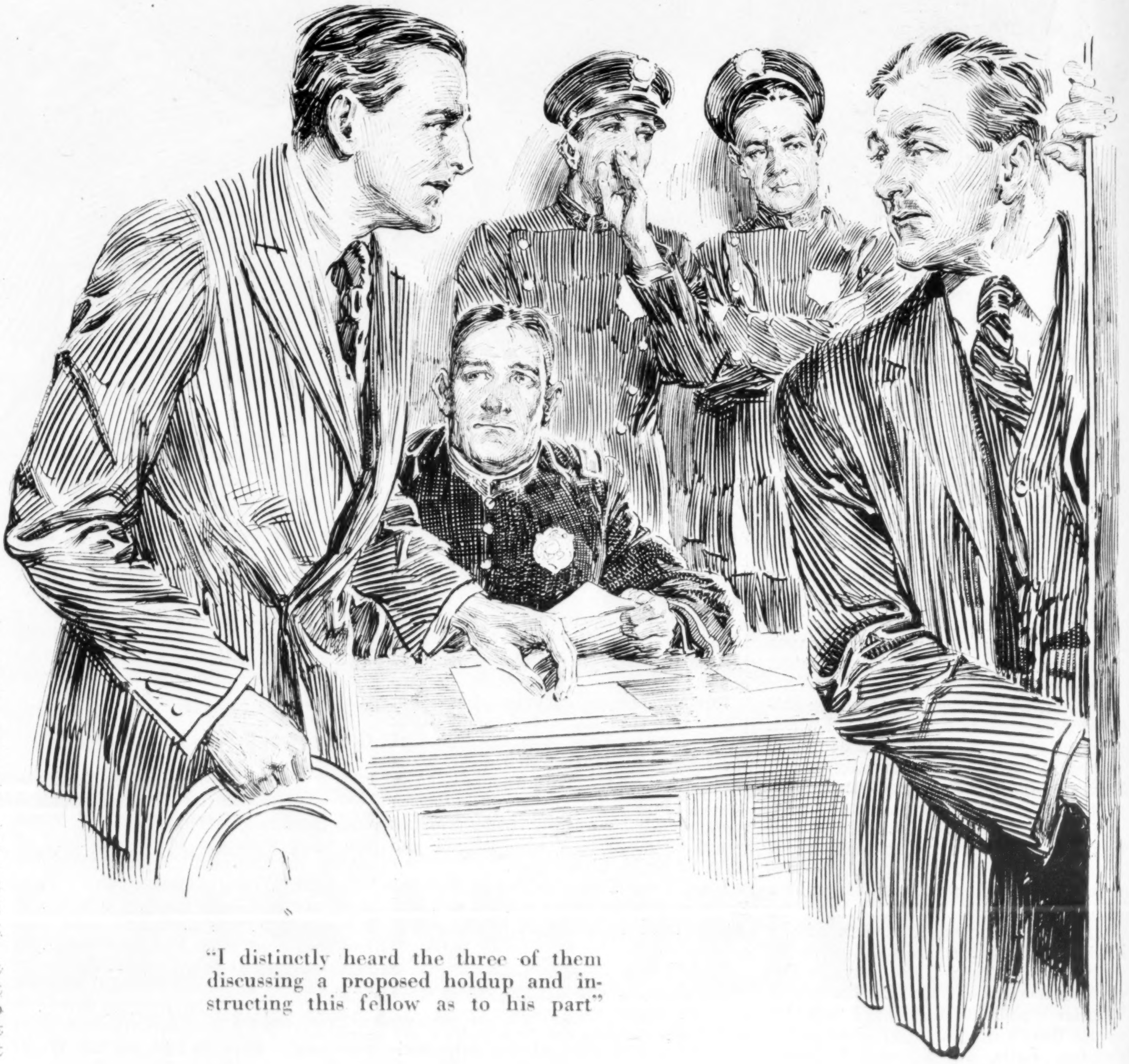
Pansy shrugs her pretty shoulders.

"So it's come to this, has it?" she says. "Well, all right, I'm game—tomorrow's *another* day!"

TEN minutes later we're sitting at a table, engaged in the pastimes of eating and lying. Pansy says she's now a buyer for Tracy's department store and expects to be sent to Paris the next morning to pick out their fall line of hairpins. Undaunted by that, I says I been hired as a salesman by a big downtown house and I leave for Nevada next week with a line of lighthouses.

With the dessert we both told the truth.

What Pansy Pilkington really come to New York for was to get a job as a



"I distinctly heard the three of them discussing a proposed holdup and instructing this fellow as to his part" chorus girl, and while I had to admit that Pansy had more than enough qualifications for that exacting portfolio, I looked on the matter with some alarm. Some time afterward Pansy connected with the Follies, and I suppose that day in the automat she looked on me as a stupid Stephen. Anyways, being older than Pansy—in years—I took on a fatherly manner and presented her with a lecture on the pitfalls and temptations which surround beautiful chorus girls, I seen too many movies not to know what I was talking about.

But Pansy just laughed me off kind of scornfully, saying I ought to know that she knew her oil and that there was exactly no chance of anybody putting over a swift one on *her*. In fact, my fears for her safety seemed to steam her up, and she dropped a few sarcastical remarks about me and Barbara Baxter and what she called the "raw deal" we give Jack Fairfax.

"I told you fifty times I never cracked that Fairfax was a bootlegger!" I says, getting a temperature myself. "I didn't know nothing about it till he was pinched. You seem to have quite a weakness for that tomato!"

"Blah!" sniffs Pansy. "I wouldn't wipe my shoes on his best shirt. But I hate to see *anybody* double-crossed, and that's what that Baxter girl did to him. As far as you're concerned, Bill, I think she just made a Barnaby out of you. I don't think you could be a sneak if you wanted to, as I told Jack Fairfax!"

"You *told* him?" I asks, astonished. "He's in the hoosegow, ain't he?"

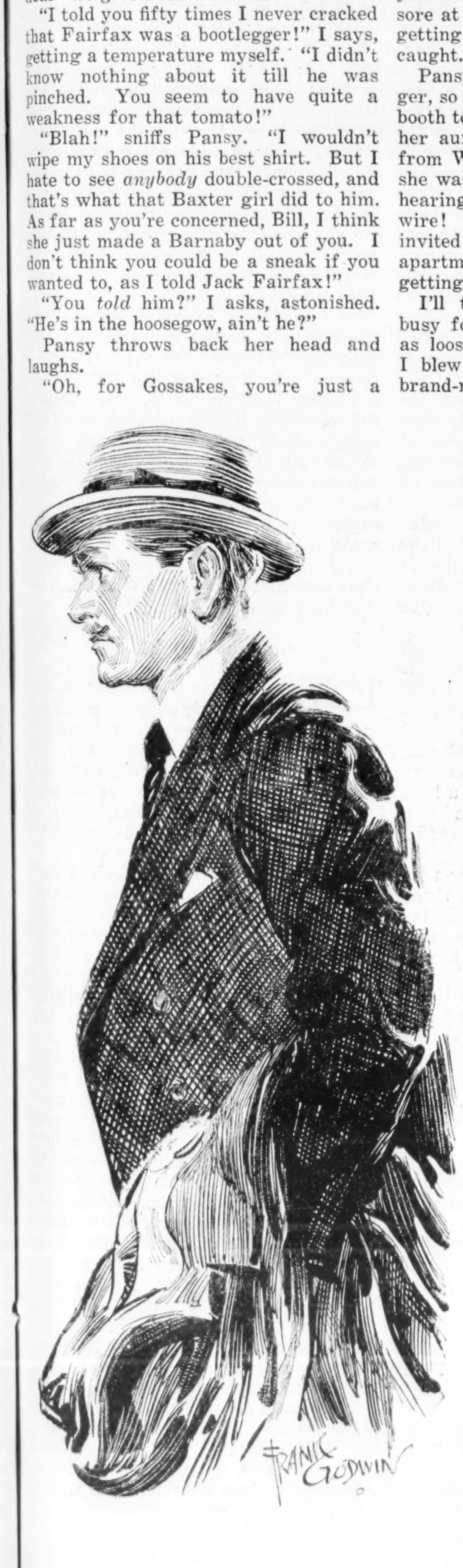
Pansy throws back her head and laughs.

"Oh, for Gossakes, you're just a baby!" she says. "Don't you suppose a fellow with Fairfax's money *knows* anybody? He's out on bail and, Bill, look out for him. He's sworn he'll bear down on you and that female Nick Carter for having him arrested, if it's the last thing he does!"

I thanked Pansy for her warning, but I wasn't crazed with terror by no means. Jack Fairfax had been trying to job me in some way since I trimmed him for deliberately killing my dog with his high-priced auto years before. His people, which had long ago gone to Europe to live, practically owned Fairfax Falls, this fact making Jack think he was Duke of Pneumonia or the like, and he acted accordingly. A guy mean enough to put a banana peel on Pikes Peak, he didn't have a friend in the town, and when Barbara Baxter exposed him as head of a big bootlegging ring there was much rejoicing. I didn't join in the general glee because I was sore at myself and sore at Barbara for getting me mixed up in having him caught. That ain't the way I fight!

Pansy had to see a theatrical manager, so I left her and dashed in a phone booth to give Barbara Baxter a ring, as her aunt had said she might be back from Washington on that date. Well, she was—and what a kick I got out of hearing her thrilling voice over that wire! Kick number two come when she invited me to dinner that night at her apartment. Warm puppy, I was sure getting the breaks!

I'll tell whoever's listening I was busy for the rest of that day. Being as loose as cinders in money matters, I blew my whole week's wages on a brand-new outfit of clothes, give the barber a heavy play, and when I rung the bell of Barbara's nifty drum I felt snappy and looked nobby! Barbara herself opened the door for me, and if she wasn't really glad to see me again, then besides her many other arts she's a wonderful actress. She hadn't put on the dog for me, but in a beautiful blue dress which fit like the skin on a grape she was positively what you'd call a thought for to-day. Pansy Pilkington was pretty, but Barbara Baxter was breath-taking.



AT FIRST I'm all tongue-tied—a guy in love's a hot sketch, ain't he? But Barbara soon put me at my ease. The next thing on the program was a introduction to her aunt, a very sweet lady which didn't seem to find me nauseating, though I bet my grammar must of puzzled her. During the knocking over of a tonsil-tickling meal, Barbara's aunt was a great audience for me. She giggled at nearly every crack I made and says my "colloquialisms" was charming. That twelve-cylinder word stunned me for a minute, but I rallied my brain and faked it, remarking politely that *her* "colloquialisms" was tasty too! That wrung a laugh from both of 'em, and, dinner being over, Mrs. Aunt said she had some letters to write and would we excuse her? She was excused with the greatest of speed.

Then Barbara and me adjourned to the living-room, to talk about this and that.

"You're looking splendid, Bill," she says, as we sit under a shaded light on a couch.

"And you look to *me* like the Leviathan would look to a shipwreck victim on a raft in the Atlantic," I says, "I wish—eh—that is—"

"Yes?" prompts Barbara softly, when my voice suddenly realized it was getting a bit cuckoo and trailed off.

"Oh . . . nothing," I sighs, looking gloomily out the window at New York. "Only, it's sure tough that you're so beautiful and—and I'm so poor!"

There was something strained about her laugh, but the quick glance she give me wasn't a *mad* one, whatever else it was. I'd of parted with my left arm to of read it right!

Then, plainly to get the subject and likewise the predicate less personal, Barbara begin to tell me about the last case she worked on. I ain't got even half a idea of what it was, because I wasn't listening. I was just sitting there dreamily watching her sparkling eyes, her lovely face and her pulse-quickening smile and thinking that if I had her curves and they let me pitch, Babe Ruth would be lucky to even foul one off me.

She soon noticed my lack of attention and stopped her story, a bit peeved.

"You're not listening to me," she says somewhat coldly. "I hope I'm not boring you!"

I COME out of my trance with a start. "I'm highly interested," I says. "But—well, I thought maybe we might talk a little bit about *ourselves*, not having congregated for such a long time. By the way, I've took your advice and become a refugee from Fairfax Falls!"

"Why, that's excellent, Bill," she says warmly. "I'm sure it will be a turning point in your life. In this wonderful city opportunity not only knocks; it breaks down one's door. And, Bill, you'll find New York is not cold and callous, as the failures denounce it, but warm and generous to those who have something to—to 'deliver,' as you'd say."

"I don't think the wares *I* got to display will cause no sensation," I says with a regretful grin.

"You have youth, ambition and health," she says. "What more do you ask?"

"I'd swap 'em all for luck!" I told her—and she frowned.

"Luck is the god of the loser!" she declared reprovingly, then, "What are you doing? Something interesting, I'm sure."

"I'm driving a taxi," I says, point-blank. "That's plenty interesting and likewise calls for no little skill. Ask the man who owns one!"

It had been midsummer in that room—now along comes winter!

"Bill," she says reproachfully, "I'm exceedingly disappointed. I thought you'd leave all that in Fairfax Falls. I certainly looked for bigger things from you here than being a taxicab chauffeur. Why, you're in the same rut you were in before—you've simply changed your *residence*, not your position in life. Don't you see you'll never get anywhere this way? What opportunities will ever come to you as a taxi driver?"

Aha, little did she know—or me either, for that matter—of the shower of opportunities which was due to hit me at the wheel of a lowly taxi. As things was to happen, I had the laugh on her for those remarks in jig time.

"Barbara," I says quietly, "I met *you* while I was driving a taxi. If nothing else ever happens to me for the rest of my life, I got no squawk comin'!"

She rose hastily from the couch and walked over to the window, answering nothing at all.

"Furthermore," I went on, also getting up, "people which inhabits houses of fur shouldn't throw moths! I ain't so keen myself over you being a detective. That's a man's racket and not a woman's."

"Your criticism is gratuitous!" she snaps.

"Pardon you!" I come back. "Pitching big words at me don't change my opinion."

In another minute what had all the earmarks of a grand evening was ruined. No kidding, we parted with all the loving affection of two preliminary boys breaking from a clinch. She didn't rush to the door after I'd gone and howl to the empty air for me to come back, like they do in the movies, either—I waited to see. I never even got to say fare-thee-well to her aunt, and Barbara's last remark was that I could come back when I'd done something big—not before. Well, I done something big!

Less than a week later my taxi is hailed when I'm cruising along upper Broadway and, grinding to a stop, I like to fell off my seat when I got a flash of my intended fare. It was no one less than my ancient enemy, Jack Fairfax!

To say that this gil was likewise astounded at this chance meeting, which if you read in a book you wouldn't believe, would be putting it truthfully. He just stood on the curb and glared at me, and I give him back his glare with pawnbroker's interest! However, we both soon recovered from our surprise and exchanged some red-hot English, overlooking no weak points of each other known to both of us. Fairfax's comments on my present job and the way I was dragged up was ample in themselves to explode me, but when he commences to pan Barbara Baxter, I went what is known as amuck!

Hoping he wasn't too proud to fight, I leaped from my seat to the pavement with the praiseworthy intentions of pasting him, when two birds come along and step into my cab.

"I'll be with you in a second," I says to 'em. "I want to give this guy his change!"

But when I turned around to wallop Jack Fairfax he was gone—for the time being!

One of my passengers orders me to drive to the Stevedores & Scientists' National Bank—eight blocks away. When I hauled 'em there this same fellow says:

"Keep your motor running—we'll be right out, and we'll be in a hurry!"

"Have to make a train at Grand Central!" adds the other.

So I kept the gas on, throttled down, and in a few minutes I see 'em coming down the steps of the bank. They was sure in a hurry, as advertised, and likewise in a lot of grief! Tearing masks from their faces, they rushed for my taxi, followed by a baker's dozen of hatless, shouting, excited men, some of which was shooting at my two fares. Before I knew what it was all about, my passengers jumped into my cab and while one of 'em returns the shots of the quickly gathering crowd, the other one jams a icy muzzle against the back of my equally icy neck.

"Step on it, or I'll cook ya!" he hisses hoarsely.

Broiling canine!

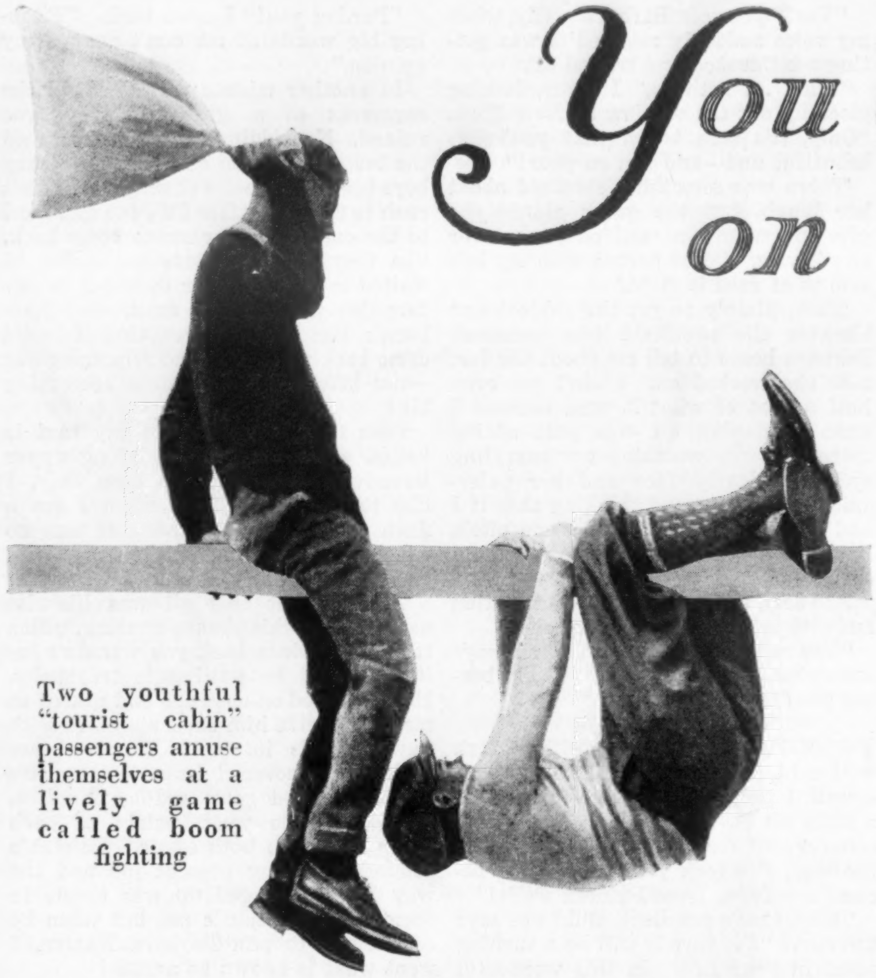
Well, while I ain't exactly a villain, I'm no hero either. Them two gunmen was something more than in earnest, and I had no choice. So I jammed down the gas, and we went away from there, followed by a hailstorm of bullets, female shrieks and the shrill whistles of coppers coming up on the run. The panic was on! My two playmates kept leaning out the doors and firing away at our pursuers, while bullets commence splintering the windshield and piercing the sides of the cab. Not so good! Lots of them little one-way tickets to the graveyard missed *me* by the breadth of a hair and dumb luck. Never again will reading "The Ride of Paul Revere" give me a thrill, because the ride *I* took that day would make

(*Continued on page 36*)

You can do Europe on $7.35 a day

Ocean traveling is "coming down"—think of a 33-day vacation abroad for as little as $243.00!

By JAMES H. COLLINS



Two youthful "tourist cabin" passengers amuse themselves at a lively game called boom fighting

SOME call it "tourist," others say "liner cabin," and still others, "one-class ship." It doesn't matter, for you have a private cabin, good clean beds, good food and eight or ten days of fun and new friendships on the ocean.

And Europe!

Europe on next to nothing, it seems like. You can have a thirty-three-day vacation on as little as $243. About seven-thirty-five a day.

She was the woman secretary of a Wall Street executive—one of thousands of young women who had been going "tourist" with a pal or two. She confessed to having the time of her life. It began when they reached Plymouth, England.

"One of the first-class passengers who had her nose in the air all the way over asked the captain to point out Plymouth Rock. And he did!" She laughed.

This young woman went with a friend, both of them born in New York and never out of the United States, so they got a thrill from landing in a foreign country. I used to get the same thrill for a dime, as a kid, by taking the ferryboat from Detroit to Windsor, but it might better have been saved for the big kick after a sea voyage. The very ground in Plymouth seemed to be different to these girls: the people, the streets, the buildings—everything.

They spent four days in London sightseeing, including one day at the Wembley Exhibition, which was a miniature tour of the British Empire. Then they flew to Paris for $30 each and had the thrill of drinking a bottle of real beer in the air with a basket lunch. After five days of sights in Paris, they took ship for home. Gone twenty-seven days all told, they spent a little more than $300 each, and that included the air trip. The round trip on the steamer cost $185 each—it would be $30 less this year.

Who are going on these trips?

Well, students—in parties of hundreds, making their own company. On regular student tours last summer more than 21,000 of them, boys and girls, went tourist in "college cabins," to supplement their studies in foreign trade, international law, literature, art. They published their own daily paper, and got up their own concerts.

The war veterans are going over on trips especially arranged for A. E. F. soldiers, marines and sailors, with the teamwork of the French Government, which gives them special entertainment and has done certain things to lighten expenses. The veterans are going, and their pals, and their wives, mothers, sisters and aunts.

The French Government recently reduced the tourist tax on foreign students and social workers to ten francs.

Teachers are going, and professors, doctors, architects, artists, clergymen, stenographers, salesmen. In one list classified by occupations I find a bacteriologist, an automobile painter, a chemical engineer, a foreman machinist and a tea-room manager.

Here is a letter from a country doctor down South who says that he will go this summer provided the passenger traffic manager writes him a personal letter assuring him that there will be plenty of lifeboats, and trained officers on the ship to keep order—evidently he has got hold of a circular describing veterans' tours, because he is "afraid these soldiers will get rough."

Save and See the World

WHO is going? As early as February, there were seventy-five letters in one passenger man's Monday mail asking about the tours. The nearest came from Brooklyn, and the farthest from Honolulu, with the Corn Belt, the Mid-South and Far West outrunning the East ten to one. For years we have recruited our navy in the Corn Belt, and that is the great recruiting ground for these European tourists, because distance lends enchantment to the sea.

In 1923 a Cornell engineering student took the ordinary steerage trip with an art student. There was no "tourist third" then. They spent three and a half months in Europe, including some time in England, a bicycle trip through France, a walking tour through Switzerland and a glimpse of Italy, for a little more than $500 apiece, of which $185 went for steamer fares.

Knowing how travel appeals to the college man, this student wrote one of the transatlantic steamship companies last spring, saying that he would fill the steerage if the round-trip fare could be cut to a certain thrifty figure. The idea went a-begging until one company, with a ship having accommodations for only thirty-five steerage passengers, accepted his offer. He took over one of the first parties of students, and is now active in the passenger traffic department of that company.

That was really the beginning, the season of 1924, when steamship men were looking around for passengers to take the place of immigrants who had been barred out by our quota law, or were being bootlegged into the country.

"Tourist third" proved so popular that in a few weeks practically all the big transatlantic lines were trying to outdo each other in accommodations and treatment. And 1925 is proving to be a big year.

"Why, it begins to look as though 'tourist' travel would cut into our first cabins!" one traffic man said to me. "We hear of passengers going over first class and discovering that the third cabins are not only pleasant and economical, but that there is lots of fun there because people are having a lark as well as a voyage, and they come home that way. I know one man who says he will never travel first again."

Americans are going to Europe now on the installment plan—several thousand banks throughout the United States will open a "save to travel" account with anyone who wants to take his or her time in setting aside the money for the trip abroad. Five dollars a week for a year will take one over and back, and give from eight days to two weeks on the other side in two countries, England and France. Six dollars a week will add Belgium and Holland. For seven dollars a week, twenty-eight days in England, France, Switzerland and Germany are possible. Of twelve trips carefully scheduled by one company, with everything paid, ranging from one week to forty days in Europe, not one cost more than $400, and some as little as $7.50 a day. By net cost is meant steamship fares, reasonable tips, passports and visas, hotel expenses and railroad fares. Summer school trips include such expenses for four to six weeks at European universities, together with tuition fees, textbooks and side trips.

The traffic men are beginning to develop travel the other way, offering economical tours from England to the United States and Canada. Thus far English travel to the United States seems to have consisted chiefly of lecturers, coming first cabin, to tell us what they think of America, at admission prices. Now we are going to get the English professors, teachers, students and observers coming to listen and learn. For about $300 they can travel up the St. Lawrence, touch at Quebec and Montreal, see Niagara Falls and New England, and depart by either Boston or New York.

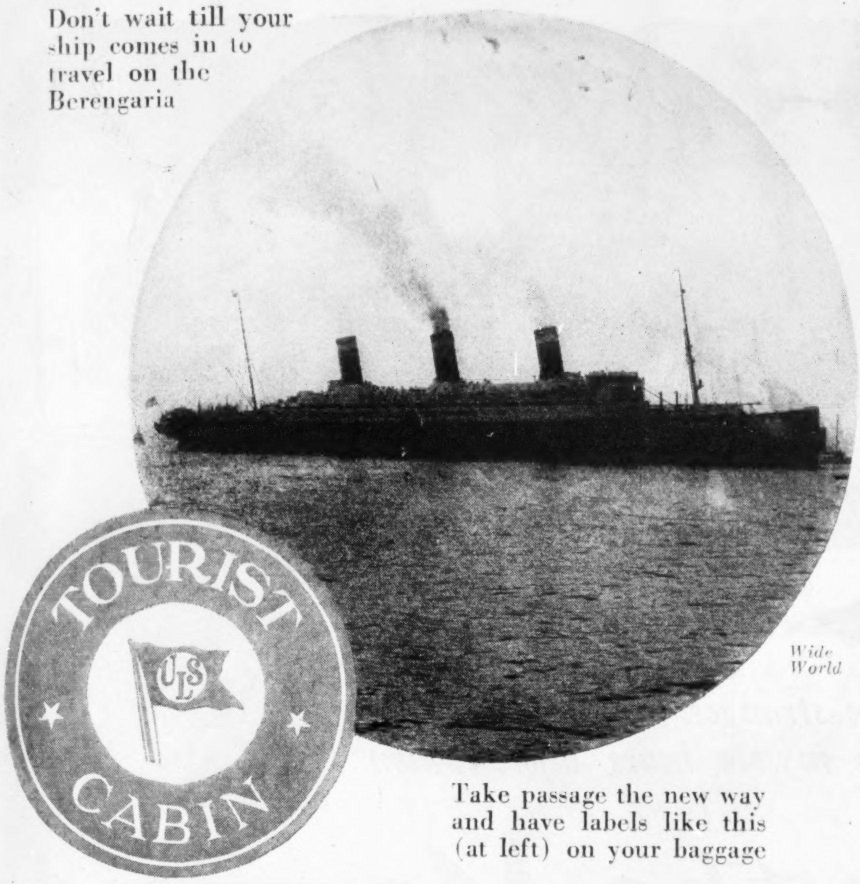
"I spent eight weeks in Europe last summer and visited seven countries—England, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Switzerland and Italy," said a teacher in a private Eastern school. "It cost me a little over $400, or about seven dollars a day. This year there would be a saving on steamer fares. I had never been abroad before, so there were innumerable thrills, contacts and experiences. On the practical side, it made me a better teacher in history, literature, art, geography and other subjects which are now real, where before they have been theoretical."

Champagne Flows Free

TWO business girls from Chicago, unsquelchable in their energy, embarked on a steamer that has duplicate third-class quarters—"tourist cabin" aft, and steerage for returning immigrants forward. The fares were the same, and the accommodations identical. Getting into the steerage quarters by mistake, they decided to stay there.

"Every day parties of first-class passengers would come down slumming, and look us over. We were so foreign and picturesque. That got our goat, and we made up a game. When the slummers pranced through, with their noses in the air, Katie and I would see who could trip most of them by sticking our feet out. The folks we went with were just like hundreds we know in Chicago. In fact, Katie's grandparents were Swiss, and mine German. We spent four weeks in Europe, and seventeen days on the ocean. The high spots were landing at Bremen, train to Berlin and Munich, air flight to Zurich, trips to Interlaken, Lucerne, Jungfrau excursion, Geneva, Montreux, Paris, train and boat to London, and steamer at Southampton. It cost us less than $400 apiece."

I chatted with a veteran who was planning a ten-day tour of the French battlefields this summer. Originally he had intended to take his wife with him, but after talking with veterans who made the trip last year he decided to send her over alone a month ahead to enjoy France and England that much longer. This would have been unthinkable a year ago, a passenger man assured me—the idea of sending an Amer-



Don't wait till your ship comes in to travel on the Berengaria

Wide World

Take passage the new way and have labels like this (at left) on your baggage

ican woman alone in the steerage! But a dozen veterans assured him that it was all right. So much has "tourist third" gained in prestige in less than a year.

"I was one of the gang that went across during the war," writes a veteran, "but it wasn't a pleasant trip like my tour last fall. Going across, everybody seems happy and sociable, with wonderful food, movies, dancing and games. It isn't necessary to have your own crowd, because everybody is sociable—I went alone, and never spent a lonesome minute. Met some very interesting people to talk with, among them Jackie Coogan and his parents, and Sir Thomas Lipton. We landed at Cherbourg on a Friday morning, and after a six-hour trip on the train reached Paris. Our reservations were made in one of the best little hotels there. Saturday we rested, Sunday went for a motor tour of the city, and Monday started on a two-night tour of the battlefields, taking in French, British and American sectors. Even though you had served at the front you couldn't have seen all we did—nearly 500 miles motoring, with a French officer to lecture on Rheims, Verdun, the Argonne, the Somme, the Marne. We saw the crown prince's dug-out, and stopped off at Epernay, where they let us drink all the champagne we wanted free, and buy at fifty cents a bottle. In Paris we were received at the president's palace and taken to the opening of the opera—the French Government lets veterans in on whatever happens to be going on when they're there. I flew to London and back—it's almost as cheap as by rail. The whole trip cost $285, but I spent a little more to see several old towns, because a poor guy can't go over every year."

Fun Without Frills

AN INTERESTING experience was that of a business girl who had her heart set on a trip abroad and was working extra hours, skimping on food, and never taking a vacation, so she might some day have a summer in Europe. That was before they invented "tourist third."

Just when she had enough saved to go, sickness and a hospital bill took all but $250 of her money. But her physician prescribed a sea voyage, said that would be enough, and engaged her passage. Not until New York was reached did she know she was going third class—a nice prospect for a sick woman who wanted to be alone! But it turned out that she had an outside cabin, a stewardess and doctor to look after her, a deck chair, and an electrically lighted berth. And she was part of a "student special" with two Smith College girls on one hand, and a professor on the other. In England she spent three weeks in the country economically, and came home practically well.

Fun is one of the things that most people get out of the thrifty trip. From the time the ship casts off there is a spirit of adventure about it. The fuss, frills and formal dressing of the first cabin are absent.

All that the "liner cabin" passengers ask is a crowd of their own kind, and they proceed to get acquainted and start things. On a student trip, they usually begin by organizing an entertainment committee to give programs ranging all the way from piano solos to a "mid-ocean revue," written and presented by students.

On one trip of this kind last summer there were students and professors from more than thirty American colleges, the big universities as well as small denominational institutions, with representatives from West Point and universities in England and Scandinavia. Volunteer orchestras are got together for dancing, there are deck games, song fests, athletics, a masquerade ball, and the swimming tank.

There are certain things that tourist passengers seem to worry about before embarking. "Foreigners" is one of them—the fear that they may be herded in with aliens who are not clean, do not speak our language, and are incompatible in other ways. The steamship people quickly found that any crowd is happy so long as it is the same kind of crowd—made up of Americans together, or foreigners going home for a visit, or immigrants coming to America for the first time. Therefore, two separate third-class quarters are provided, one forward for aliens, who are just as happy to be by themselves, and the other aft for Americans and English.

Next comes the fear that, although separate cabins are provided, one may be herded in with the wrong kind of people.

Generally, the "tourist" cabins are fitted with two, three or four berths, sometimes six, so that almost any kind of party can be arranged for traveling together. On some liners now there is only the one class, so that tourist passengers have the whole run of the ship. On others, both the east bound and the west bound bookings are restricted, sometimes to actual students and professors, and again to what can only be vaguely called "nice people." That sounds snobbish, I know, but generally by using tact, and knowledge of people, those in charge of bookings make up a good crowd.

As for food, the tourist passenger is frankly told that it will be plentiful, wholesome, clean and served neatly, but that there are no luxuries. There couldn't be for the price. But everything that the passenger traffic manager can give for the money he is giving for two reasons:

The Siren Blows

ONE third of his operating income was formerly derived from the steerage, and the old immigrant steerage has shrunk to almost nothing. Out of the new steerage he must replace that lost revenue.

And he is in keen competition with rivals who are sitting up nights devising ways to give more for the tourist passenger's money. It may be an extra dessert at dinner, or a shift in sailing dates that gives an extra day in London or Paris. It may be a chief steward who becomes known by name wherever "tourist" travelers return, or an institution like the great steamship hotel at Cherbourg, with low-price accommodations for third-class travelers fore or aft.

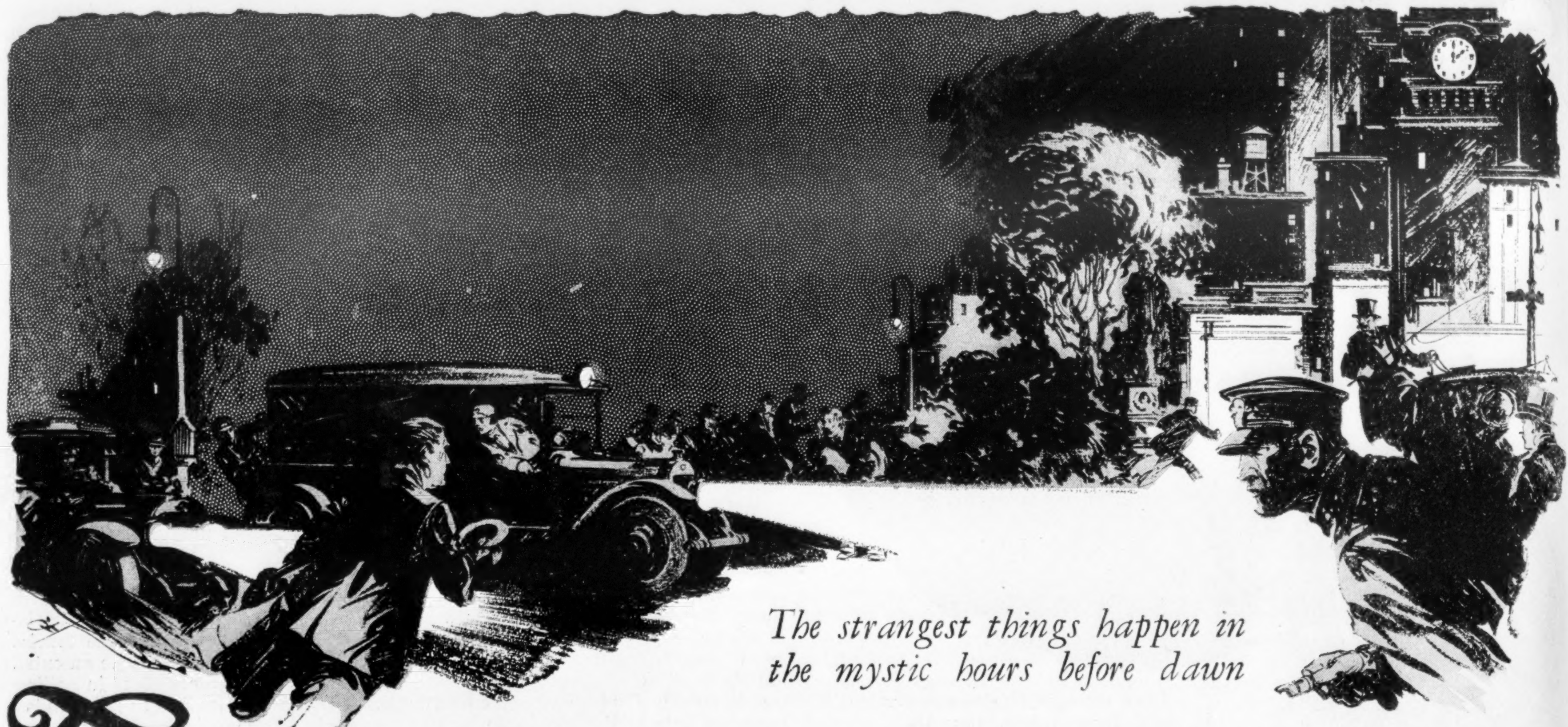
Thousands of plain folks who never dreamed that they might afford a trip abroad are now going this new way.

Back of them are tens and hundreds of thousands who will go when they are assured that it is "all right."

The steamship lines that create now the reputation for service, courtesy, liberality, will be the ones that will enjoy the volume of traffic later.

In other words, the traffic manager is after that prize, the Satisfied Customer, and his heart is in it.

A typically congenial "Tourist Cabin" crowd on board a Cunard liner, starting off on a summer vacation abroad. The amateur orchestra helps to make even first cabin voyagers envious of this carefree group



The strangest things happen in the mystic hours before dawn

Two o'clock in the Morning

By FRANK B. COPLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY
NEIL O'KEEFE

DR. HARRY M. ARCHER has attended every big fire in New York for over thirty years; has risked his life, attended the injured and has never been paid a cent for it. During most of that time his job has been chief surgeon and adjuster for a great insurance company, but his relation with the Fire Department could not be more professional or more hazardous if he were carried on the pay roll. He has seen some amazing things. If you read them in fiction you would be justified in accusing the author of drawing the long bow. But fact, as you may have heard before, is sometimes stranger than fiction.

ABOUT half past seven o'clock on a raw, drizzly Sunday night in January a fire broke out in a rag shop on the lower East Side of New York. One of the hose streams poured into the five-story brick building was directed from a fire escape on the side of a tenement next door.

This fire escape was separated by only a small space from a window on the third floor of the rag shop; and along about eleven o'clock the lieutenant and five firemen stationed on the fire escape were ordered to take their hose line into the building through this window.

All these men were members of Engine Company No. 32. The order sending them into the rag shop was a fatal mistake. Less than half an hour later there came a series of cracks and snaps, and then, with a tremendous roar, the whole interior of the building collapsed.

Three of the firemen, one of whom was the officer, were almost immediately dragged out with only slight injuries. However, with a big force digging into the ruins, hour followed hour without a trace being found of the other three men. At two o'clock in the morning—that mystic hour!—hope was abandoned of recovering any of the remaining men alive, and their respective families were informed of what had happened.

Dr. Harry M. Archer treated the injuries of the rescued firemen, and in his usual way he conceived it to be his duty to remain there until the last man was taken out alive or dead. A little after two o'clock one of the firemen came to him and said:

"Doctor, Johnny Seufert's wife is out at the police line carrying on dreadful; maybe you can do something with her."

John J. Seufert was one of the firemen buried in the ruins.

Dr. Archer went to the woman. He found her greatly excited.

"Doctor," she cried, "listen to me—they won't believe me, but I am telling you the truth. Just before the telephone message came telling me Johnny was lost, Johnny himself came to me—I tell you I saw him *plain*—and he says: 'I am away down in the ruins of a fallen building. There are tons of stuff over me. They think I'm dead, but I'm not. Tell them not to let up till they get me out.' Doctor, I tell you Johnny is alive. Don't let them stop! They *can* get him out! They *must* get him out!"

Dream, Ghost, Reality

MRS. SEUFERT refused to budge from the spot until they "got Johnny out." At ten o'clock the next morning a crushed body was recovered. It was not that of Seufert. At two o'clock in the afternoon another body was recovered. Again it was not that of Seufert. On each of these occasions Dr. Archer vainly tried to induce Seufert's wife to give up hope and go home.

Now, sticking up through the great heap of débris was a long piece of iron pipe, with its free end bent nearly double. At eleven o'clock on Tuesday morning, about thirty-six hours after the collapse of the building, came a tapping on this pipe. It was a regular tapping: one, two, three—pause—one, two. An interval, and then again: one, two, three—pause—one, two. Thirty-two! That was Johnny Seufert's engine company, No. 32!

Several of the workmen dropped their tools and fled—they were not going to stay on any job with a ghost. Others, including Dr. Archer, stood motionless with awe. Once more the signal was repeated. Then Dr. Archer put his mouth to the pipe and called down:

"Seufert, is that you?"

"Yes," came a voice, perfectly distinct.

"Are you all right?"

"Sure."

"If I pour some coffee down this pipe, can you get it?"

"Sure I can; my mouth's right at the pipe."

He had fallen into a little hole upon a pile of rags, but it was the pipe, *with its twisted end*, that had saved him. If this end had not been bent over in the wreck, plaster and other dirt doubtless would have descended into the pipe, and the man below would have been suffocated. As it was, the pipe afforded him a free supply of air.

Two or three hours after his signal was heard he was uncovered. Whereupon he arose, stretched his legs, shook himself all over, and, refusing help, walked off into the arms of his wife!

Before I go on with these strange stories, just a word or two about the self-sacrificing bravery of the remarkable man who told them to me.

In March, 1923, two tenement houses over on the East Side collapsed while being torn down, and two of the laborers were entombed. With the firemen came John Kenlon, chief of the department, and Dr. Archer. The buried laborers could be heard moaning; not only did their suffering need to be relieved, but there was danger of their being crushed entirely if they struggled. So Dr. Archer crawled into the ruins to give each of them a hypodermic injection, and eventually they were rescued.

For this act Dr. Archer was awarded not only the department medal, but also the highest honor of all, the James Gordon Bennett medal. Previous to this, in 1912, he received the department medal for his services at the great fire which destroyed the Equitable Building.

John Delaney's Fate

BUT to return to his *strange* experience. What impressed me particularly was this: nearly all of them happened in those mystic hours from two o'clock in the morning till dawn.

"How would you account for that?" I asked.

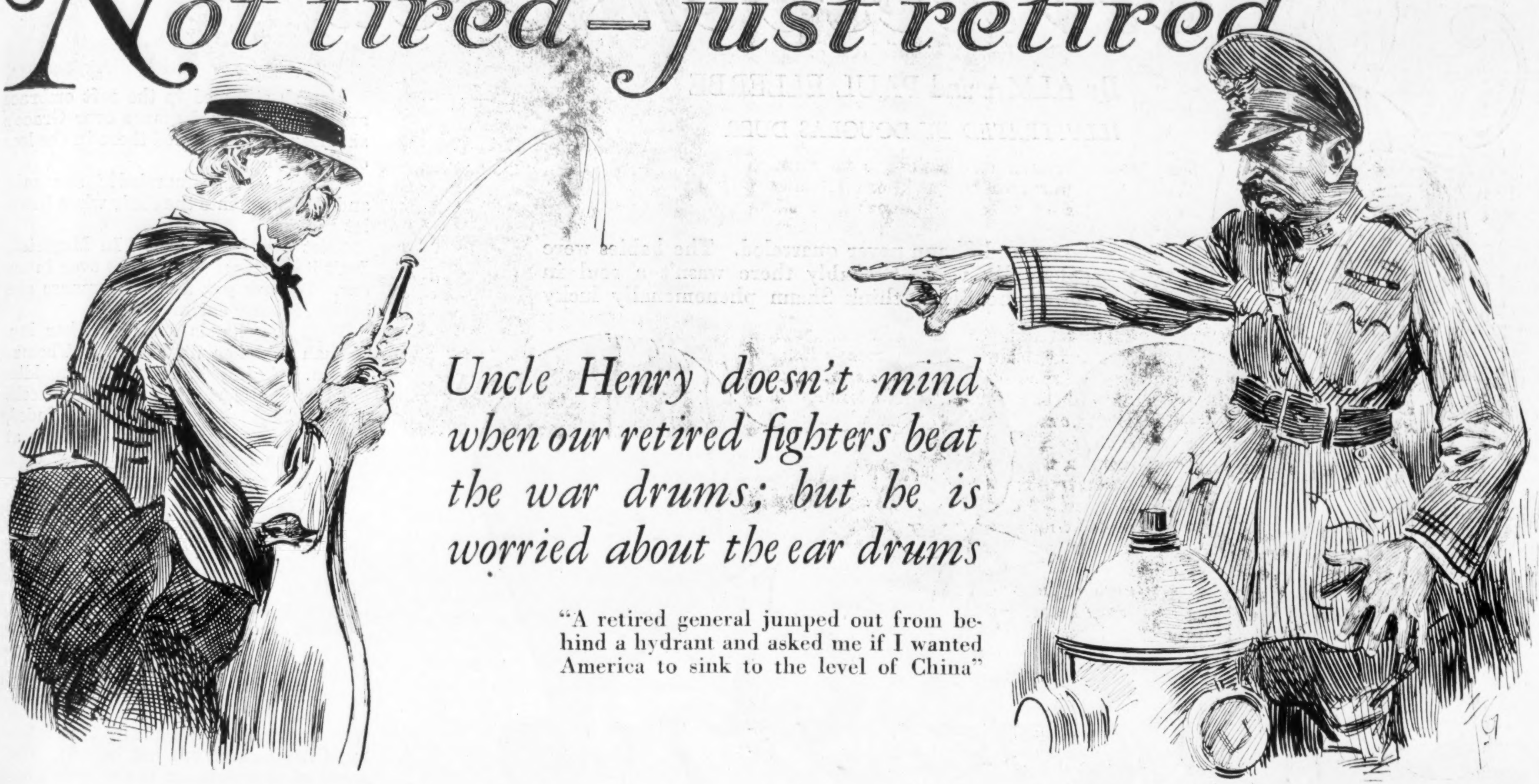
"I wouldn't attempt to," he replied. "Some things are so strange that all you can say of them is that they just happen."

With that explanation, I suppose, we shall have to be content.

The story of John Delaney, as Dr. Archer related it, is just as remarkable as an example of "psychic phenomena" (if you choose to regard it as such) as Mrs. Seufert's vision. Here it is:

The scene was the house of Engine Company No. 10 in lower Manhattan, and it was between (*Continued on page 34*)

Not tired—just retired



Uncle Henry doesn't mind when our retired fighters beat the war drums; but he is worried about the ear drums

"A retired general jumped out from behind a hydrant and asked me if I wanted America to sink to the level of China"

"THERE can be no question that the wise disposition of our old safety-razor blades presents many difficulties," remarked Uncle Henry, "an' I'm glad to see that the President has turned the matter over to Herb Hoover, along with such other important duties as guardin' Pribilof Island seals against the lure of vaudeville engagements, protectin' Alaskan bears against the mange, an' bringin' the squid into larger popularity as an edible.

"But the real problem in this country, 'Lonzo, is what to do with our admirals an' generals after they've reached the age of indiscretion. How are we to safeguard the inactive list of the Army an' Navy from the ravages of the foot-an'-mouth disease? They're runnin' around over the country like mad, talkin', talkin', *talkin'* until it's as much as a citizen's life is worth to go out of doors without his ear muffs."

"We retire 'em at sixty-four on half pay, don't we?" Mr. Stubbs replied somewhat aggressively.

"That's the theory upon which the Republic was founded," admitted Uncle Henry, "an' relyin' upon that solemn pledge, thousands of confidin' men an' women left the Old World an' braved the perils of the sea to gain these shores. They knew that life would be hard an' attended by many dangers, but they solaced themselves with the thought that their declinin' years would not be made noisy by admirals an' generals yellin' about the Next War.

"Benjamin Franklin carried the glad word to England, where people suffered most from the steady clack of elderly fightin' men who thought peace a confession of cowardice, an' a stream of immigration was the result. Thomas Jefferson affirmed the humane policy, even goin' down to the seashore in person when a band of Quakers grew suspicious at the last moment an' refused to leave the boat.

"'Don't be afraid to land,' he cried. 'We retire our military men at the age of sixty-four, an' that's the last of 'em. I pledge you this on my honor as an American citizen.'

"An' how have we kept the faith? You know jes' as well as I do that the whole retirement business has developed into a colossal fake. You can't pick up a paper without findin' half of it devoted to some general's diary, insultin' everybody that stands for peace, or an admiral's statement implorin' the people to get ready for an invasion by Haiti or else exposin' Siam's hellish plot against weak nations like England an' the United States.

The Evil of Penmanship

"TO BE sure, the farce is still kept up as far as forms are concerned. Every mornin' the Secretaries of the Army an' Navy get out a list of all the men who've reached the age of sixty-four, an' then go round givin' 'em a shake or battin' 'em on the soles of the feet. 'Hey,' they bawl, 'get out of that armchair an' go buy one of your own. You're retired!'

"But none of 'em ever *retires!* Instead of disappearin' from view, leavin' the landscape free except for the lunch boxes scattered by picnickers an' other nature lovers, they explode with a loud report an' commence makin' after-dinner speeches before breakfast. A regular reign of terror is the result. All over the country banquets are bein' canceled, an' even hardened listeners like the Rotary Club have taken to meetin' behind locked doors with guards out to give the alarm at sight of a military chatterbox.

"An' the *diaries!* As you know, 'Lonzo, I've always stood for free an' unlimited education, but from this time on I'm goin' to devote my life to seein' that penmanship is cut out of the West Point an' Annapolis courses. As near as I can figure from the diary output to date, our admirals an' generals were so busy with their fountain pens in France that we'd have lost the war if it hadn't been for the illiterates who had to fight to fill in their time.

"Honest, I don't know what gets into these old bucks. After bein' compelled to associate with each other for forty years, penned together intimately in frontier forts an' on battleships, you'd think that they'd be sick of battles, but retirement seems to turn 'em into fightin' fools. They see red the minute they get up, an' as night comes after a day of shameful an' supine peace, they stagger home wet-eyed an' racked by painful sobs.

"It's not that way with other trades an' professions. When a butcher gets to the age where he's too old to handle a cleaver, you don't find him publishin' diaries or dashin' over the country tryin' to turn art galleries an' libraries into slaughterhouses, an' demandin' that our youth be given a summer course in carvin'. Nor do you see retired lawyers makin' speeches an' gettin' up movements with some such slogan as More an' Better Lawsuits.

"But admirals an' generals, the minute they go on half pay, start whoopin' it up for war. They put in one of these fire-department poles from their bedrooms to the ground floor, an' daylight finds 'em slidin' down, pullin' on their pants with one hand an' yellin' at the top of their voices that the enemy's comin'. As it's an entirely different enemy each day, marchin' on us from a brand-new direction, they've got people to a point where we spin like tops.

"A man can't build a house without havin' a retired admiral hop around the corner an' bawl him out as a pacifist an' a slacker for wastin' time an' money on a home when every ounce of energy should be devoted to the national defense. I was waterin' my lawn the other day when a retired general jumped out from behind a hydrant an' asked me if I wanted America to sink to the low level of China. He'd bitten halfway through my overalls before the neighbors pulled him off.

"Accordin' to their way of lookin' at things, every country in the world is getting ready to leap at the throat of the United States an' our one chance is to leap first. Reports received by Military an' Naval Intelligence—they call 'em that to distinguish 'em from ordinary intelligence—indicate that even Siam is buildin' an air fleet sufficiently powerful to lay America waste—at least, such portions of it as haven't already been laid waste by picnickers.

"China's Mah Jong industry is really a cover for the manufacture of submarines, Denmark is packin' nitroglycerin in condensed milk cans an' the Russians grow whiskers merely as a screen to hide the mobilization of a vast Red army that is goin' to overrun the world. Scandinavian ski experts, practicin' in secret, have attained such skill that they will soon be able to jump right on top of New York.

"Something's got to be done about it. All their war talk in connection with Japan has made people so nervous that the sight of a man with jaundice is the signal for a panic. My wife's doin' her own work these days because she got the feelin' that every darky might turn out to be an Abyssinian spy! Even an Armenian rug peddler sends citizens to the arsenals on a wild run, yellin' for the governor to order out fresh troops.

Echo Loses Her Voice

"IT WOULDN'T be so bad if the fundamental industries weren't bein' affected. Reports from the tourist bureaus show that summer travel's fallen off 50 per cent, for people are afraid of bein' cut off by raidin' parties of Swiss guerrillas, an' won't leave home. All the Echo Lakes have gone out of business, for with Admiral Fiske talkin' all the time, an echo's dead from exhaustion by the end of the second week.

"I'm frank to confess that I don't know what to do about it. If I thought there was any chance of gettin' these varicose admirals an' generals in the front line I'd almost be in favor of another war.

"I reckon the thing to do is to keep 'em on the active list until they die or get chronic laryngitis. Of course it'll cost a lot of money, what with full pay, maps an' red an' blue pins, but at least they won't be allowed to talk, write articles or publish diaries. What's a few millions compared to peace an' quiet?"

"It's a darned shame the way these retired admirals an' generals are allowed to go round beatin' war drums," agreed Mr. Stubbs.

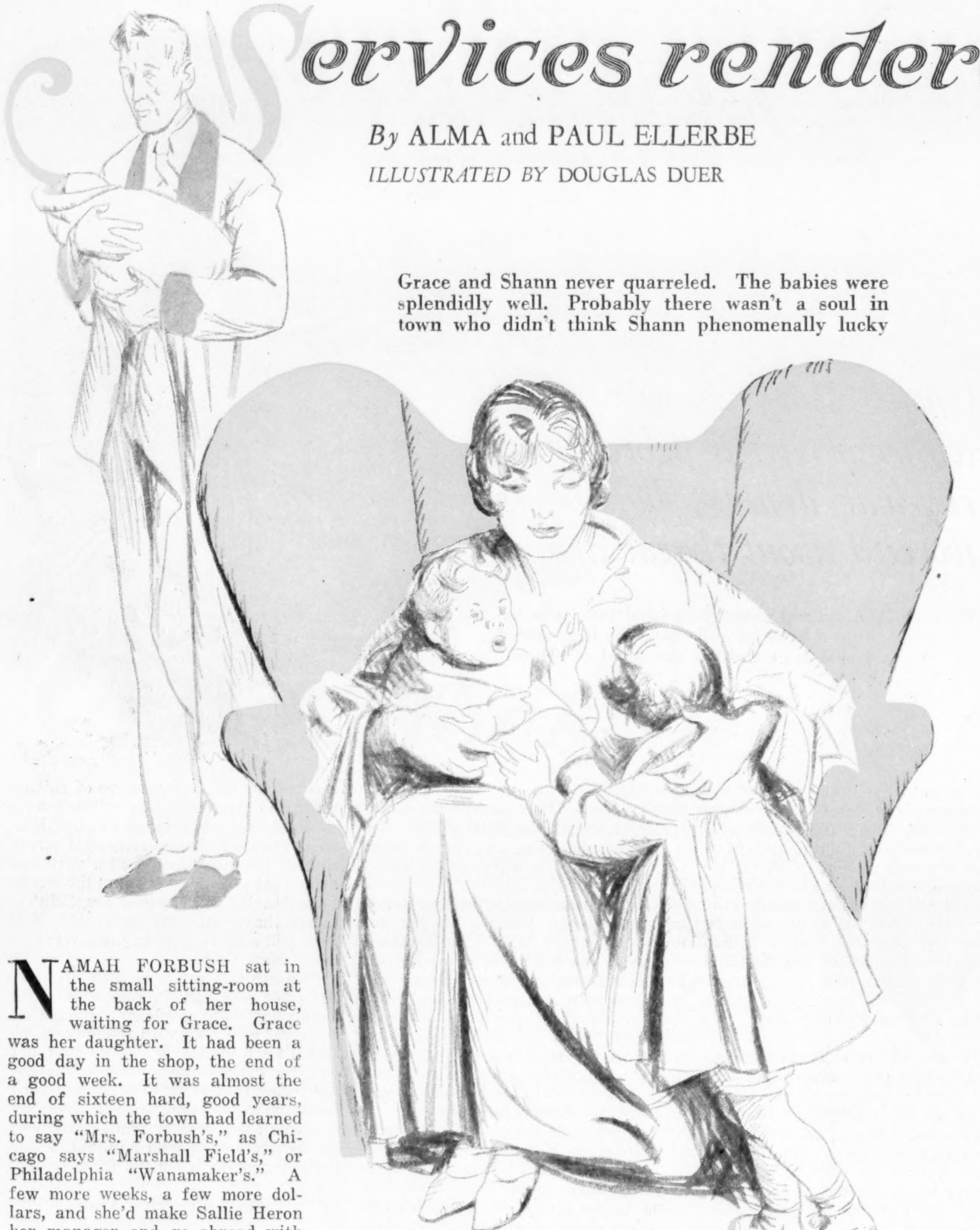
"It's not the war drums I mind so much," said Uncle Henry. "It's the ear drums."

Services rendered

By ALMA and PAUL ELLERBE

ILLUSTRATED BY DOUGLAS DUER

Grace and Shann never quarreled. The babies were splendidly well. Probably there wasn't a soul in town who didn't think Shann phenomenally lucky



NAMAH FORBUSH sat in the small sitting-room at the back of her house, waiting for Grace. Grace was her daughter. It had been a good day in the shop, the end of a good week. It was almost the end of sixteen hard, good years, during which the town had learned to say "Mrs. Forbush's," as Chicago says "Marshall Field's," or Philadelphia "Wanamaker's." A few more weeks, a few more dollars, and she'd make Sallie Heron her manager and go abroad with Grace for a year's rest and pleasure. When Grace came in she was going to tell her. She had been saving it for a surprise. It was to be the beginning of a new movement in an old campaign for her daughter's friendship.

There was something in Namah that had kept her from ever quite meeting her child: beneath her assured and competent exterior an odd, stiff inability to give herself. She had never been able to get a child's-eye view of things. While she bent stubbornly before the steady blow of Addison Forbush's domination, his cruelty and mordant wit and the poverty his dissipation brought upon her, she had kept going by saying to herself, "When Grace grows up! . . ."

When Grace was eight quiet fell upon Namah suddenly with Forbush's violent death, and after they'd got him decently into his grave she straightened like a sturdy tree and sank deeper roots and put out new branches toward symmetry, and some of these branches were timid gestures of friendship for her daughter.

But Grace didn't understand. She was a soft, warm, clinging child, who came closer to everybody than she came to her mother—the kind that old gentlemen borrow for Sunday afternoon excursions, that all sorts of people give candy to, that older girls cuddle and little boys tease affectionately. The inference was obvious: the lack, Namah saw, was in herself. She accepted it with quiet pain. She relinquished Grace to the best private school in reach (with college to follow) and took the money from her husband's life insurance, on which she had managed somehow to keep the premiums paid, and started Mrs. Forbush's Shop for Women. Stepped out along a new road with the old slogan, "When Grace grows up! . . ."

GRACE grew with semitropical rapidity. The ages of the gentlemen who took her out on Sunday afternoons suffered a swift revision downward, the ages of the boys came up, and all sorts of people continued to give her things and girls and women to like her. Until at last here she was, twenty-four, and newly glazed with the thin, bright veneer of college; mature of curves and milky-white of skin—eleven days home, and home to stay! And Namah waiting for her, in the little sitting-room at the back that was as quaintly colored as an old print of a coaching party.

There were to be, in addition to the trip abroad, new clothes and a new point of view; a stepping back toward lost youth. . . . Through the walls of the sitting-room came flashes of blue sea. . . . Old longings stirred deliciously. . . .

The shadowy house pulsed suddenly with Grace's voice:

"Mumsy, you darling old darling, where are you?"

The sound of it—jubilant, loving, wanting, and giving—reached down deep into the quiet woman and loosed a happiness she had rarely known. This was her daughter and her friend, the warm human tie that bound her into life and made her one with her fellows.

"Here, dear. And I've something to tell you."

Grace laughed her deep, rich, throaty laugh and came in out of the hall.

"You'll have to wait, because I've something to tell you first!" Her face flamed with easy, riotous feeling and a sturdy joy of life that made Namah feel old and cold. Falling upon her knees, she gathered her mother tenderly into her arms.

"I—we—we've just been married!"

Namah stiffened in the soft embrace and cast a startled glance over Grace's shoulder. A man stood there in the lees of the daylight.

"You've—been—married?" she said, and sank back into the chair when Grace let her go.

"Not two hours ago! In Mapleton. Isn't it *exciting?* We drove over in my car. To save *you* a lot of expense and bother, Mumsy darling!"

With her hands folded in her lap, Namah had her first look at Thomas Shann. A tallish, lean man, middle-aged and almost shabby, with cheeks that folded lengthwise and faded, patient eyes: as interesting to look at as an open box of writing paper on a drug store counter.

She couldn't think. Grace had paralyzed her as a mud dauber paralyzes a spider by striking it in exactly the right place before carrying it away and walling it up in mud to serve as food for the young wasps.

Grace radiated happiness, and explained that for the moment Shann was without means of livelihood. She suggested a past of clerical just-keeping-aliveness, but without concern, as if this were an aspect of his affairs that interested her mother but not herself. She spoke of an apartment in the town's one (and expensive) apartment house; a position for Shann in the store: Sallie Heron's position, of course; nothing less would feed and clothe the bride.

Her language was as abundant as her person, her gift for friendship, her joy of living. She poured an affectionate tide of it over her mother, but Namah got more from her eyes. They were no longer the eyes of an adolescent, but of a woman who had known what she wanted and taken it. There was something in them that wasn't hard or ruthless—it wasn't that: just unconcerned then with her mother—or, strangely enough, with Thomas Shann. Something young and strong and blind and frightening! Those soft, dark eyes went past the other two to a future in which they might or might not have part. Before them Namah felt inexperienced and inept in an elemental ability that her daughter possessed.

But she kissed her and smoothed her hair and told her that everything was going to be all right, and managed a desperate, gray smile at Thomas Shann, whose gentle eyes seemed to beg her to believe that he was going to do his best by both of them. In fact, he stammered something of the sort as he went off diffidently—this stranger—up the stairs with Grace to Grace's room.

WHEN they were gone, though the summer dusk had fallen, Namah didn't make a light, but sat on in the serene little sitting-room and let her arms drop over the arms of her chair and her head fall against its cushioned back and closed her eyes. Across the street children were roller-skating on a porch. *Clomp, clomp, clomp, r-r-roll!* over and over again. Somewhere a last robin shrilled a searching monody. It seemed to her that nothing bound her to any other living creature. She felt very different from Grace, very far from her. She seemed to have existed forty-seven years for no purpose. She should have stepped out into life long ago. Why hadn't she? Surely there must have been *some* way. . . . She felt like a house that everyone has gone out of, with windows open and doors swinging wide in the winter wind.

After a while she looked down absently at some travel circulars that lay in her lap: "Beautiful Surrey," "Italy, the Romantic," "The Isles of Greece," in gay holiday covers, and dropped them into the wastebasket.

She established the Shanns in the apartment house and threw out a barrage of mouse-colored rugs and mahogany, silver and china and rose silk against the town's comment. She paid Sallie Heron six months' salary which she couldn't afford, and let her go, though half the shop seemed sticking to her when she went, so that Shann could have her place. She entrenched herself behind the statement that all she had ever wanted for Grace was what Grace wanted for herself and settled down to find out just what that was—and, without much hope, to train her new assistant.

He was not a clever man, and such small aptitudes as he possessed were not for anything that came within the scope of Mrs. Forbush's Shop for Women. It was weeks before he ceased being a kind of sore thumb about the place, months before he became of use.

As to what it was Grace wanted, after a few days Namah knew that it was not Thomas Shann—not, that is, for his own sake; that, though Grace lavished upon him the most obvious affection, she didn't love him for his own sake. What she did love him for became apparent two months after their marriage, when, clinging to her husband's hand, she announced her "happy discovery." Namah had no doubts after that. And soon no one else had.

SHE was to be seen with her hand held gently beneath the elbow of one of the old gentlemen who used to take her out on Sunday afternoons, or laid confidingly upon the arm of one of the boys who used to tease her, or tucked about the waist of a girl she had grown up with (she always put her hands on you if you came close enough), and you knew that she was saying the same thing to each of them, her blue-black eyes a little misty, her voice soft and warm, with a happy sob held down and under:

"I'm frightfully old-fashioned, of course. No one ever has babies any more. But somehow I can't seem to mind, can't seem to think of it as anything but God's highest gift to women."

She knew how to share her "happy discoveries" with even the coarsest and crassest of her friends in such a manner as to leave him shiny-eyed and touched, as though the flag had passed by. It was only Namah and Shann that she embarrassed, and they were both rather shy. None of her friends were like either of them, and that at least was one thing they had in common.

Another was the selfless, spendthrift devotion they lavished on Grace. Little Namah was born ten, Jean-Lou twenty-one, and Ramona thirty-two months after the marriage, and for their sake and their mother's, before, during, and after their arrival, Thomas Shann and Namah Forbush lived, breathed, and had their being.

Namah watched him curiously; sometimes with even-handed justice in her eyes, sometimes a touch of contempt, sometimes an almost masculine sympathy, and sometimes a feeling of kinship; while the explications of time made things clear to her. Grace had known that a younger, assertive, popular, successful man would not have sunk himself in his fatherhood, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say in her motherhood; and that, it seemed, was what she wanted. What he wanted, apparently, was a home. He was almost as silent as the unvocal giraffe, but he was deeply appreciative.

At first, before and after the coming of Little Namah, he was very proud and tender—a queer, clumsy, alien figure in the rose and silver apartment with the big double bed like a dais in the middle of it where Grace reigned in pampered state, and at the store among the nightgowns, the petticoats and ribbons, the hair goods and hats; but happy. His ears, Namah thought, must never have been free of the echoes of the sounds of his babies, or the sounds that Grace made for them. But though he never talked of his past, Namah felt in behind him meager and grim; he had the look of one wind-bitten by the cold blast; and there was no doubting his gratitude for shelter, his eagerness to earn it, nor a peace that ran deep down in.

GRACE had pretty, possessive ways with him, and he liked that. She was full of tenderness toward the whole world; everything was right; everything was good; everything was beautiful; and he, inferentially, everything's cornerstone. They never quarreled. The babies were splendidly well. Probably there wasn't a soul in town who knew them who didn't think of Shann as a person of phenomenal luck, and it was obvious that he so regarded himself. How much he loved his wife Namah could never tell, but she came to believe that the reaches of his gratitude were inexhaustible.

Grace used him up every day like a pound of sugar, and he seemed to think that that was what he was for. She left him no time nor energy for outside interests; he had no club, no golf, no whist, no acquaintances, not even ever an uninterrupted newspaper, and he gave up smoking because his pipe was bad for the babies—and didn't seem to mind. There was a book once that he started to read, using his pipe as a marker—"The White Company," by Conan Doyle; and Namah, who kept seeing it about and had a head for figures and dates, noticed that in two weeks he got from page 25 to page 50. It lay around for another week and then the no-smoking edict came and it disappeared unfinished, along with the pipe. It rather hurt Namah to think of that book. She wondered where it had gone.

He spent every moment of his life at the shop or at home, whichever needed him more; or on the way from one to the other. Thinking of those taut days afterward, Namah saw oftener than anything else herself and Thomas Shann side by side, heads strained a little forward eagerly, faces set, blown shopward through the morning by one importunity, homeward through the dusk by another. For, though Namah didn't live with them, she was there most of her "idle" time, helping Shann, as he helped her at the shop.

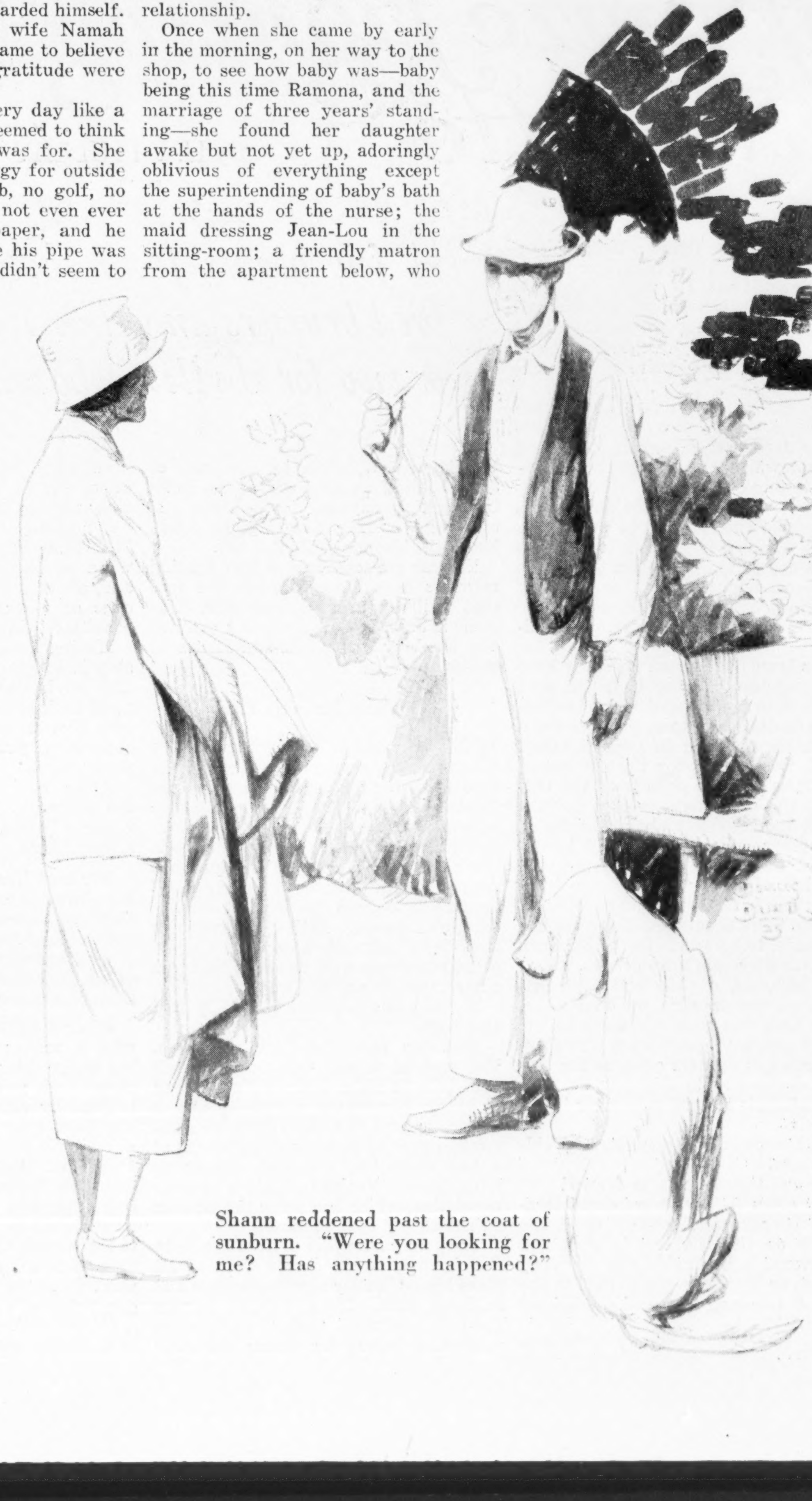
The life of the Thomas Shanns became her life. As an absorbent, that life was astonishing. Its saturation point was very high. It drank her time, her money, her vitality, and she felt constantly the pull of its suction for more. But Grace was happy, and so too, therefore, was Namah—when all else failed at least always happy in her daughter's happiness. And all else didn't often fail, for Grace was kind and loving except when the babies interfered.

And gradually through the ruck of it all Namah saw the dawning of a wonderful hope. Shann shouldered his way in among the frills and furbelows at the shop and, all thumb-fingered and blunt-minded as he was, by sheer application and a miracle became another Sallie Heron. Namah found herself slacking off after a while and things going along just the same. The imperturbable pound of his steady pace was as reliable as the sun. And somehow the very maleness of him ran a new backbone into the business. She had a new feeling of safety because he was there, so that she came at last to dream of leaving him there, as manager—of going off somewhere alone and even yet seeking out a bit of life of her own. She came to have an interest in her son-in-law, a point of contact, and a hope that quickened the relationship.

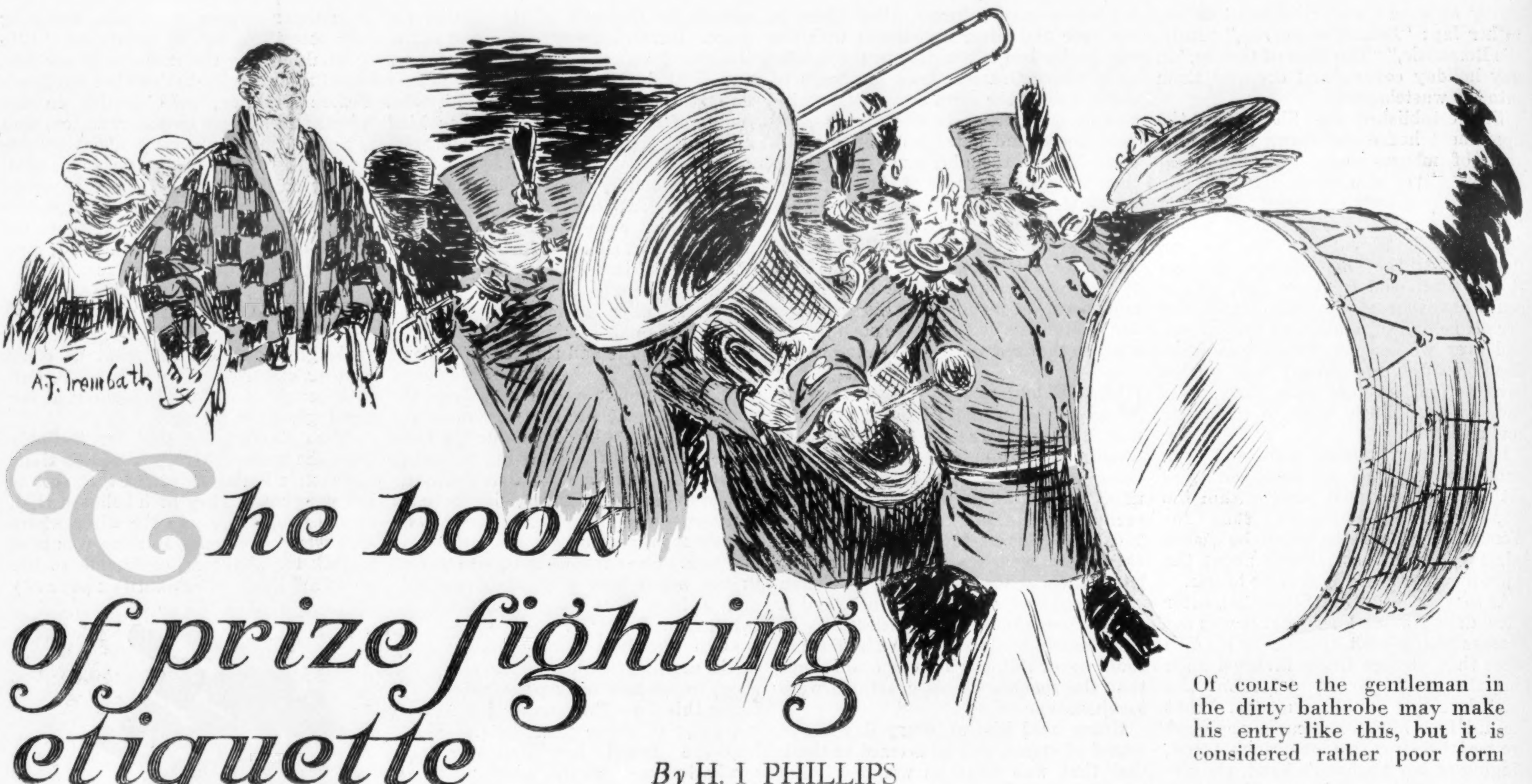
Once when she came by early in the morning, on her way to the shop, to see how baby was—baby being this time Ramona, and the marriage of three years' standing—she found her daughter awake but not yet up, adoringly oblivious of everything except the superintending of baby's bath at the hands of the nurse; the maid dressing Jean-Lou in the sitting-room; a friendly matron from the apartment below, who sometimes stepped in to help, wringing out something in the bathroom; Little Namah cutting the morning paper into careful slips with her mother's scissors before the fire; milk bottles on the piano and diapers on the radiator; and Thomas Shann dodging about in his bathrobe with his trousers over his arm, trying to find a place where he could put them on in semi-security. His eyes were bloodshot from loss of sleep, his mouse-colored hair was tumbled, and the lines were deep in his face.

IT SEEMED then to his mother-in-law that he was dodging an aggressively male ghost—an old self that he could neither discard nor conciliate. A baffled, *caught* something looked out at her fleetingly from his eyes.

It so startled her that for the only time she spoke to Grace. She was timid about mentioning things of that sort to her daughter. They both believed that, of the two, Grace was the wiser where men were concerned. But she was easy to talk to. Anybody could talk to her about anything. (*Continued on page 38*)



Shann reddened past the coat of sunburn. "Were you looking for me? Has anything happened?"



Of course the gentleman in the dirty bathrobe may make his entry like this, but it is considered rather poor form

The book of prize fighting etiquette

By H. I PHILLIPS

A few booms from the canons of good form for well-bred bruisers and their immediate relatives, with a shot or two for the élite who watch them make the birdies sing

ARE our prize fighters the gracious, well-mannered gentlemen they should be?

Are their trainers, seconds and managers displaying toward the social conventions that high regard which is ever the consuming desire of the well-bred man?

Do enough of our referees, announcers, judges, timekeepers and sponge custodians display that bearing, poise and decorum which give tone and atmosphere to any occasion?

Are the American fight fans, as a whole, sufficiently versed in the canons of good form to make their very presence at any prize fight reflect good taste and a scrupulous observance of every punctilio laid down by polite society?

Any answer must be subject to qualifications.

In no branch of human endeavor have greater strides been made in the past few years in the development of refinement, suavity, politeness, good form and perfect control than in prize fighting. Indeed, were it not for the newspaper advertisements, the posters on the billboards, the sport page stories and the general scenic effects characteristic of such events, a spectator would hardly know he was at a fight. Neither would the fighters in many cases.

Yet there is not that rigid devotion to etiquette there should be. Progress has been made, to be sure. In the old days there was a certain uncouthness, a certain roughness, a clear and open disregard of the niceties of human behavior that was most offensive to the true or hothouse gentleman. Twenty-five years ago fighters often so far forgot themselves as to take an ungentlemanly attitude toward each other in the ring.

Blows were frequently struck, old-timers say!

Now and then blood was drawn!

Very often fighters were demonstrative, boisterous and aggressive in the extreme on the slightest provocation. They would fight anybody at the drop of a hat, or if there were no hats in the house, at the drop of a wad of chewing tobacco.

It is told, on seemingly good authority, that a fighter by the name of John L. Sullivan once toured the country fighting anybody for nothing and offering to forfeit $1,000 if he didn't knock the blooming gillyfish out.

You can get some idea of how fighting manners have changed from the fact that Sullivan used to announce, "My name is John L. Sullivan and I can lick any blankety blank dots-and-dashes in the house!"

Locate a Smooth Liar

NO ONE who has followed fighting, so called, the past ten years can doubt that anything like this would be unthinkable to-day. Yes indeedy! Under softening influences too numerous to mention, too numerous, in fact, even to think of, a new code of conduct has sprung up. It deserves the study of all persons interested in fighting outside their own homes. A little attention to the rules of etiquette now may save you great embarrassment the next time you enter some Palace of Swat.

Would you study them? Kindly step this way.

Breaking Into the Fighting Game. The man or woman who is truly well bred tries to make everyone happy and at ease. Gentleness, simplicity and a sincere regard for the rights of companions are the distinguishing marks of a fine character, standing, sitting or lying down. Wealth in itself is no commendation, which is a point the modern fighter should bear in mind.

The young man who aspires to rise in the fighting world should first of all place himself under a good manager and business man. Every fighter, as the game is conducted to-day, needs more protection before he enters the ring than after. In choosing a manager it is important to select one who does not chew tobacco at social affairs, who will not nudge patronesses in the ribs at Milk Fund bouts, who is a smooth liar when issuing statements to the press, and, above all, who has a good knowledge of market conditions, vaudeville conditions, cinema opportunities, etc.

Having located such a man, the next step is to get him to act as manager. This can be done by entering into a contract to fight anybody he names and to give him from 50 to 75 per cent of everything you get outside of brutal punishment.

After having engaged yourself to the manager, the engagement is announced in the newspapers in the following form:

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Rosenheimer of the Bronx announce the engagement of their son, Knockout Paddy O'Hara, to the stable of Honest John McGillicuddy. Mr. O'Hara will hold a coming-out party at the Queensboro Stadium, Long Island City, November 23d, barring rain.

After a fighter has affiliated himself with a manager it is customary for his many friends to gather here and there and pay their respects. This is done by remarking, "How did that big bozo ever get with a live manager?" "If that guy is a fighter I'm the Prince of Wales' equerry," etc., etc. Once the fighter has made good, however, etiquette requires that the comment should be almost entirely confined to the phrase, "I remember him when he first came out and I was the only guy what knew he had the makings of a great champ."

Duties of the Manager. The manager of a fighter must assume all responsibility for his financial and social success. His is the task of arranging the stipend, deciding upon the split, selecting the suitable scenario for his next release, dictating the vaudeville contracts, directing his business ventures, retaining a newspaperman to write the fighter's syndicate articles, signing for the circus engagement, arranging the European tour, etc., etc. He should, above all else, so conduct his charge's affairs that there shall be no call for him to engage in more than two fights a year.

Both fights should be sanctioned by the International Dancing Masters' Association.

During the many months preliminary to a bout the fighter should stop at only the best banks and move only among people who are his equals in the financial world.

From time to time there should be issued bulletins announcing that he has given his old mother, who can't play a note, a new piano and denying his engagement to Patricia Pazazzle, the movie star. And he should take particular pains never to become involved in any argument or disturbance.

Shooting the Bulletins

SUCH an incident might lead to fisticuffs and, regardless of the outcome, the fighter would realize that he had fought for nothing. This would kill both him and his manager. And probably most of their immediate relatives.

The public should be taken into the confidence of the fighter, as the fight fans are entitled to know just how seriously the fighter is training for a coming bout.

To this end announcements somewhat similar to the following should be issued frequently:

Mr. Knockout Paddy O'Hara
Wishes to announce that he has signed
for a series of three ten-reel feature
pictures
with the
Lottabunk Studios, Inc.
He will have his nose straightened and
his ears reset at once.

The Directors of the First National Bank take pleasure in announcing that Mr. Knockout Paddy O'Hara has this day been elected an honorary vice president.

The Absorbo Realty Company makes public the announcement of the sale of the 32-story block at 3565 Park Avenue to Mr. Paddy (K. O.) O'Hara at a price of $1,500,000. Payment was made in cash.

Mr. Paddy (K. O.) O'Hara takes pleasure in announcing to his many friends that if challenged by Wildcat Hogan, the Michigan Assassin, logical contender for the title, he will retire from the ring on account of a promise made to his mother. Mr. O'Hara promised his mother he would never fight, and if he ever got into the same ring with the Michigan Assassin he thinks he would have to.

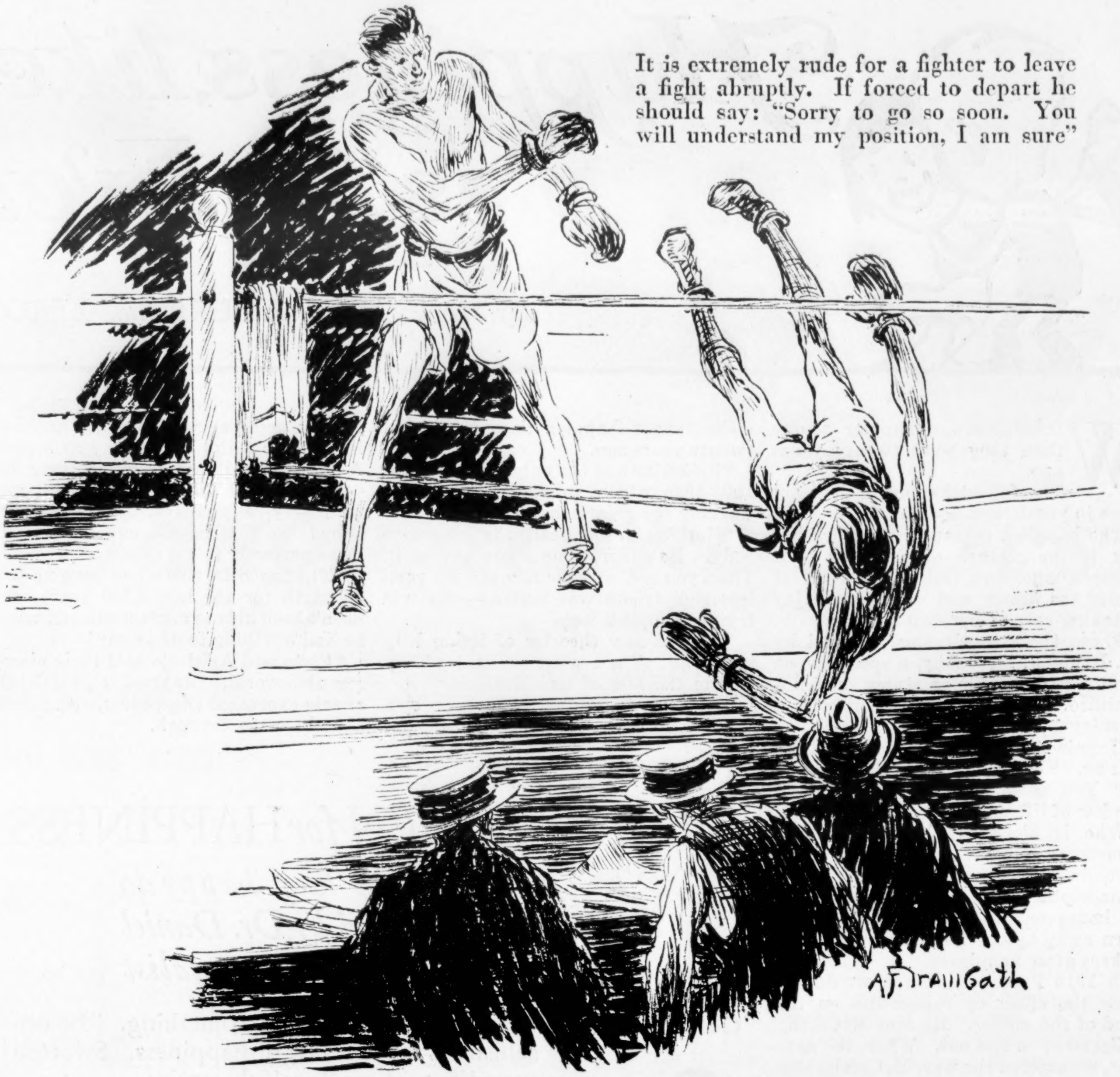
These little bulletins keep the public in touch with the doings of a fighter and are highly desirable.

The Night Before the Battle. Custom specifically requires that during the twenty-four hours preceding a fight a fighter issue a formal statement to the press with regard to his physical fitness, state of mind, morale, confidence, etc. This usually takes this form:

To Whom It May Concern
Mr. Knockout Paddy O'Hara is pleased to say to his many friends that
(1) *He never felt better in his life.*
(2) *He is in the pink.*
(3) *He has trained hard for this fight.*
(4) *He expects to win by a knockout.*
(5) *He expects to make it a short battle.*
(6) *He is good to his mother.*

Running off the Battle. On the day of the conflict it is customary for the manager of the fighter to arrive at the box-office early, get the facts on the receipts, and arrange for a certified check before his man enters the ring. Custom also requires that at least two fast thinkers attach the receipts, claiming that when the fighter was just starting his career he placed himself under their management and that they are entitled to a "cut" on all money he makes.

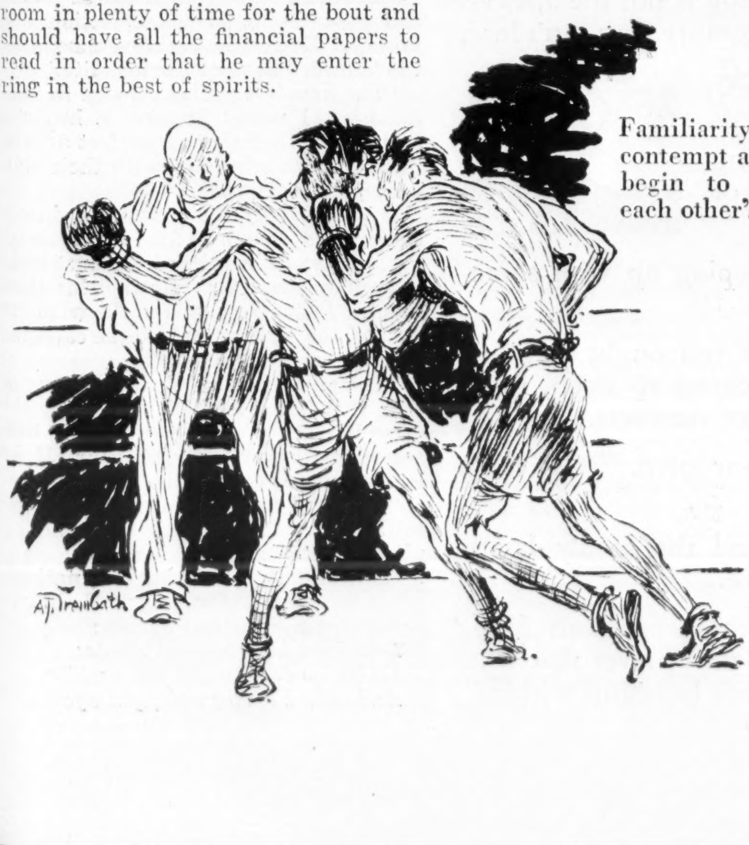
The fighter should be in his dressing-room in plenty of time for the bout and should have all the financial papers to read in order that he may enter the ring in the best of spirits.



It is extremely rude for a fighter to leave a fight abruptly. If forced to depart he should say: "Sorry to go so soon. You will understand my position, I am sure"

What to Wear. The fighter should wear trunks of any suitable material, rubber-soled shoes and the gloves provided for in the articles of agreement. Patent leather shoes are out of place, as is the top coat. A dirty bathrobe may be worn upon entering the ring—and generally is. It is a good idea to keep this near at hand, as no fighter can tell how soon he will be leaving again.

How to Dress the Corner. A fighter's corner should not be cluttered with a lot of things unessential to the success of the party. It requires only the few necessities that are in good taste and contribute in one way or another to the success of the function. These include a water bucket, a bottle, a sponge, several towels, a few oranges, some adhesive tape, some court plaster and a bottle of horse liniment. Expensive sets of china, cut-glass vases, etc., are not proper if the fight is on the level. The furnishings should be very simple and consist mainly of a chair in keeping with the surroundings. There should be no ferns or flowers. The practice of having a few delicately shaped candlesticks to provide a soft light is considered poor taste.



Familiarity breeds contempt and they begin to get on each other's nerves

Entrance. As it is by first appearances that an audience forms its impressions, it is of paramount importance that a fighter regard the accepted rules of proper conduct as he hops into the ring. Custom provides that he enter unostentatiously or in some other six-syllable manner, avoiding any actions suggestive of the blatant and commonplace. Marching down the aisles to the music of his own personal brass band is considered poor form. It is also poor taste to come on under an escort of police, although leaving that way is often proper if not compulsory.

Upon entering the ring he should smile to any friends he observes in the audience, shift his gum and promptly take a chair. Attempting crossword puzzles, playing solitaire, figuring up his income tax or practicing niblick shots in golf are all permissible but not in good taste. It is better for his social prestige for him to sit calmly with the manner of a man in a drawing-room of a Long Island home before the gin has been served. He should bear in mind the words of William Wadsworth Emerson:

"Repose and cheerfulness are the badge of the gentleman—repose in energy. The Greek battle pieces are calm, the heroes in whatever violent actions engaged retain a serene aspect; as we say of Niagara that it falls without speed."

For a fighter to enter the ring boisterously, pushing his advisers into the lap of the Associated Press dispatchers, and bellowing to the audience, as Mr. Sullivan did, "I can lick any guy in the house. Whattaya know about that?" will put him into disfavor with the élite at once. And he might have to prove it.

On the other hand, he should not go to the extreme of crawling into the ring on his hands and knees and going to sleep in his corner, after leaving a note to the referee reading, "If anybody asks for me tell 'em I'm out to lunch."

The Introduction. After the audience has been kept waiting as long as possible it is the custom for the referee to advance to the center of the ring, remove his silk hat, hand it to an attendant to have it filled, and lift both hands high above his head.

How to Find Your Seat

BEFORE lifting his hands this way he should make certain his watch has been shifted to his trousers pocket. He should then introduce the fighter in this way:

"Ladies and gentlemen; Mister Toastmaster; brothers of the Royal Arcanum: I am very happy to be with you here to-night. I must deny the many flattering things your toastmaster has so kindly said of me. All that I did to build up the name of the Worcester Rope & Twine Company was no more than any other man in my position would have did. Mine was a modest contribution. That I have lived to see the company such a leader in the rope and twine

(*Continued on page 30*)

Happiness, like Health, is for Everybody

By MARGARET M. LUKES and LEROY M. A. MAEDER

WOMEN are unhappier to-day than they were twenty years ago.

The fullest happiness does not come in youth, and never can.

The happiest person in the world to-day is the mother of three or four children who isn't feeling the need of money too keenly and who has the joy of taking care of her own children.

These three conclusions, reached by Dr. Daniel J. McCarthy, a specialist on mental and emotional states, are unqualified. He supplements them with a warning—

Happiness is manufactured right inside us. Keeping happy is like keeping fit. You must get up before the big window of life and do your Daily Dozen.

Who is McCarthy? Internationally famous as a neurologist and psychiatrist, he is perhaps the busiest man in Philadelphia. The brownstone step of his house on Walnut Street has been worn away by the feet of thousands of seekers after happiness.

In 1916 President Wilson wanted to know the effect of prison life on the mind of the soldier. He sent McCarthy to Germany to find out. When, the next year, we entered the war, McCarthy was the first American expert allowed to go across and study the effects of warfare on the nerves and morals of soldiers. From France he was sent to Russia as a member of our Red Cross mission.

He is professor of medical jurisprudence at the University of Pennsylvania; but in his "field work" is his real eminence. It was McCarthy who headed the alienists who examined Harry Thaw in his latest sanity trial.

You are sitting opposite a gentleman in evening dress. A tiny spray of lily-of-the-valley is on the black satin lapel. A fine-looking man who doesn't look his middle age. Perhaps the military bearing, the closely clipped mustache, the crispness of his speech accentuate his air of youthfulness.

The room does not suggest medicine. First editions and new books line the walls. On a mahogany table lies A. C. Barnes' "The Art of Painting." McCarthy started to be an artist. He is an artist, all right, and painting remains a hobby.

He starts you off with a story:

"Outside stood the limousine, the sun flashing on its trimmings of solid silver.

"And the woman whom it had brought sat in my office, her eyes fixed on a clock on the mantelpiece. Finally she told me:

"'It never moves. How long have I been here, Doctor? Twenty minutes, perhaps? It might as easily be twenty years. If I could only see the hands of a clock move! At first, time only dragged. Now it stands still.'

"She was the unhappiest woman I have ever seen."

McCarthy reflected a second, then went on quickly:

"Compare 1925 with 1905. Women have acquired greater freedom. Freud has explained our suppressed desires. Experts have shown short cuts to success. But the unhappy, women especially, are unhappier than they were twenty years ago.

"Prohibition is the only innovation of 1905-1925 which, in my experience, is working for greater happiness.

"Happiness, like health, is for everybody. But there's no short cut to it. That, you see, was the mistake my restless rich friend was making—she was trying the quick way.

"All the new theories of living help not at all. The reason is simple: They violate the law of unselfishness.

"The cry to-day is 'Live your own life! Express yourself!' A woman finds it necessary to leave her husband in order to fulfill her destiny as a poet. A man finds it necessary to leave his wife, who has been his helpmate, and to marry a younger, fairer woman. Why? So that he can express himself more perfectly in art or steel."

"The truth is, there has been no one on earth for the last 3,350 years who hasn't been able to express himself when he had anything to do or say!

"Plato and Aristotle said their pieces for the world. Raphael and Michelangelo expressed themselves. Abraham Lincoln came through.

"Joan of Arc, Florence Nightingale, Rosa Bonheur and Elizabeth Browning were not inarticulate.

"Schumann-Heink raised a glorious family of boys and girls while expressing herself. And I'll wager they were as rambunctious and gave her just as many sleepless nights and distracted days as any other crew of youngsters.

"Mary Roberts Rinehart has told how she wrote at first with a child on her knee. Mme. Curie was raising two little girls while she was doing her most important research work.

"These things were accomplished, not by 'self-expression,' but by self-sacrifice.

"Women are unhappier than they were twenty years ago where careers have kept them from marriage and children and where careers have disillusioned them. Contrary to an easy belief, the lot of men is not at all glamorous compared with the lot of women. Few men are able to find transcendent happiness in any career normal to a man. Most women find such happiness in the career normal to women.

"I read recently of a woman in Ohio who gave up her job as mayor. Nothing was wrong; she simply found home more interesting.

"Women who have careers are happy when, as in the case of Mrs. Rinehart, marriage and children come first and the career follows.

"Some of the most bitter stories I hear come from the lips of those who have imagined that romance at a sort of fever heat is the answer to the human craving for happiness. There seems to be a notion that to hold on to flaming youth is to be happy forever.

"Young people are not the happiest. Youth has enthusiasm, boundless vitality, sparkle, high spirits.

"But youth does not stand knee-deep in the adventure of life, dexterously balancing its joys and cares.

"Youthful love is an affair of uncertainty—often it brings dejection and misery. Even at its best love time is not the 'crowded hour of glorious life.'

"The happiest period belongs to middle life. I would instance a husband and wife with their own perfect adjustment to each other and with their children partly grown."

Dr. McCarthy leans forward in his chair. He speaks with final earnestness:

"If we want happiness, we must build it up in our hearts." He taps his shirt front. "Inside here, where the winds of chance, the legislature, and the calendar cannot touch it.

"The guiding principle is the same in 1925 that it was in 1825. It will be the same in 2025. *Forget yourself!* If that seems too severe, forget yourself at least fifty per cent of the time.

"Don't try to bend the world to yourself. Don't figure that the starting place is always *you*.

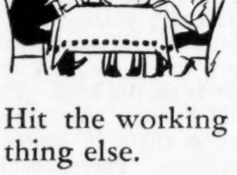
"Be tolerant, a little humble, patient, generous. Make allowances. Be brave. Remember Sir Andrew Barton:

"'*I am hurt but I am not slaine;*
I'll lie me down and bleed a while
And then I'll rise and fight againe.'"

A DAILY DOZEN for HAPPINESS

To get happy and keep happy do this drill prescribed by Dr. Daniel J McCarthy, happiness specialist

Get up in the morning looking forward to something. "Be unselfish" is the first law of happiness. Sweeten your life with an unselfish motive.



Compete to make the breakfast table as convivial as the Sunday night pick-up supper. Cheerfulness is the band of music of the human parade.

Hit the working day hard. Forget everything else.

Exhale worry, fears and indecision. Fear of *anything* is worse than the reality which we may be forced to meet.

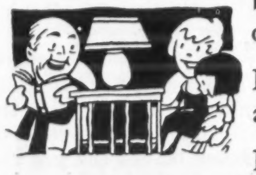
Inhale the spirit of the adventure of life. Though you win, winning is not the answer. If you go in for the adventure, you can't lose.

Play with children—and may you be lucky and play with your own.

Ride your hobby. It is your play. Learning how to play together is the great secret of happy marriages.

Tune your life to your pocketbook. Keeping up with somebody is sure death.

Dance. But don't go to the gilt door if you ought to be in bed asleep. When it comes to sleep, most of us are in the hands of receivers.



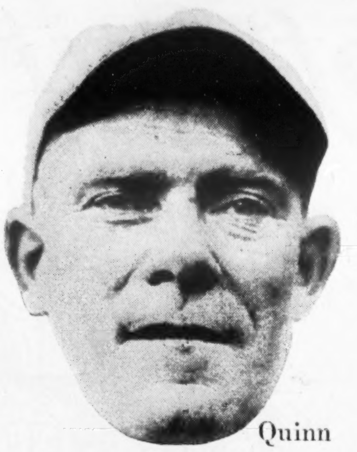
Laugh at trouble—your own. Get busy about someone else's.

Do this exercise around the family lamp: Forget the past, don't fret about the future.

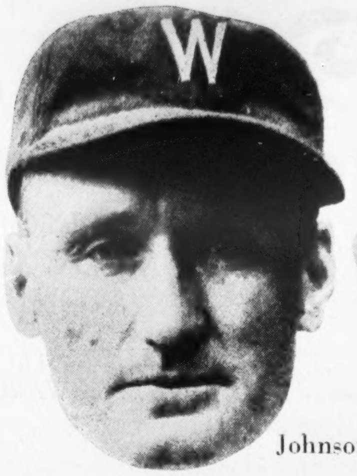
Say your prayers. No one is happy without religious faith. Don't pray for wealth: emulate the old Greek prayer that "the great god Pan and all the gods may make me beautiful within."

©Keystone

Wheat


Quinn

Collins


Johnson

Ty Cobb

They laugh at the years

Youth must be served, of course, but there are times when it must wait its turn

By GRANTLAND RICE

SIXTEEN major-league ball clubs passed the half-mile post in July on their way down the home stretch toward the reward of about $200,000.

Here, one might say, is the battle of youth—youth with its stamina and its speed where age is out of place. But if one examines closely the leading stars of the two great summer drives, he will find faces that are seamed and lined with middle age, heads that in many cases are almost bald and names that go far back into the records of the almost forgotten years.

These two pennant races have in many cases been taken over by veteran troops who have continued to laugh at Time and to set a new mark for middle-aged stardom.

On a certain late afternoon in spring, twenty-two years ago, in the office of the Atlanta Journal, a modest poker game was in progress. The paper had gone to press. Don Marquis had just drawn two cards (probably to a three-card flush) when a messenger boy entered with a dispatch. The dispatch was from Royston, Ga., and it stated that a young local product by the name of Tyrus Cobb had been practicing several weeks before reporting to Augusta in the Sally circuit, then known as the Fried Chicken League.

It seemed to me that this momentous announcement could just as well have waited for the mail, and the Royston correspondent was so informed. But we might have insisted upon an extra if we could have looked ahead for twenty-two years, from 1903 to 1925. For this same Cobb came dashing by the half-mile post in his twenty-first big-league season still batting above .400 with the season's record of sixteen bases in one game and five home runs within two successive days.

There have been great veterans before—Wagner, Lajoie, Anson, Young and others—but no one who could even approach such startling results after twenty-one major-league seasons of unending speed.

Cobb played every game last season and dropped to .338; so he announced through the winter that he would probably play only half time through the 1925 race. But Cobb, the manager of Detroit's Tigers, soon discovered that Cobb, the mighty hitting outfielder, could not be replaced. For, instead of slipping still further as Time beckoned with a mocking finger, the amazing veteran outshone his greatest days of a decade ago.

Something in the Air

IN ADDITION to Cobb the playing greatness of many other veterans has featured this major-league campaign. There has been nothing to approach it in baseball history.

Here are some of the records of service, including the minor and the major league years:

Jack Quinn, Boston, 23 years. Ty Cobb, Detroit, 22 years. Babe Adams, Pittsburgh, 22 years. Tris Speaker, Cleveland, 21 years. Walter Johnson, Washington, 20 years. Eddie Collins, Chicago, 20 years. Zack Wheat, Brooklyn, 20 years. Rube Marquard, Boston, 20 years. Fournier, Brooklyn; Groh, New York; Coveleskie, Washington; McInnis, Pittsburgh; Carey, Pittsburgh: 18 years each.

To a large extent this has been an old man's campaign. When the season opened there were many half-suppressed guffaws as Clark Griffith and Bucky Harris of Washington sent their pitching staff into action. The cast included Vean Gregg, 40 years old; Walter Johnson, 38; George Mogridge, 36; Stanley Coveleskie, 34; and Dutch Reuther, 32. There were Zachary, Marberry and one or two younger men, but here were five pitching regulars who averaged above 35 years and who had known from fifteen to twenty seasons under fire.

Most of the "old men" I have mentioned had been discarded by other clubs, and the early crowds listened expectantly to hear their aging bones begin to creak. But when the younger Philadelphia Athletics opened up a whirlwind rush and began a wild stampede for the flag, it was this veteran pitching staff which contributed no little to Washington's swift pursuit. It was Old Barney, meaning Walter Johnson, who was first to win ten games in either league. And Coveleskie, discarded by Cleveland, wasn't far away.

Later on, George Mogridge was traded to the Browns, but he was among those who helped Washington's early rush.

None of these, of course, approached Iron Man McGinnity's record of pitching winning ball beyond 50, but these veterans were all in the thick of a hard campaign with a lively ball where youth was faltering and breaking day by day.

This veteran staff surprised the talent everywhere by its fine work, and the eminent Johnson looked better in his nineteenth Washington season than he had looked in many years.

There must have been something in the atmosphere of this 1925 campaign. The air must have been charged with some mysterious current that defied the years.

As Babe Adams at the age of 42 was beating the Giants and Ty Cobb at the age of 39 was batting over .400, another remarkable group of doddering old-timers was raising the well-known dickens.

Heading this group were Tris Speaker of Cleveland and Eddie Collins of Chicago. Each was carrying the burden of managerial work and worry, just as Cobb was doing. But when July came steaming in at the halfway mark Speaker was batting .370, Collins .360, and both were fielding their jobs with the brilliancy which made them famous fifteen years ago.

Two Dangerous Ball Hawks

SPEAKER and Collins, having been nearly twenty years in the major leagues, are still two of the great ball players of the season. They are not only dangerous hitters but, in addition, are ball hawks, in the air or along the ground. They still carry speed and grace into battle, and if Speaker goes after a fly ball the out can be recorded when he starts. Speaker was amazing the fans with the Fort Worth Polytechnic Institute in 1905, and he is still amazing the fans from the Mississippi to the Atlantic through this summer.

Eddie Collins first reported to the Athletics in 1906 when he had just left Columbia University, and there is as much youth and speed and dash in his work to-day as there was fifteen or eighteen years ago. The marvel of this pair's work is only surpassed by the showing of Cobb after so many years. And they are only a half stride in front of Jack Fournier and Zack Wheat of Brooklyn, far above .300, the batting mainstays of their club with twenty years of service not so many steps away. Wheat, assistant manager, is another veteran star who is also carrying outside duties while whanging out long hits and killing off others by outfield play.

The All Veterans' Club

THERE is still another veteran wonder who can never be overlooked—Max Carey of Pittsburgh.

Carey is serving his seventeenth professional campaign. He has been with Pittsburgh for the last fifteen years, and there was a hint last spring that he was about due to lose some of his speed. But at mid-season Carey was not only batting .350, but, in addition, was tied for second place among the leading base runners of his league, and when the season is over he is pretty sure to be in first place again as the best base runner in the game. The years have taken nothing from the fleetness of his flying heels nor from the steady brilliancy of his outfield play.

What a ball club you could still make up from these veterans—

Catchers—Severeid, Schalk, Schang.
Pitchers—Johnson, Alexander, Bush, Coveleskie, Cooper, Quinn.
First base—McInnis.
Second base—Collins.
Short stop—Bancroft.
Third base—Groh.
Outfield—Cobb, Speaker and Carey.

But there will be nothing this season to match that May day in St. Louis when Detroit was slipping badly. As the slump was on, Cobb, the leader, came with a rush. His total that day in one game was six hits, including three home runs, the total yielding sixteen bases. And the next day he fired two more home runs into the stands—and this in his twenty-first major-league year!

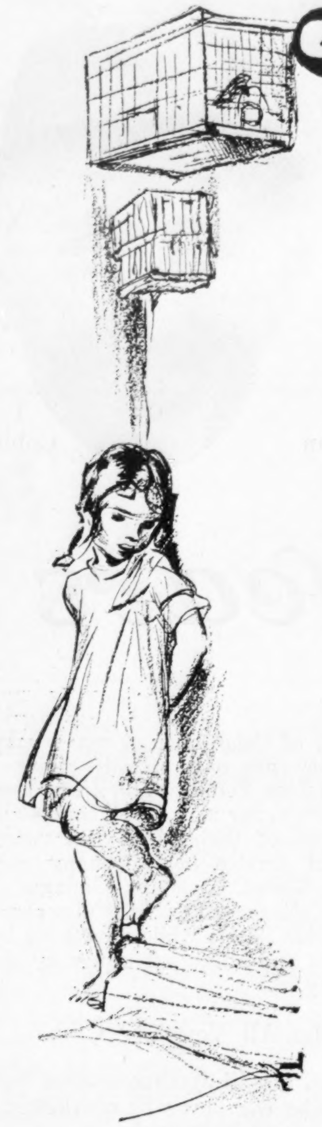
There has been nothing in sport to surpass that achievement. And when Ty followed this wild charge by lifting his average well above .400 by July the cause of the veterans had been established beyond all argument.

The old boys are still in the game. Eighteen to twenty-one years' service has done nothing to slow them down. They are still fighting with the flame and spirit that time can't suppress. They have been the sensations of 1925, no matter which club wins.

The alibi of Salvador

By ELINORE
COWAN
STONE

ILLUSTRATED BY
O. F. HOWARD



"EET iss all that Salvador Calaveras, Ticher." With an accusing flourish of the arm Maria Sanchez called Miss Lipscomb's attention to the group in the shade of the schoolhouse—a closed circuit of blue denim backs and interlocked arms. "Sooch *theengs* he *tells*—that *boy*," intoned Maria in pained disapproval.

"And they listen at heem laik crazee—thoss awthers," deplored Jesús Estradilla.

"Ticher, you would not believe," was Angela Robles' conviction, "thoss theengs he tells—how he dreenk up the w'isky and shoot off the gons!"

"And how he once catch weeth hees riata from hees horse a man who keels a friend off hees," Anita Perez took up the strain.

"And how once they tie heem on the tracts off the train—some bad men—and comes the injine," Hortensia gasped, "and—"

"And he iss not keel?" demanded Soledad Quintar with wide eyes.

"You may look," Maria pointed out impatiently. "And, Ticher, all the times he tells sooch bad words!"

"And thoss clothes he wears! You have see thoss clothes, Ticher? Iss he not too laik a show?" Anita wanted to know.

As a matter of fact, Ticher had noticed those clothes with wonder and amazement. A gorgeous pair of hairy orange chaparajos had supplied the motif; the rest had been selected with a studious eye to theatric harmony. Now, Miss Lipscomb realized that, from the rakishly tilted sombrero and the flamboyant green neckerchief to the well-worn, man's-size riding boots that encumbered his carefully schooled swagger, Salvador was tantalizingly reminiscent of someone she had once seen. Now, where?

Slipping into a classroom whose open window gave upon the eager group outside, she leaned out and looked down. At the center of the group below stood the hardy young cavalier in chaps, feet at an alarming angle, arms flung wide in an eloquent gesture, while from his tongue flowed wonder and amazement.

"They break down the door," Salvador was declaiming in tones husky with emotion. "Then comes thoss bad men weeth the beeg knife. Weeth thoss knife they steeck many times." Salvador drew a denim sleeve over his moist face and gathered momentum, in his eyes the pride of the successful spellbinder. "On that floor is mooch red blood—oh, laik water eet rons! Comes awther bad men at the door, but—I am there. With my gon I shoot, and when I have feenish, they are dead, oh, *perfectamente* dead—all thoss bad men."

THAT evening Miss Lipscomb detained Salvador after school.

"But, Salvador," she objected as he stood uneasily at her desk, "think again. Surely nothing just like that ever happened to you?"

Salvador stared at her, frank bewilderment in his earnest brown face.

"Ticher," he hesitated, "before I tell eet—I—I do not know. But now I see all veree plain. I theenk he happen joost laik I espick."

Suddenly, quite incomprehensibly, Ticher giggled.

"I thought so," she murmured. "Well, Salvador, I won't have you telling any more such stories around here. They are bad, you know," she threw in with wicked guile, "for these very little children to hear."

But the group outside the door had no intention that Salvador should forget. No sooner had he appeared in the doorway than he was besieged with questions. Mindful of the recently established censorship, Salvador was wary.

"I theenk better I did not espick no more," he told them solemnly. "Ticher tells eet iss not good you hear about so mooch blood—you *chiquitos*."

"*Vamos!*" murmured Ramón Sedillo languidly.

There was about Ramón an air of superb detachment. He lay flat on his back on the schoolhouse steps, hat over his eyes, legs crossed, one foot jauntily waving in the air, as if by his very attitude he repudiated all part with the childish credulity of the group about the class raconteur.

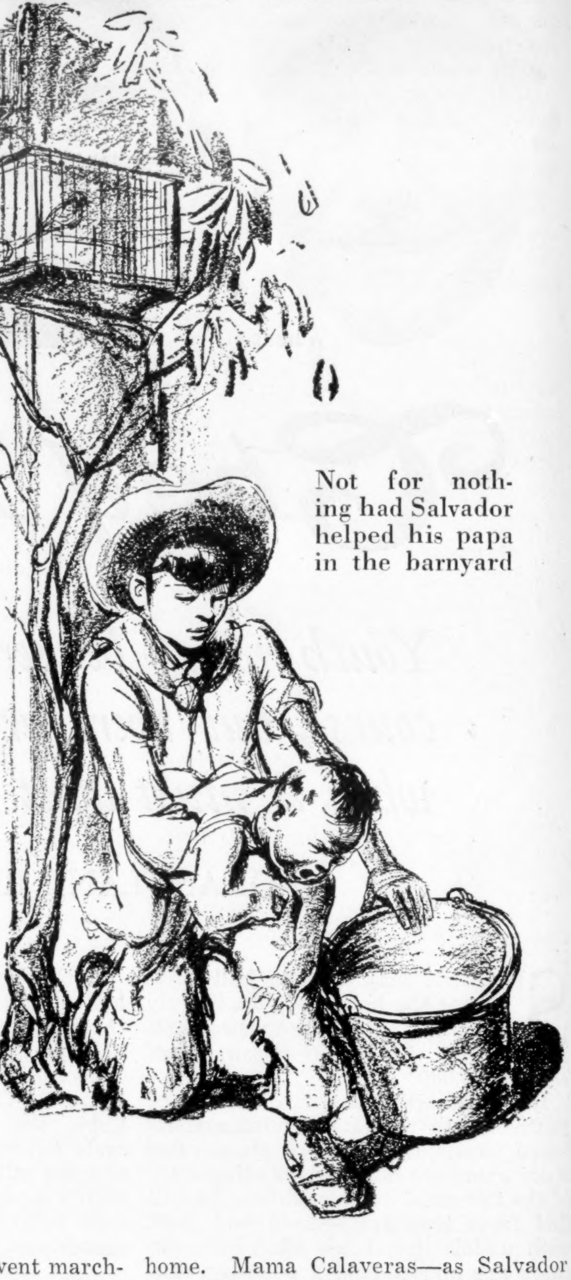
"Bah, you Ramón Sedillo!" retorted Salvador with what careless haughtiness he could assume, "what do you know off sooch theengs? You are too leetla to onderstan'. Eet makes you scare."

Ramón's only response to this insult was to kick heavenward a pair of irreverant brown heels and cackle with derision.

As if aware that the show of irreverence was leading upon thin ice, Salvador hastened his steps toward the fence post where stood the gnarled little Juanita, upon whose back he daily made the pilgrimage between his father's ranch and the school. As he swung one leg smartly across Juanita's flanks, he could not, however, resist the beautiful exit speech that came so readily to his tongue.

"To-day," he flung back, "I go to the heels. Mañana iss mooch bad beezness—*muy importante*. You would be scare—you awthers; but mebbe, sometime, I tell you more. *Juanita, adelante!*"

They watched him scramble over a clump of mesquite, struggle up the steep, rocky hillside, and disappear around a screen of rock and cactus that shielded a turn in the trail—darkly purposeful, a man of mystery. They did not see him when, five minutes later, he halted with guilty backward glances, doubled on his tracks, and slipped cautiously down toward his father's little ranch in the valley. But what matter! For this that turned back was only his body; the soul of Salvador Calaveras went marching on, straight up the rocky mountainside to that hidden cave where, under cover of darkness, armed to the teeth, he was to—



Not for nothing had Salvador helped his papa in the barnyard

"Here, you Salvador," his mother greeted him in voluble Spanish, "wash thou the face of Rosa and take from the line the clean clothes. I go for an hour to the town. Thou wilt stay here with the little ones. At the five must Juan again have his milk, and if again you let Pedro into the creek you do not go to Santa Cruz to-night."

A dispirited small boy slouched into the little patio. For now we come to the real secret in the life of the Third Grade man of mystery, truly a dark one: Papa and Mama Calaveras, provident above average parents in most regards, had neglected to plan for any big sister to wipe the noses and wash the faces of their flock of seven. With a disconsolate sigh, Salvador took firm hold upon the already writhing and screaming Rosa, and led her to her much-needed ablutions.

IT WAS during humiliating interludes like this that Salvador was glad he was a ranch boy, safe from the casual droppings-in of such town-bred wits as Gilberta, Manuelo and Ramón—all *caballeros* of spirit, whose parents had been prodigal of big sisters, and who consequently need not stoop to tasks so beneath the masculine dignity as washing grubby faces.

Not that Salvador allowed himself to shirk one step of the ordeal. That parting shot of Mama Calaveras had gone home. Mama Calaveras—as Salvador had occasion to know—did not threaten idly; and to-night one was to go with one's papa to the neighboring town of Santa Cruz, and there, after some business had been transacted, one was to witness the tenth episode of that soul-stirring drama "Reckless Riddell of Red Rock."

It was a truly wonderful show, much richer in fires, dynamiting, gun and knife play, hairbreadth escapes, and rich, red blood than anything offered by the more puritanically censored theatre of Santa Anita. Salvador was complacently aware that only he of all the Third Grade enjoyed the privilege of such superior entertainment.

From four to six Salvador was the most exacting nursemaid that ever curbed the naughtiness of seven satanically resourceful charges. He was rewarded by an evening's entertainment rich in suggestive incident. Possibly that is why Salvador was so unfortunate next day as to bring himself unfavorably to the attention of Mr. Sawyer, and so set in motion that tragic train of events that all but involved him in ultimate ruin. Mr. Sawyer was the young officer who patrolled the section of Santa Anita in which stood the Mexican school—patrolled it with special instructions concerning hooky, craps, and kindred vices.

On this particular morning Salvador had reined his Juanita in at the corner to assemble the properties for a stage entrance which should paralyze the Third Grade with admiration. Salvador had first made certain that, from their posts at the gate, Pedro, Manuelo, and Ramón had already marked him; then, placing a cigarette ostentatiously between his teeth, he had just struck a match with a soul-satisfying spurt upon the heel of a boot daringly elevated to Juanita's bony withers, and was raising his brows and half closing his eyes in the very manner of the delightful Riddell when a stocky young man appeared around the corner, coolly plucked the cigarette from his lips, and crushed it in strong fingers.

"BEAT it to school, buddy, and go easy on this smoking around here," directed the young man with easy effrontery. Of course the foolhardy fellow had no way of knowing that this was the Third Grade bad hombre he had thus casually insulted; and Salvador did nothing to enlighten him. Instead, he only sat and stared until the young man calmly completed the outrage by giving Juanita a slap that sent steed and rider hurtling up to the schoolhouse gate at a pace suspiciously suggesting a stampede. And the Third Grade had seen all! But, *gracias á Dios*, they had not heard!

Fortunately, too, Salvador remembered to bring Juanita up in a smart sliding stop that nearly threw her upon her stiff little haunches.

"What do I tell heem?" Before answering Pedro's eager question, Salvador permitted himself a pause to watch the receding form of the young officer until it was safely out of earshot. "What do I tell heem? I tell, 'Mebbie you go chase heemself, hombre. I go to the e-school when I get plentee ready!'"

"*Válgame Dios!*" quavered the notoriously timid Rafael Arcienega. "*Yo*—I would be so scare eet maiks me seek."

Salvador sprang to the ground, adjusted the antiquated six-shooter at his belt, and meticulously swung his shoulders into the stride he had been perfecting of late—a stride of a magnificence that taxed his short legs to their fullest extent.

"For why scare?" he scoffed. He even remembered to spit in that new way—out of the corner of his mouth. "I am not scare off nawtheeng—me."

"Yet," Ramón reminded him judicially, "you come."

Salvador halted and faced the speaker. "What iss eet that you tell, hombre?" he demanded with fitting arrogance.

"You come," repeated Ramón hardily, "laik he tells you. Veree queeck you come."

If Salvador's smile of weary tolerance became a bit fixed, his come-back nobly justified the Third Grade confidence.

"You, Ramón Sedillo," he demanded magnificently, "mebbie you theenk I am scare—eh? You may look."

Facing toward the young officer, who was lounging against the fence across the street, he painstakingly adjusted the thumb of the left hand to his nose and the thumb of the right to the extended little finger of the left, and under the delighted eyes of his schoolmates executed, with all ten digits at once, a vivacious maneuver of unmistakable significance. The Third Grade screeched with rapture.

The demonstration unfortunately caught the attention of Mr. Sawyer, who at this very minute had turned with the intention of proceeding inoffensively upon his beat. Now instead he halted abruptly, and then crossed the street. In the scramble that ensued Salvador stumbled and fell. That was the only reason why he found himself, just a moment too late, in the danger zone outside a hastily slammed gate. A shocked but interested Third Grade, safely inside, saw him picked up by the belt of his gorgeous chaps, neatly inverted, and expertly spanked on the spot popularly held sacred to that ceremony.

In spite of the distressing outcome of this encounter, Salvador issued from it firmly entrenched in the Third Grade imagination as a bold, bad outlaw. Too earnestly occupied in encompassing their own safety to grasp the inner significance of the situation, his companions had accepted at face value his presence outside. He had defied the law, and now he had a feud to maintain.

"That Salvador," gushed Anita Perez that evening as the hero swung a daring chaparajoed leg across his Juanita, "*qué braveza!*"

"Iss he not the w'iskers off the cat—that boy?" Pedro Gonzalos wanted to know. "I tell he iss."

Ramón permitted himself a ghost of a shrug where he loafed, apart there against a post.

"*Vamos!*" he offered coldly.

"You, Ramón Sedillo," flamed Hortensia Valdes defensively, "doss he not stay solo outside thoss gate while you ron?"

"Sure I ron," admitted Ramón imperturbably. "I ron—laik you awthers. I am not fools. I do not tell bad names to cops."

Salvador, who had at that moment ridden up to the fence, laughed vaingloriously.

"Ah, I tell heem bad words—me! I tell heem plentee," he boasted loudly. "Me—I do not take nawthing from nobody. Soon I feex that cop for what he do me."

"When?" Ramón caught him up quickly.

Salvador urged Juanita into a sliding walk and wet his lips. "Oh, I feex heem all right," he evaded airily.

"*Quando?* To-day?" Ramón's eyes were coldly challenging.

Salvador glanced warily at the ring of eager faces. Evidently something spectacular was in order.

"*Quién sabe?*" he retorted with dark significance. "Joost now I got the beezness"—he waved grandly toward the hills—"high up."

In the somewhat scrambling haste of his departure he did not take time to enlighten them as to the nature of the "beezness" that called him so urgently.

THERE came a tinkle of glass followed by a squeal of angry bereavement. Even before he looked, Salvador knew the worst. Shattered there upon the doorstep lay Juan's only bottle, while the greedy sand lapped up its contents, and the bereft owner beat the air with futile little fists and wailed his despair.

Choking out soothing words through angrily set teeth, Salvador caught up his small brother, now dripping from head to foot from his exertions, and inverting him across his knee, patted him—none too gently—in the small of a rigid little back, a treatment he had seen his mother use, in modified form, with invariable success. But this gentle attention only heightened the transports of his patient, who stiffened himself to the tips of his bare toes and screamed the louder, while the veins of his head swelled alarmingly. Finally, even in his fury of impatience, Salvador began to feel some real concern. Perhaps the *chiquito* was actually in pain. Surely nothing short of several inches of cold, sharp pin could so arouse the sunny Juan. Anxiously searching his memory for a model of procedure, Salvador turned the small body once more upon its back and plunged into a frantic investigation of the mysteries of Juan's nether garments. Here, even to his inexperienced eye, all was *justo*. What then?

So profound was Salvador's concentration upon his problem that his humiliation was upon him almost before he had time to dump the screaming baby unceremoniously into his cradle. A slight sound caught his attention, and looking up he saw. . . .

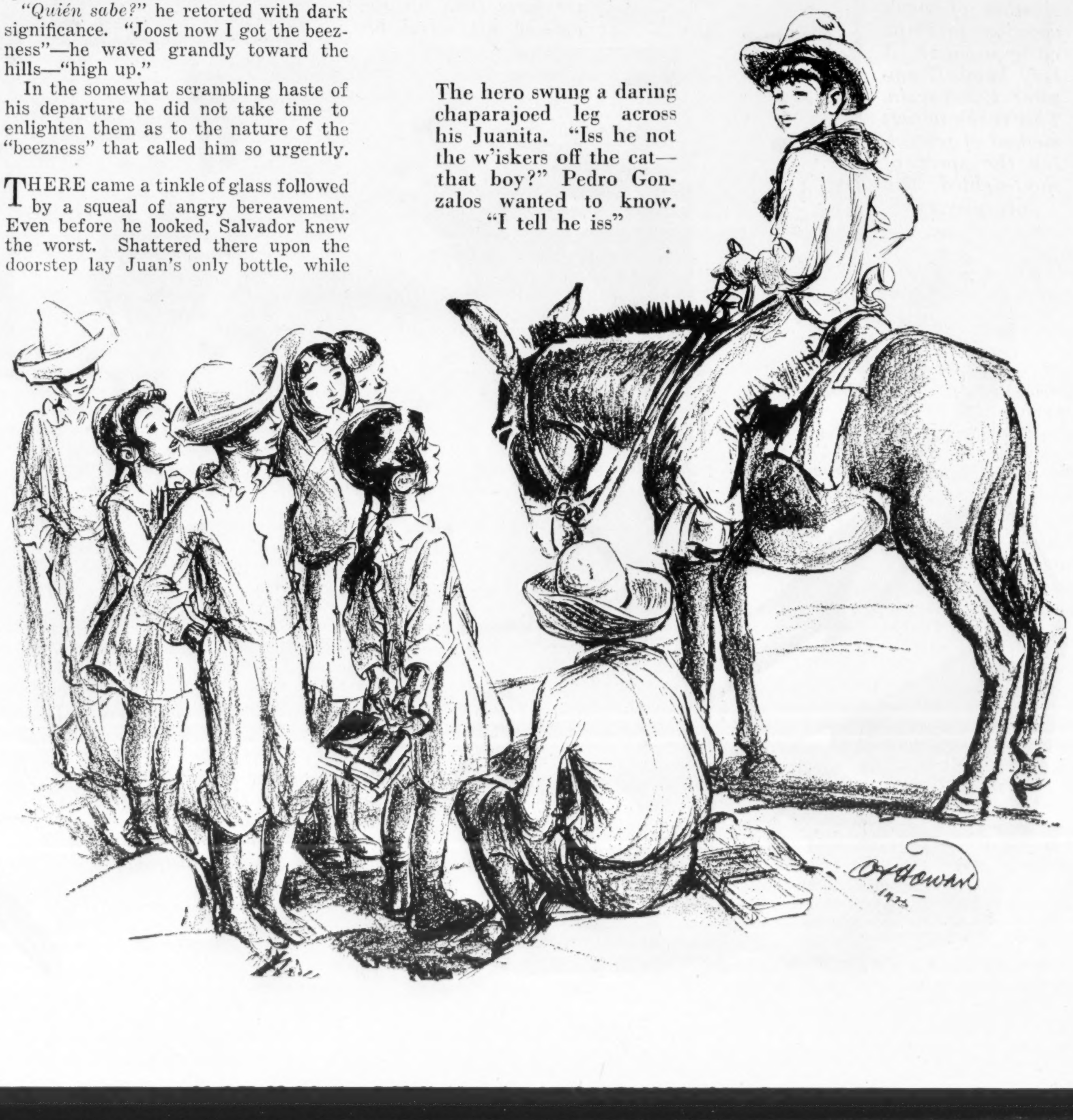
DOWN the trail advanced Ramón, in his bearing all the haughty confidence of a *conquistador*. He was humming a gay little tune, and he looked neither to the left nor to the right. Plainly a gentleman enjoying an afternoon ride in company with his own pleasant reflections does not observe every crying baby he passes. Yet, knowing Ramón, Salvador watched him uneasily until he disappeared behind a second screen of willows just beyond the house. Then, deeply troubled, he returned to face the still screaming Juan and his own dilemma. Even supposing Ramón had not seen, at any moment he might return, and there was little chance of a second such escape. Juan must be pacified, and immediately. And for Juan's disorder Salvador was now forced to the ultimate masculine diagnosis; quite obviously the *niño* was hungry. If he were not fed, he would probably scream all afternoon!

Salvador's panic urged him to hide himself safely down by the creek until the danger of discovery was past, but, held now by a genuine concern for a suffering with which he could sympathize, he lingered. Hands in pockets, he viewed the shattered bottle—hopelessly. Yet there must be more than one means of conveying food to that imperative pink orifice.

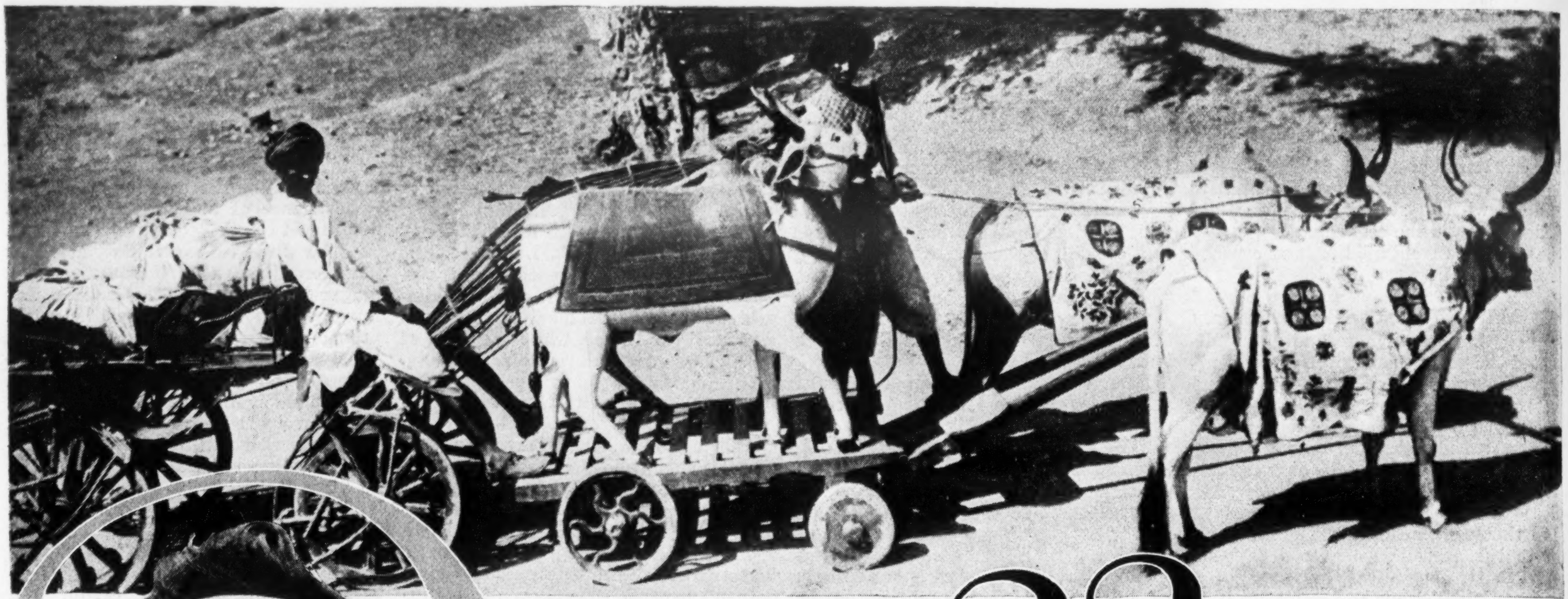
Suddenly Salvador gave over his desperate shaking of the cradle and straightened electrically. He remembered how hungry but obstinate little animals might be fed. Fortunately there was plenty of milk. Grimly he set his lips and turned toward the house.

Returning with a well-filled gallon pail, he set it upon a rock. Then, rolling to his shoulder his right sleeve, he grasped his small brother under a sturdy arm, plunged his bared forearm and hand into the fragrant liquid, and deftly submerged the patient's mouth and nose in the brimming pail, at the same time deftly thrusting into his mouth two grimy fingers. Not for nothing had Salvador helped his papa in the barnyard. In eager triumph he waited —but not for

(*Continued on page 32*)



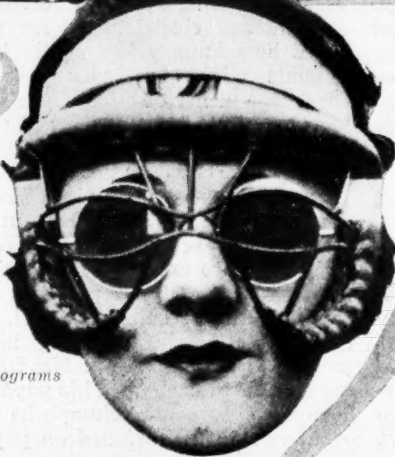
The hero swung a daring chaparajoed leg across his Juanita. "Iss he not the w'iskers off the cat—that boy?" Pedro Gonzalos wanted to know. "I tell he iss"



© Galloway

If anyone should tell us this gentleman of India was taking home a toy for his children we would believe him, if we didn't know that this wooden bull is merely a talisman that he carries to protect his cattle from misfortune

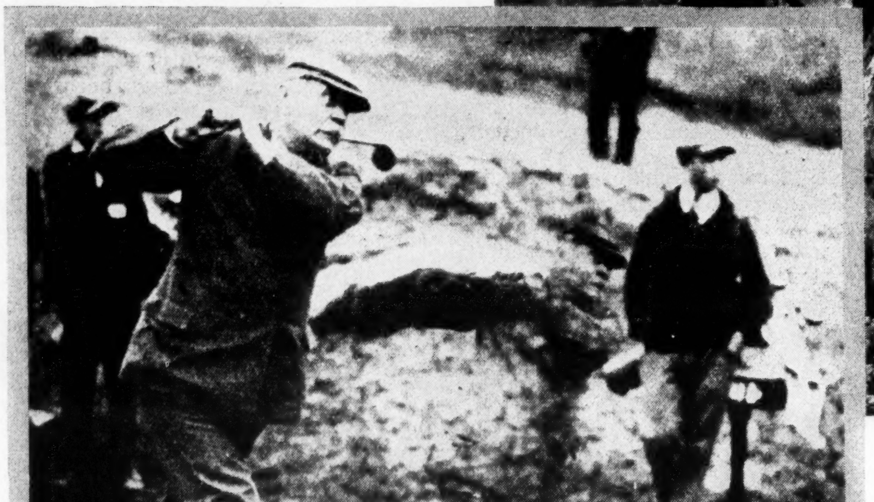
What's it



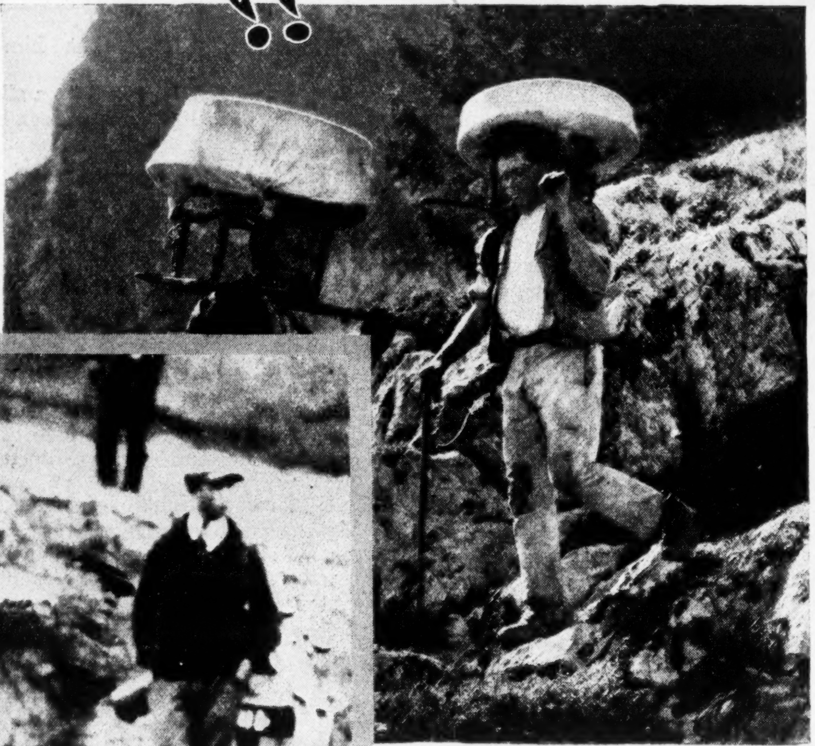
Fotograms

Another of man's vocations preëmpted by woman? A lady baseball umpire? Guess again. This is the newest method of protecting the specs of short-sighted tennis players

Are there two Conan Doyles driving from the same tee below? No. But it is obvious that the creator of Sherlock Holmes and sponsor of spiritualism has not better form than his shadow—or his astral body



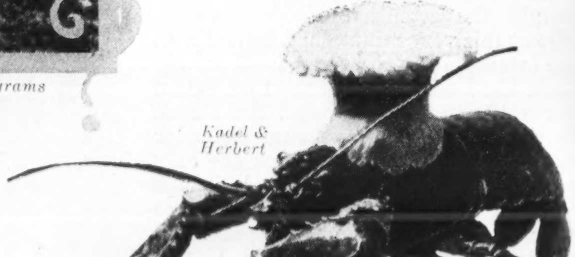
Fotograms



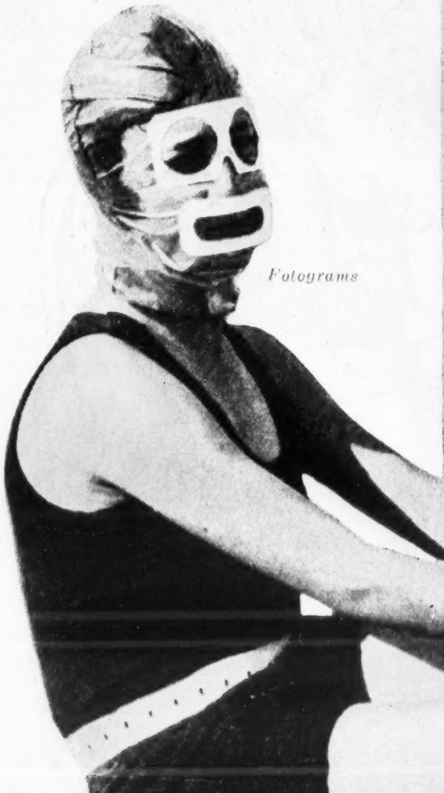
Galloway

At first we thought these were furniture movers—and then we were shown the depths of our ignorance. What do you think? For the best answer we will pay $5

This looks like the advance guard of a lobster salad with ostrich plumes in his helmet. But it's just an anemone taking a joy ride

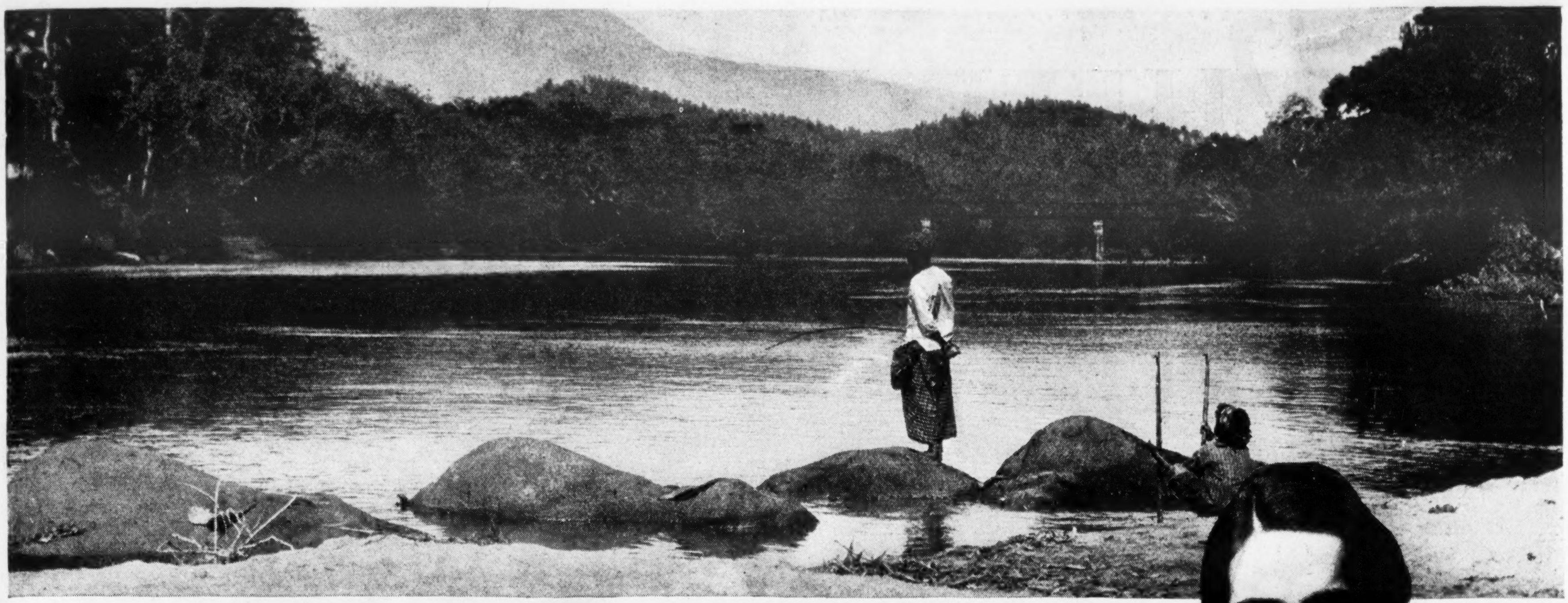


Kadel & Herbert



Fotograms

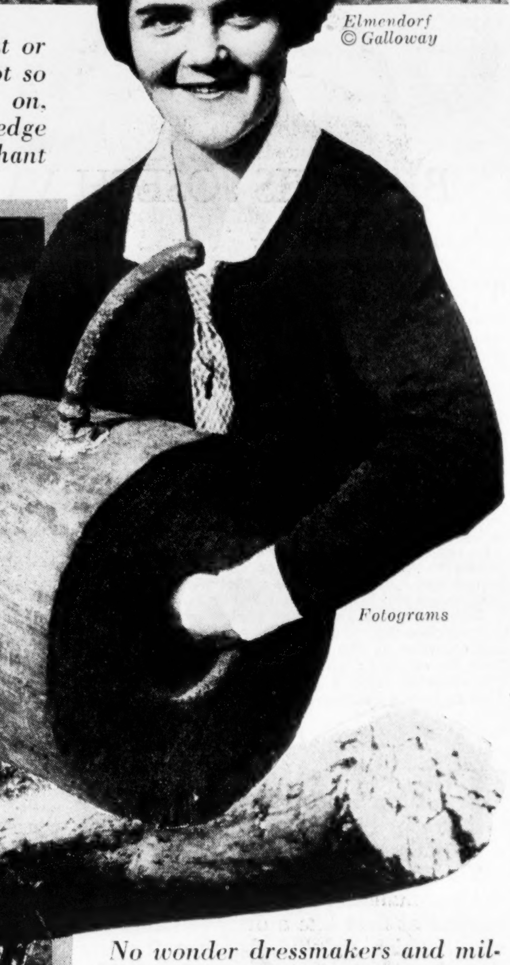
Is this another example of the Darwinian theory? No. She's only a lady of high degree in Europe saving her face—from the sun



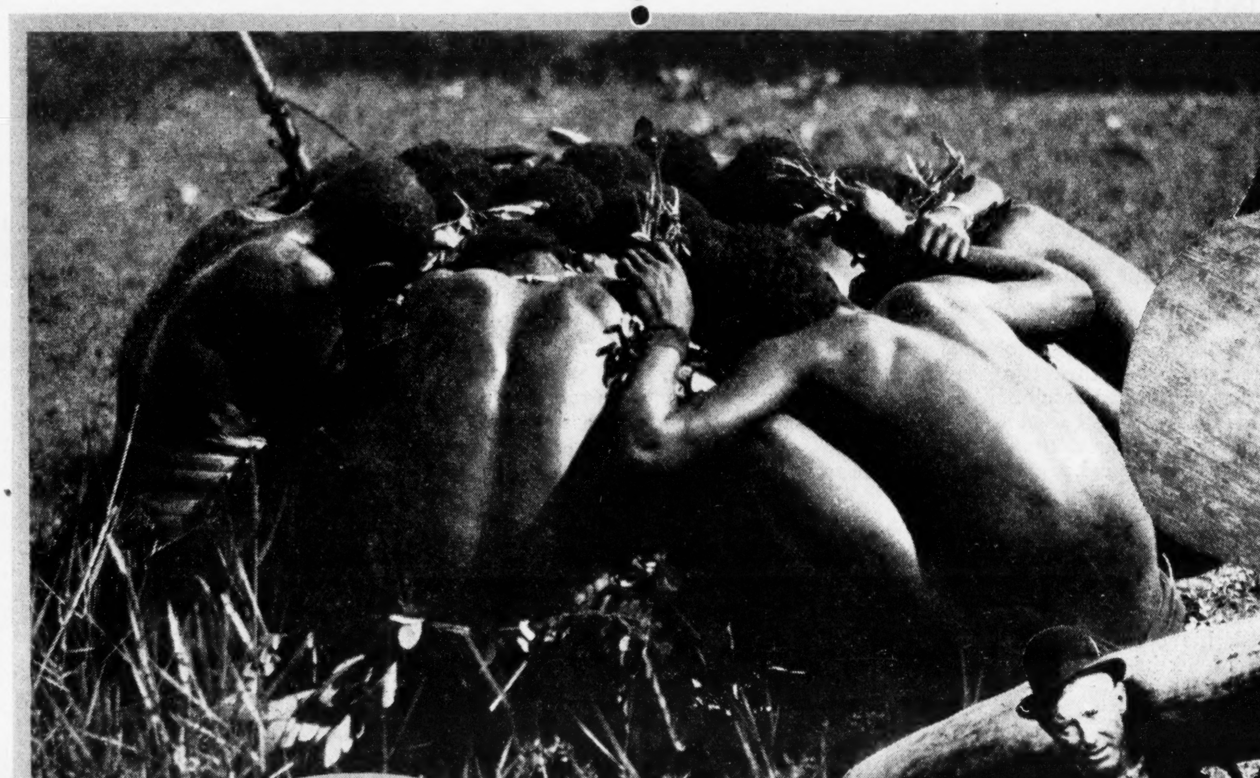
Elmendorf
© Galloway

all about?

When we want to go fishing we hire a boat or dangle our legs off the end of a dock. Not so in Ceylon. What is this angler standing on, calmly waiting for a bite? A rock on the edge of the lake? No. It's his trained elephant

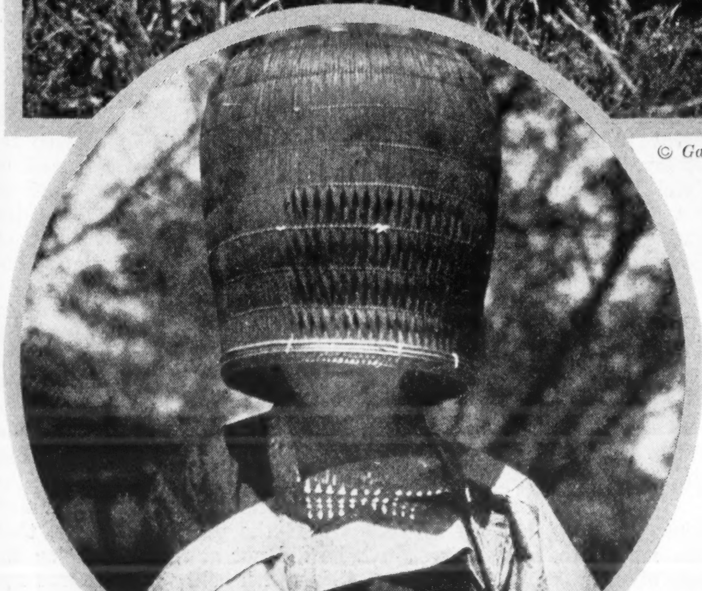


Fotograms



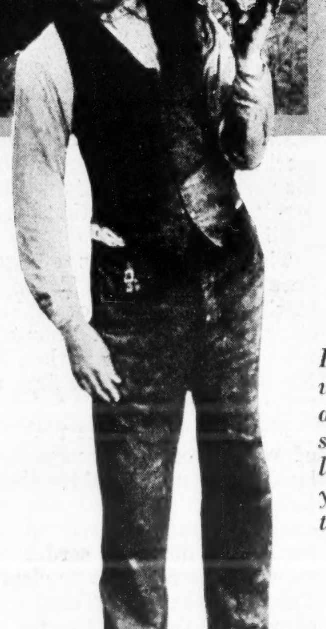
© Galloway

If you think you can hear cries of "Come seven," "Oh, you li'l' Joe," coming from the dusky group above, you're wrong. This is not an open crap game. It's just a wedding in Andaman. The bride and groom are in the center surrounded by friends who will wail for an hour or more. The longer the wail the more successful the marriage. Perhaps we might try the scheme here to stop the divorce habit



De Cou
© Galloway

No wonder dressmakers and milliners grow rich. Fashions change overnight. Is the young lady above carrying the latest thing in muffs? Oh, no, it's only a section of an early colonial water main. And how about the proud wearer of the new Easter bonnet at the lower left corner of the page? He's a sinner of Japan, "shut off from the world" to atone for his crimes



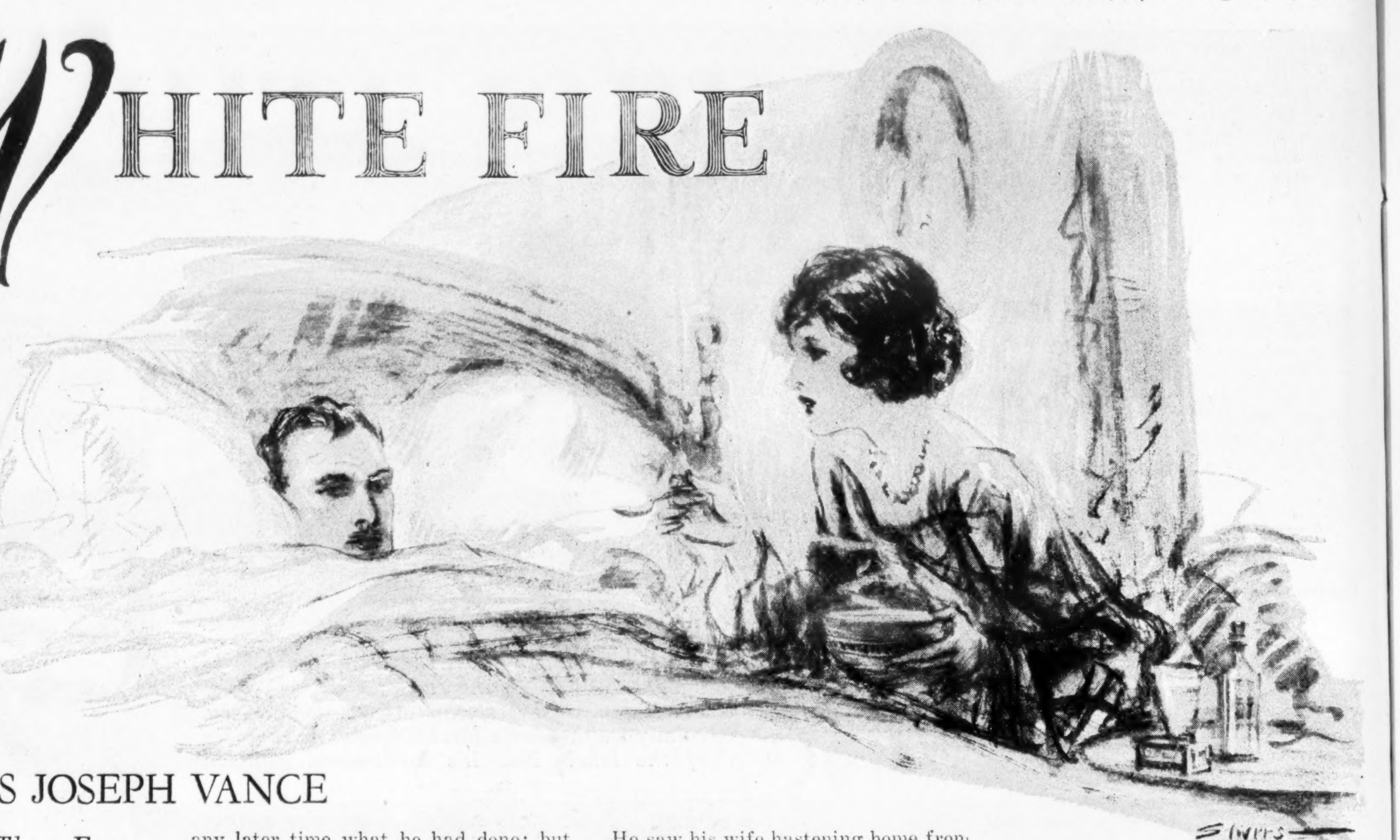
Keystone

Is this Sandow's uncle who nonchalantly balances a 12 ft. log on his shoulder? He doesn't look any stronger than you perhaps. Is he? $5 to the reader who sends the best answer

Address all letters to Contest Editor, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

WHITE FIRE

ILLUSTRATED BY
HARLEY
ENNIS
STIVERS



The taste of food was sweet in his mouth. A delicious glow warmed Tabor's body

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

The Story Thus Far

TABOR WYNNE, of a conservative old Philadelphia family, has a beautiful young wife, June, who picks a quarrel with him over black pearls which she claims are imitation. The day after the quarrel Lance Fairless, a young man about town, calls on Tabor to ask him to go to New York—as a lawyer and friend—and buy back from Jennifer Challis, an actress, Lance's love letters.

That evening Tabor finds a note from his wife saying she has gone to New York with her sister and brother-in-law. He follows but doesn't find her at her regular hotel. On an impulse, after cashing a check large enough to cover the cost of a string of real pearls which he decides to buy for June, he goes to see Jennifer Challis, who proves to be an attractive and unusual young woman, who had been deeply in love with Lance but had broken the attachment when she discovered the kind of man Lance really was.

Jennifer gives Tabor the packet of love letters but refuses the money. Tabor leaves her and in the corridor of the cheap little hotel where she lives he catches sight of two people waiting for the elevator with a bellboy carrying two bags. One is Lance Fairless; the other, June.

II

THE elevator gates clanged to with a shock of sound that overrode like thunder the din of pulses in Tabor's ears.

The enormity of the thing that chance in its malice had betrayed to him worked at first like a drug to numb his mind, which refused, because for the time incompetent, to comprehend. In such crises, which only supersensitive natures know, that proverbial Providence, whose first care is for children and drunkards, the unconscious mind of man, takes over, much as it does in sleep, and carries on till, the peak of dumb agony having passed, the conscious faculties recover sufficiently to resume their normal functions.

It was like that with Tabor for a while. The whine of the elevator, coming up, served as a signal to the unconscious to take measures for the salvation of its charge; the physical Tabor Wynne somehow pulled itself together, and was blocking the gateway when the car paused at that landing. Its one passenger happened to be the boy who had taken the note and card to Miss Challis. The body of Tabor Wynne made no move to clear his way till the boy said, "'Scuse, please," whereupon it gave a start, dropped the packet of love letters, and fell back a pace.

The boy picked up the letters. Tabor brushed blindly by and entered the car. "Here, mister! Doncha know ya dropped this?" Tabor neither knew what he was doing nor remembered at any later time what he had done; but his fingers fished a quarter out of a pocket and pressed it into the boy's palm. "Take those back. Say it was a mistake."

That frightful clangor broke out again. The car went into a giddy dive. When it stopped Tabor's feet carried him out and through the foyer with a queer, forced gait.

RAIN was still falling with morose perseverance. The machine that was Tabor Wynne took its wetting as carelessly as the wheeled machines did that slithered between the curbs.

He never knew how long he had been abroad or how far he had wandered when the irk of wet garments at length obliged his intelligence to renew contact with conditions.

He was then somewhere in Central Park, in a part of it unfamiliar to him. He was shivering, his mouth was parched, his eyeballs had a hot ache that ran back into his head and pulsed there in wave on wave of exquisite pain; an iron bolt had been fixed through his body from breastbone to shoulder blades and the nut on it tightened so cruelly he could hardly breathe. Below this point he knew an entire absence of sensation—his legs seemed to be performing in obedience to some will outside his own. Nevertheless, when he discovered a forsaken summerhouse, a rustic shed without walls, his feet took him to its farcical shelter precisely as though that had been his bidding to them.

The structure was octagonal, with bare wooden seats. Tabor sat down, bowing his head over hands that clasped each a knee. Fluent silver ran from his hat's brim; when he stirred, his feet made squelching sounds in their sodden gear.

Memory roused like reek from a fire of rotting orts and rags. He apprehended the unspeakable thing that had befallen his life, and was revolted as one who found himself without warning mired down in sordor whose corruption was never to be cleansed away. Then, quickening, Tabor's brain became the fevered theatre of scenes from the last forty-eight hours reënacted in pitiless detail and, in the light of to-day's revelations, fraught with hideous meanings.

He saw his wife hastening home from a stolen tryst with Fairless in the gloaming—June bringing in to him where he waited in the hall those darkly burning eyes in her face of soft fire. He heard her at the telephone again, coquetting with the lover whose arms she had left within the hour, whom she was to see again within another. Once more he listened to her lies about May and Tod and the black pearls, and marked how cunningly she picked his mind concerning his next trip to New York, then worked up a quarrel one-sided and unprovoked, with the savage unscrupulousness of a woman in love scheming to keep herself for her lover and spying out the safe way to cheat and dishonor her husband and lay his name open—that generations of Wynnes had jealously guarded against the faintest breath of scandal—to become the byword of common gossips. . . .

June!

Was he not going mad who could accredit such infamy to June?

Tabor caught his temples between the heels of his hands. But he knew he was not mad, not yet. . . .

The rain lashed his shrunken, still shape; the winds yelled at him. He neither felt nor heard.

He was thinking of Fairless.

In nauseated wonder Tabor contemplated the cynical phlegm that had worked upon his loyalties to make him a cat's-paw as well as a cuckold; had thriftily turned a cast amourette to account that a husband might definitely be placed while his wife was being throned as her successor.

It seemed to Tabor that he must kill Lance Fairless.

As if blood could wipe out dishonor or any man's death give him back his wife, his June honest and fond and chaste. . . .

The rains scourged, the winds raved and gibbered, time ebbed away, alike unheeded.

Tabor's life, that yesterday had been a shining temple raised to house his love away from all the world's inclemencies, to-day was cast down in polluted rubble at his feet. Neither could it ever be built up anew. What was undone was beyond repair by any wish or will of his. There was no more a Tabor Wynne in the world he knew. A thing that wore his name and look might walk yet a little while the ways of men, but never Tabor Wynne; his ghost merely.

For he could never go back where he must meet June again and speak with her, or sleep another night under any roof that ever had sheltered their love, or go once more his common rounds in precincts hallowed by associations of forfeit happiness. Impossible that he should be the first Wynne publicly to shame and put away the woman God had given him. As impossible as to go home and go on living with her. . . .

Tabor conceived that Life had finished with him to whom Death was still unready to be a friend.

Unless. . . .

THE darkness that had gathered in Tabor's mind was one with the night that had without his knowledge shut down upon the city. He got up stiffly and straggled away on the black asphalt ribbon whose windings linked lonely lamps. The dipping bellies of the clouds were all but ebon over the park, beyond its bounds livid with reflection of the blazing streets; and in the south, where they drove low to the skyline of the hotel and theatre quarters, lurid with an even angrier glow. That way a shambling gait, unguided, took Tabor.

He left the park and drifted down Sixth Avenue, despair fermenting in him like a madness. He knew too well what he meant to do, had dully thought to come by a means at some druggist's, but when he halted in front of one such establishment, trying to master the ague that was racking him and the chattering of his teeth, he saw in a mirror, part of the window display, that which he did not at first know for his face. Blue with cold where it was not an unnatural white, contours sagging, eyes set and glaring, it looked hardly human. No druggist in his senses would sell poison to a stranger whose look so advertised his purpose.

The man, who thought of himself as

already dead, went on. Some time after he came awake, like a man breaking from haunted sleep, at a standstill across from the Hotel Winston, in stupid wonder eying its lighted entrance.

Why had he been steered, and by what power, back to this spot? He was unaware of having thought of the place since leaving it other than as a long dark tunnel with an open door at one end from which two figures with the awful leisure of protagonists in some tragic dream moved toward a waiting elevator and vanished. . . .

Neither had Taber thought since of Jennifer Challis. Now he remembered her. And, finding himself so mysteriously led back to what was in a sense her door, supposed it possible that he had returned in pursuance of an unconscious desire to leave with the woman the money he had with him which had been designated for her and which would not go with him the way he meant to go.

Forthwith Tabor saw the girl herself. She came precipitately out of the hotel, and, met by a special violence of wind, paused on the steps to huddle a cloak about her. Globes of milky light set on bronze standards flanking her there showed a hunted countenance, white and wild. Immediately she darted down to the street and crossed it diagonally toward the furnace maw of Broadway.

She could hardly have heard the croak that was all Tabor's throat released, and sped on at a round pace, head bended to the storm, for she had no umbrella, with something done up in paper hugged beneath an arm—a parcel of love letters, it might have been.

Infatuate with a notion that he must, Tabor set himself to overhaul Miss Challis. The best jog he could manage cost him lancinating pains in joints and muscles, made him pant like a horse half foundered, and served barely to keep the girl in sight.

THOUGH the storm had scoured Broadway practically bare of footfarers, Longacre Square was packed with a dense, slow-moving press of cars. Through this the girl plunged with a hardihood that argued a mania in her the peer of Tabor's. He did not hesitate to copy her daring, but escaped being run down a dozen times by a hand's breadth; and when he came up on a far corner of the square there was no Miss Challis to be seen.

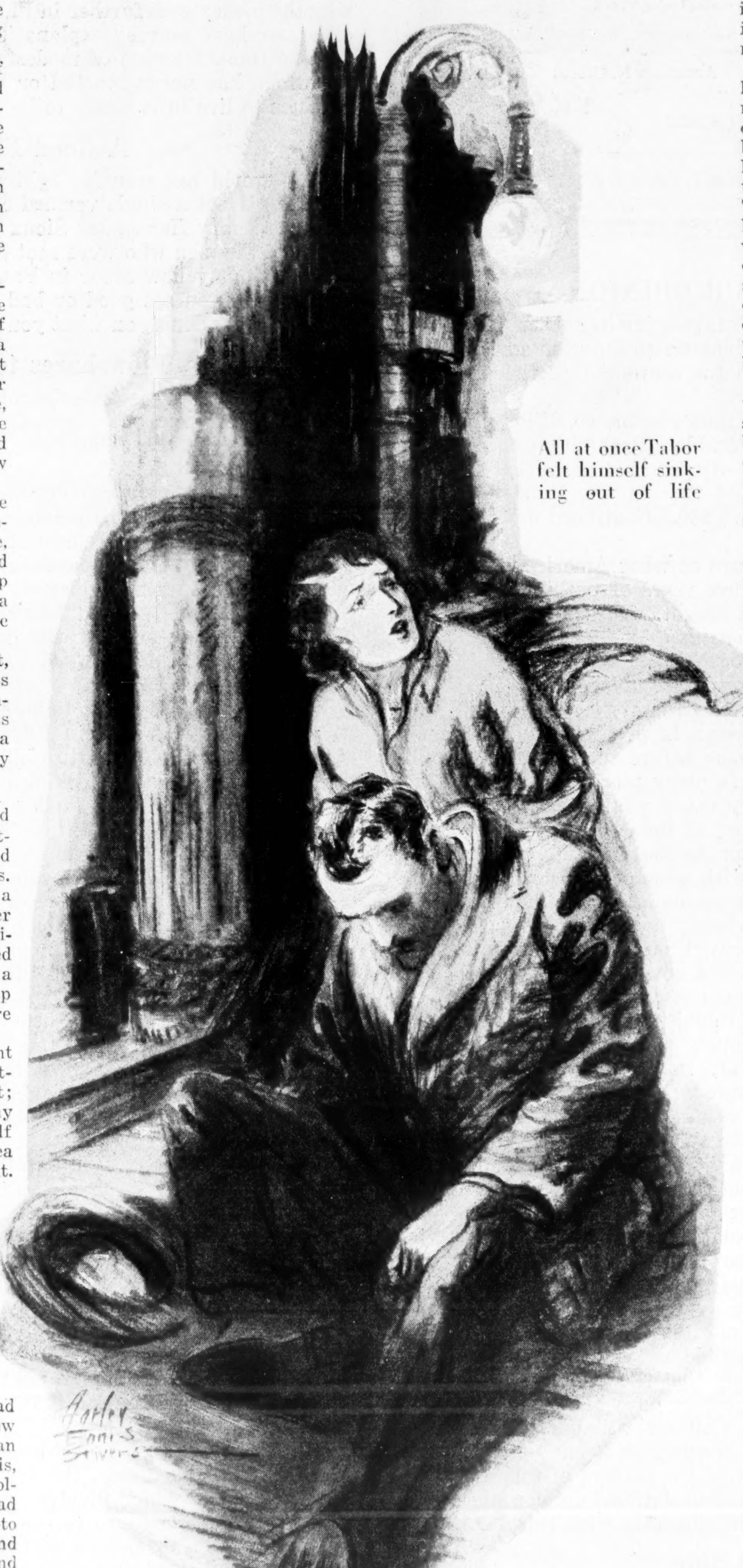
But after a moment he caught sight of a cloaked shape scurrying westward through the crosstown street; and though it might have been any woman's and its lead was one of half a block or better, Tabor's fixed idea set him off at once in hopeless pursuit.

The chase led across Eighth Avenue, turned down Ninth a good distance, then west again through a neighborhood of sinister glooms and quiet. Here Tabor began to flag and lose ground. Arriving at Tenth Avenue, he found the trail altogether lost.

He rested then, briefly, against an area railing. The fever of the chase had guttered out. Numbness to all things but his first intention had his mind now like a paralysis. He knew no regret for having lost the woman who might have been Jennifer Challis, and none for having bootlessly followed her; for here at the end he had found the solution of his problem—to be read in the keening of whistles and horns from river craft groping to and fro on the disguised bosom of the Hudson.

That way Tabor went. The wind came off the water rank with the smell of a dead tide. Through the dingy mist bleared eyes blinked, the lights of blinded shipping whose questing calls blended into a threnody of discords. Tabor dragged across a wide expanse of cobblestones and brought up on a stringpiece, gazing down into a pool of ink whose sluggish swirls caught dull and evil gleams from an arc lamp on the pier head. Another step. . . .

Hands laid hold of him and held him back, a high voice screamed: "No! no, I say! you shan't!" He clawed and wrenched at the hands, but the toll that day had taken had left him as feeble as a child; and like a tired child, too weak to have its will by main force, he fell to whimpering querulously. His soul panted for the cold calm of those black depths, where anodyne awaited every anguish; and those hands went on relentlessly wrestling him farther and farther away from that brink of peace; and not hands only but with arms that twined his body round. Vain fury mustered all his remaining strength for one last effort to break away. . . .



All at once Tabor felt himself sinking out of life

All at once Tabor felt himself sinking out of life. But the tide that rose now to take and wash over him and blot him out altogether was not icy as the river must have been.

Was Death's bosom warm, then, and kind?

Tabor was resigned to Death.

Consciousness with its last flickerings registered something not unknown in a face that hung over him like a wan moon. . . .

The coma that took him then annihilated Tabor Wynne. As himself he no more existed. Alone a single spark of life proved unquenchable. Stubbornly and mysteriously surviving, it held its integrity whole all through a time of measureless eclipse in which Tabor, not knowing he was Tabor, had his being in a mid-world where pain was and formless horrors, a purgatory of hot darkness frequented by gruesome shades of fear and evil, souvenirs of fair things once dear now eaten by corruption into loathly wraiths that thronged about and mewed and gibbered in uncouth tongues. . . .

From this stage he passed to one where he found peace. Here he was sensible on occasion of voices remote but gentle, hands whose touch was comforting, and more rarely of faces neither imbecile nor threatening that formed and faded in the half light roundabout.

He woke one day from dreamless sleep to know himself once more; a singularly pale and frail and listless self to realize, but something better than a lost shade groping in a gulf of terrors.

For some time he lay without stir. . . .

The room was shabby but quiet and beautified by sunlight that filtered through ragged webs of lace at two windows. Its walls had a paper patterned in monstrous flowers that never were but on wall papers, a marble mantelpiece held "ornaments" to match. There was a bureau of mock mahogany, a table with a marble top, a patent rocker upholstered in what appeared to be carpet, two plain chairs, a small table by Tabor's side on which were druggist's bottles, a gnawed black lacquer tray, a water jug and, in an excruciating vase, three dispirited pink roses. The bed was of metal tubing whose resemblance to brass was in spots not even impudent—the bedding, coarse. A door near by was closed; another in a corner by the windows stood ajar. Through this last came a hum of voices, punctuated by low-pitched laughter, both of a feminine quality.

TABOR was thirsty. He made to rouse on an elbow and take the glass, and couldn't. A vast inertia weighed his shoulders down. He managed to raise his head an inch or so from the pillow, but that required an effort which he repented. A hand that he later lifted was so wasted that he wasn't disposed to own it his; the sunlight stressed its seeming of fragility. Tabor perceived that he had been seriously ill for a long time. But it made his head feel thick and heavy to try to guess how long or why, and he soon dropped off again.

A rude glare cast full in his face brought Tabor back. It was immediately taken away. A voice pleasantly said, "Hello! made up your mind at last to come back, have you?" Deft fingers located the pulse in his wrist.

Dazzled eyes began to clear: Tabor saw a brisk young professional in a coat with a fur collar sitting at the bedside and bending on him a smiling but keen

(*Continued on page 26*)

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THOMAS H. BECK, *President*
GEORGE J. KENNEDY, *Vice President*
WILLIAM P. LARKIN, *Vice President*
ALBERT E. WINGER, *Treasurer*
ADDINGTON N. OLDING, *Secretary*
AUGUST 8, 1925
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

WHAT IS YOUR OPINION?

BEGINNING this week Collier's is inviting its subscribers to take part in a popular referendum on prohibition enforcement. The purpose is to ascertain the sentiment of the nation on this overshadowing issue.

All thoughtful citizens agree that present conditions in many sections of the country are intolerable. Prohibition enforcement and the lack of it have created a situation not paralleled since the unsettled questions of slavery and the supremacy of the Union brought the nation to civil war in 1860. Continued drift will lead but to increased confusion.

In order to obtain a fair picture of what American citizens in all the states are thinking after five years of prohibition, the answers to three questions are being sought. Here are the questions:

Are you satisfied with conditions as they are?
Is the law enforced in your locality?
If not, do you consider the law enforceable?

Each of these questions can be answered *"yes"* or *"no."*

They boil down to one question: Is prohibition enforcement practicable? That is the vital issue before the American people.

It is common knowledge that in many places the rich can buy whatever alcoholic beverages they crave while the poor buy and drink various concoctions made out of industrial alcohol.

Everyone who purchases liquor in the United States violates the law and provides the funds with which illicit dealers corrupt public officials. Whatever our sentiments as to drinking, no honest man approves of bribery and certainly no sober citizen condones the destruction of the very framework of law by corruption.

The question is now one of honest government and, in fact, of the very maintenance of government itself.

It is said by some that the prohibition law is being nullified as the "blue" laws of another century were killed by the lack of enforcement. There are, however, important differences. The "blue" laws gradually fell into disuse when customs changed. The non-enforcement of these petty statutes never resulted in bribery and violence and an organized defiance of the national government. Prohibition enforcement, on the other hand, looms up darkly as in another generation the maintenance of the Union threw its shadow over the land. It must be settled.

In the end the will of the people must prevail in this as in all other fundamental issues. If the present prohibition laws are inherently unenforceable, they must be modified or repealed. Nullification by bribery is not the way a nation of self-respecting men and women settle their important affairs. The American Constitution provides other and better methods.

This is not to assert or to imply that the prohibition laws are not enforceable. That is the question on which public opinion must speak. The subscribers to Collier's will perform a public service by registering their own conclusions. The expression of the sentiments of the vast number of the readers of this magazine will justly indicate the present trend of national opinion and assist Congress and the voters to deal intelligently with this vital basic issue.

Not So Slow

THE average wage-worker in Philadelphia is better off than he would be in any other large city anywhere. So says the British Minister of Labor, after prying into pay envelopes and the cost of living all over the world. Wages may run higher in New York or Chicago; but so do rents, food, clothing, and other necessities. The criterion is what is called the *real wage*—that is, the amount of things you can buy with what you earn.

On this basis, Philadelphia's wages are more than twice as high as London's, three times those of Paris, four times those of Brussels, seven times those of Lisbon, Portugal, and so on.

The basic reason, of course, is that America as a whole offers its workers more work to do, gives them more machinery, power and materials and pays them better than other countries. As to why the money goes farther in Philadelphia than in other American cities, we have no easy explanation.

The Quaker virtue of modesty persists in that quiet metropolis, which has never boasted or boosted. Yet in making itself a fit place to live in it seems to be doing a pretty good job.

A Good Fight Won

"THE world has won its fight against yellow fever and to-day there is not a single verified case of the disease in the world," said Dr. Henry Hanson, at Sioux City, the other day. Dr. Hanson is one of the men who were sent by the United States Government to stamp out yellow fever in Panama.

Whether you see good or bad news in the daily press depends somewhat, no doubt, on what you are looking for.

Plowshares to Golf Clubs

THE cow pasture was originally pretty well wooded. Great-grandfather Sprague cleared it. Once two strays from an Indian war party shot at him. They missed or there wouldn't have been any story. . . .

The curtain now falls to denote the passage of eighty years. . . . When Cousin Edgar was a boy (you remember Cousin Edgar, of course—he's Aunt Em's oldest son, and by the same token Great-grandfather Sprague's grandson) golf was a game that a few wicked city millionaires played. Once, when a summer boarder brought clubs and started knocking some little balls around the baseball diamond, over by the depot, before breakfast, the boys found it out. He only stayed two days longer. The whole town was laughing at him. . . .

The curtain falls again, to indicate the passage of twenty years. . . . Five years ago Cousin Edgar went to Chicago on a buying trip, and was dragged out to visit a stylish golf club. He couldn't play, but he did a lot of looking on. When he came home he said he never saw anything so foolish as a crowd of grown men prancing round in baggy white linen knee pants. . . .

We now drop the curtain once more, to signify that five more winters and summers have gone by. . . . Cousin Edgar is now breaking one hundred almost every Saturday and Sunday. Cousin Hilda (she that was Hilda Flint) and the children—Prissie (christened Priscilla), Edgar, Jr. (commonly called June), and Persh (more properly known as Pershing)—usually go along too. They all say that Father has the best-looking pair of male legs on the course.

The course, needless to say, is laid out in what used to be Great-grandfather Sprague's pasture, and the clubhouse is Great-grandfather Sprague's old residence, built in 1840, and now restored by a city architect to a pure Colonial style that the old gentleman would never have recognized.

Some say that Great-grandfather Sprague has turned over in his grave, but this is probably an exaggeration.

What Has the Parent to Say?

THIS searching question comes from a reader in Savannah, Georgia:

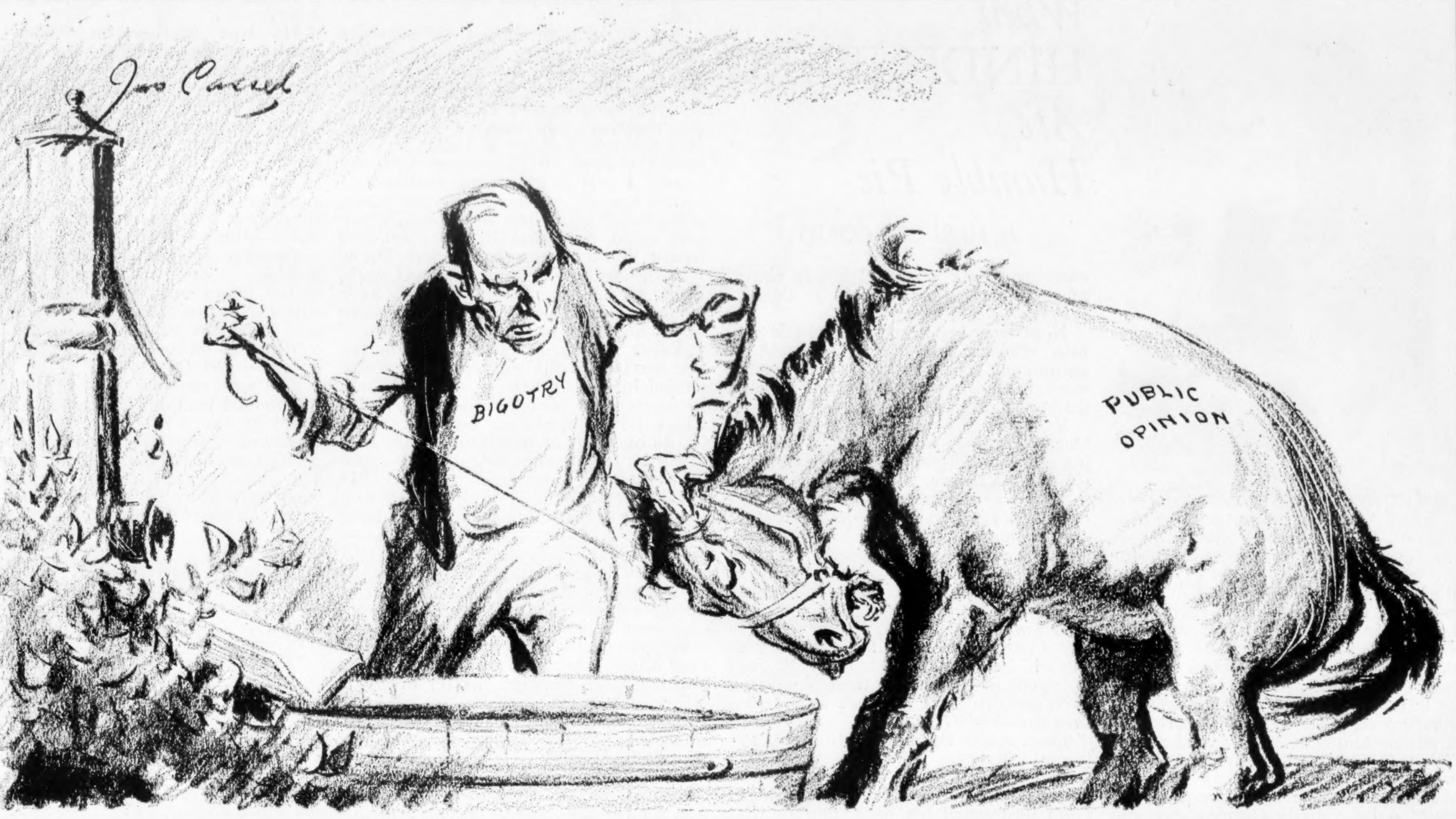
"Has the state the right to say to me in effect: 'You must send your children to school and it is none of your business what they are taught?' "

The state emphatically has not the right to say: "You must send your children to school and it is none of your business what they are taught."

The majority must rule, whether for good or for evil. But in teaching, as in medicine, the law, architecture and in all other human activities which involve special knowledge, wise men defer to those who are qualified to render judgment.

Teaching is a profession and children cannot be fully educated until it is treated as such. When in the name of self-government we call on the man in the street to diagnose diseases, argue cases in law courts, design bridges or half sole a pair of shoes, it will be reasonable to let the unlearned tell the learned what to teach.

Are we ready for that?



You can lead a horse to water but you can't make him drink

WHEN CHINA RIDES TO WORK

By John Hays Hammond

IT IS my firm conviction, based upon years of contact and experience, that the affairs of the Orient—the "Yellow Peril"—will never be set to rights until the United States takes a hand. I do not mean by armed intervention or by the setting up of a police force, or the assuming of a protectorate, or by any of the ordinary methods by which one government establishes peace within the borders of another government. Our nation fortunately has powers of peace infinitely more powerful than the powers of war. We can build where others can only tear down.

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Take the situation in China. Take the whole situation which is grouped as the Yellow Peril. The disorder there is not political; it is economic. It is political only on the surface. A large part of the world, and especially our own country, is living in what a few years ago we should have called luxury. Men have more than they ever had and they do not have to work so hard as before to gain it. But it is otherwise with the Orient.

There the great mass of people live on the starvation line. The workman who can get ten cents a day and get it regularly holds himself as lucky. Human labor is the cheapest commodity offered for sale—and it has always been taken for granted that this must be so. The Oriental is a fatalist. Western companies going into China, Japan, or India have held out to the investor the advantages of cheap labor.

Labor is cheap, it is said, in these countries because they are overpopulated. Nothing of the kind. The wages are paltry because the wealth of the ages has gone into palaces and tombs and jewels instead of into power and machinery, and the people have been left to work with their hands. Our wealth is in power plants and factories. Rich Americans buy jewels as trinkets—rarely as investments. Their investments are in stocks and bonds.

And now the Chinaman, and the Japanese, and the Indian are beginning to learn the real reasons for their poverty and, stirred on by the Bolsheviki, are seething with unrest. The troubles in China, for instance, are only the headless struggles of a people fighting against poverty.

And, as always, those who have nothing and have never had anything cannot understand the value of property. One of the oldest delusions in the world is that poverty may be abolished by destroying wealth. That was the delusion of the Russian revolution; that is a delusion of the Radical Socialism. The processes of social evolution are slow—far too slow for the kind of propaganda which will stir mass action. The peoples of the Orient see dimly that something is wrong. They do not know what it is. They know nothing at all of American industrialism—which is so much ahead of all other industrialism that it needs a name of its own. They vaguely think that there is wealth in being which can be taken away from those who have it, and they cannot understand that, although wealth is poorly distributed, it will not be enough just to get better distribution—that there must be more to distribute.

There is a foundation for the Yellow Peril. It is perilous to have in the world hundreds of millions of desperate, half-starved men. It is in abolishing poverty that America leads. It is nonsense to talk about selling to China. The most we can sell is trivial. There is little purchasing power in the Orient. The value of the products consumed in a year by the seven million people in the city of New York exceeds in value, I daresay, the total consumption of that of the six or seven hundred million people in the Orient. Even if we cared to exploit the Orient, the effort would not be worth while. The same effort put out in the United States would bring several times the return.

But helping the Orient to help itself is a different matter and would be good business. We have plenty of capital needing employment. If we use only a little of that capital in sound Oriental enterprises on the American principle of paying the highest and not the lowest possible wages, we cannot only have entirely profitable returns on the direct investment but start the ball rolling toward a higher standard of living—a greater purchasing power assuring markets for the products of the industries not only of our own country but of those of the other nations of the world. China with its teeming millions would become an asset instead of, as now, a liability in the ledger of civilization.

What we have done in this country can be done equally well in China—for that is a land of vast natural resources. The Yellow Peril will end on the day when the first Chinaman goes to work in an automobile.

U. & U.

When HINDENBURG Ate Humble Pie

By HERBERT COREY

IMMEDIATELY after the Armistice three American reporters—Lincoln Eyre, Freddie Smith and I—broke over the line and started for Berlin, pursued by the shrill cries of all the Allied General Staffs. We had taken the chance that the German revolutionists were in control and that we could talk them into taking care of us. We did. Eventually we reached Cassel, where the German Great General Staff was located. Field Marshal Von Hindenburg was at its head. We drove to the palace and sent in our cards.

"Raus," came back the word. "R-r-r-raus!"

At dinner that evening we were interrupted by a little German captain. He was almost the smallest German captain I saw during the entire war—and the only diffident one.

"What," he asked, "do the American correspondents want? I am in charge of the revolutionary forces at Cassel."

Well, we told him.

Next morning in came the little captain, clicking and bowing. Would we accompany him to the War College to meet Field Marshal General Von Hindenburg? We would—and we did.

We were ushered into Von Hindenburg's presence and then Von Hindenburg sighted a shrinking, unobtrusive, timid little figure.

"Who are you?" he shouted. The little captain in field gray straightened, saluted and snapped out his name and rank, German-army fashion.

"What are you doing here?" came in the field marshal's rolling tones of unmistakable rage.

"I am at the head of the Revolutionary Committee which is in charge at Cassel," said the little captain. "I gave you your orders to see these American correspondents. I am here *to see that they are obeyed!*"

They stood there face to face, eye to eye. My eyes were on Von Hindenburg's face. And across its gray pallor a pitiful red tide ran. He turned from us toward his desk, and in that bitter moment I saw his thick lips quiver. I looked away. It would not have been decent to watch that old man in his agony.

White Fire

Continued from page 23

attention. Beyond him was a figure indistinctly apprehended—a woman who waited, standing. The portable reading lamp whose light had wakened Tabor had been replaced on the table.

"Well, and how do you feel about it, Mr. Drew?"

Tabor wanted to say his name wasn't Drew, but his first try was aborted by a crack in the treble squeak which turned out to be all his voice.

"Never mind. I know you're feeling better. And it's just as well you don't talk too much for the present." The fur-collared body plucked a clinical thermometer from his waistcoat pocket, poked it into Tabor's mouth, and turned to the woman. "You don't have to do any more worrying, Mrs. Drew. From now on all your husband will need is care and right feeding. Once he gets started, he'll pick up like a wilted daisy in a shower."

The woman said "I hope so!" in a quiet but husky voice that Tabor somehow knew. He couldn't think how. . . . The blaze of a chandelier behind her head blanked out her features to his vision. Which was provoking. It's only natural a husband should be mildly inquisitive about his wife's looks. . . . Immediately the tube was removed he put in his comic pipe, "My name isn't Drew!"

THE physician, squinting at the silvery line in the glass, laughed. "I know, old boy." He let a hand rest over Tabor's on the counterpane. "I know all about that. Don't worry: your secret's safe with me. And don't try to talk—time enough for that." He rinsed and dried the thermometer, put it away in its metal sheath, got up. "It's your job more than mine now, Mrs. Drew—I'll trot along." He said "Good night" to the patient, and went his ways.

Tabor was glad of liberty to study the woman undistracted. Her back was toward him as she stood taking leave of the physician at the door. It seemed to be rather a good back. The dress she wore, a simple affair of gray stuff, was sufficiently shaped to indicate a well-proportioned person that was managed with considerable grace. A cool, firm neck, slenderly round, not thin, balanced nicely a head whose modeling, undisguised by shingled hair that was darkish if of no determinable shade in that light, betokened a good and a well-poised intelligence.

She closed the door, shut off the chandelier, turned straightway to the bed, and sat down in the chair that the physician had used. The glow from the shaded lamp was full upon her face when she bent toward Tabor and said, "You're wondering. . . ." And Tabor saw without any amazement that she was Jennifer Challis. But that was because his illness had left him impotent, as well as wanting ambition, to work up any strong emotion about anything, or even, for that matter, to think back. His mental processes were lucid enough, or he thought they were, but their attitude toward his yesterday was one of entire apathy. He was not unconscious of it, but nothing tempted him to look closely into the features of those forbidding blacks that stood as a background to the present's limpid and tranquil glow. It was enough to be alive and sustained by the will to live.

His "Yes" rustled on lips that moved almost imperceptibly.

The girl gave a grave nod. "I don't know, maybe I oughtn't to risk upsetting you, but I should think it might be worse for you to lie there in the dark about how all this happened and . . . everything." Another whisper concurred. Still she hesitated, uneasiness on his account dulling the luster of the clear gray eyes. "I don't expect you remember; but you weren't yourself, exactly, that night, you were pretty far gone, pretty much all in, when I—met you. Somebody had to look out for you or. . . . So I brought you here. Maybe I did something pretty stupid then, but I was in a bad way myself, that night . . . naturally. . . ."

The direct gaze shifted, the sensitive lips writhed before she could stiffen them. "You see," she said as if fighting breathlessness, "I had to account for you some way—I mean, for our being together, like this. I was afraid they'd think it funny if I didn't. So I told the first lie that came into my head; I said you were my husband. I couldn't seem to remember your name, everything was such a mix-up in my own mind, only that it was short and had a W in it somewhere; and 'Drew' was the nearest-sounding name I could think of just then. I said we'd have to have two rooms, because you were ill. I hope you're not angry with me."

Tabor managed to flicker a smile for her anxiety. She rather wonderfully smiled in return. Or he, at least, held it matter for wonder that a countenance not unhandsome but disfavored by its overcast of desolation could suddenly be so transfigured.

"I'm glad," she said simply. "It didn't seem to be anything to worry about at the time; I never thought this would go on as long as it has—only two or three days, maybe, and then you'd be getting all right again and I'd—" But her mind changed about confiding what her intentions had been in respect of her own future movements. "I thought nobody would ever know, and what happened to you and me after wouldn't matter much to either of us. But nothing in this life, I guess, ever works out the way you thought it was going to. People change too easily. . . ."

The gray eyes had taken to musing on far distances. Tabor for the time was a mere lay figure. "People's minds change," Jennifer Challis thoughtfully amended. "It's no joke, that saying about people not knowing their own minds, because their minds are all the time changing; and when a person's mind changes a person changes with it. If you just stop to think of it, nothing hardly ever seems the same to you two hours together. I suppose the only people that have the same minds from day to day aren't in their right minds, really. I know if I'd had any idea things would work out the way they have, that night; if I'd dreamed I'd be sitting here to-night—"

She remembered Tabor and betrayed a flash of consternation.

He asked in his painful voice, "How long?"

"Ten days," she told him in gratitude. "You've had pneumonia—among other things. You've been out of your head most of the time; all the time, except while you were unconscious. Dr. Weber wanted to send you to a hospital. And the people who run this place, as soon as they found out how bad you were—"

Tabor's eyes signaled a question.

"It's a sort of hotel," the girl replied. "More a boarding house. For professionals; I mean, theatrical people. I used to stop here whenever I was in New York before—a long time ago, when I was working pretty steadily, but on the road as a general thing. . . . But I convinced them I could take care of you here all right. You see, I was taking a course to be a trained nurse when I got my first chance to go on the stage—and jumped at it, like an idiot. Though I expect I'd have been as big a flop as a nurse. . . ."

A KNOCK sounded. Jennifer Challis went to the door. To a voice with a heavy accent the girl answered cheerfully: "Oh, heaps better, thanks. He'll be all right now, don't you worry." She brought back a tray with a bowl and a glass. "Your supper," she announced with that extraordinary smile. "Doctor says it's time you took some regular nourishment."

She passed an arm under Tabor's bony shoulders and arranged pillows to support them, then sitting on the side of the bed fed him as he had to be fed—with a spoon and no end of patience—an egg beaten up in milk with a stiff dash of sherry and the best part of a bowl of broth.

The taste of food was sweet in his mouth. A delicious glow warmed Tabor's body. The husky voice became a lulling murmur, his eyelids grew too heavy. . . .

He was another man who woke when another morning was golden in the window. And Jennifer Challis, waiting on him, was a more contented woman, or the frequency of her smile belied her temper. But she wouldn't let Tabor talk before the doctor had come; and the latter—having rung up to ask after the patient's condition: Jennifer was obliged to leave the room to answer the telephone three flights down—didn't call till toward evening.

Jennifer fetched a cigarette to the bedside. "You are better," she declared in an unselfish glow—"wonderfully! I am so glad. Is there anything else you'd like me to do for you?"

"Only go on looking as happy as you do now—and talk to me."

She was pleased; and the shine of the shaded portable, refracted and diffused by the white cloth on the table, was kind. "What shall we talk about?"

"You might tell me what day this is?" The gray eyes narrowed distrustfully; with reluctance Jennifer named the date. "I heard you rattling a newspaper in your room this morning. Any news?"

"Nothing much." But perceiving that Tabor wasn't to be fobbed off, "You haven't been found yet," she added.

"I was wondering. . . ."

"I didn't want you to see the papers yet. . . . I thought maybe you'd get along better if you weren't reminded. . . ."

"I haven't forgotten anything," Tabor told her; "and I seem to be making fair progress. Still, if you thought it might set me back to be reminded, you must know. . . ."

JENNIFER CHALLIS turned aside to grind out the fire of her cigarette in an ash tray by the lamp. "Yes," she grudgingly admitted, not looking back: "I know pretty much all about your trouble, I guess."

"How?"

"Well, you didn't keep anything back, I expect, while you were delirious. There were days when you talked most of the time you weren't doped with stuff the doctor prescribed to keep you quiet. I couldn't help hearing. . . ."

"I see," Tabor said with regret. Their eyes held each other's through a pause that seemed long. "I'm sorry if I said anything. . . ."

"You didn't," she was quick to reassure him. "I think you're too kind to say anything, even when you're not yourself, to hurt anybody who never'd done anything to hurt you. And perhaps it was just as well I heard all I did. Not that I wanted to pry. . . ."

"Please! I am glad you know—glad it was you, I mean."

"You wouldn't be sorry for anything on my account if you realized what you did for me then. That is, if you think it matter's whether there's one woman in the world more or less. . . . I mean, you saved me with what you said while you were unconscious." The girl nodded earnestly. "Don't you know how I happened to find you that night? And where? Or were you so far gone already. . . ."

"No; I remember. I'd decided on what I meant to do long before I followed you—"

"Followed me!"

"From your hotel. I had gone back to give you something I had for you before I—did what seemed the only thing left for me to do. You came out when I was about to cross the street. You didn't hear me call, so I followed till I lost track of you . . . near the river."

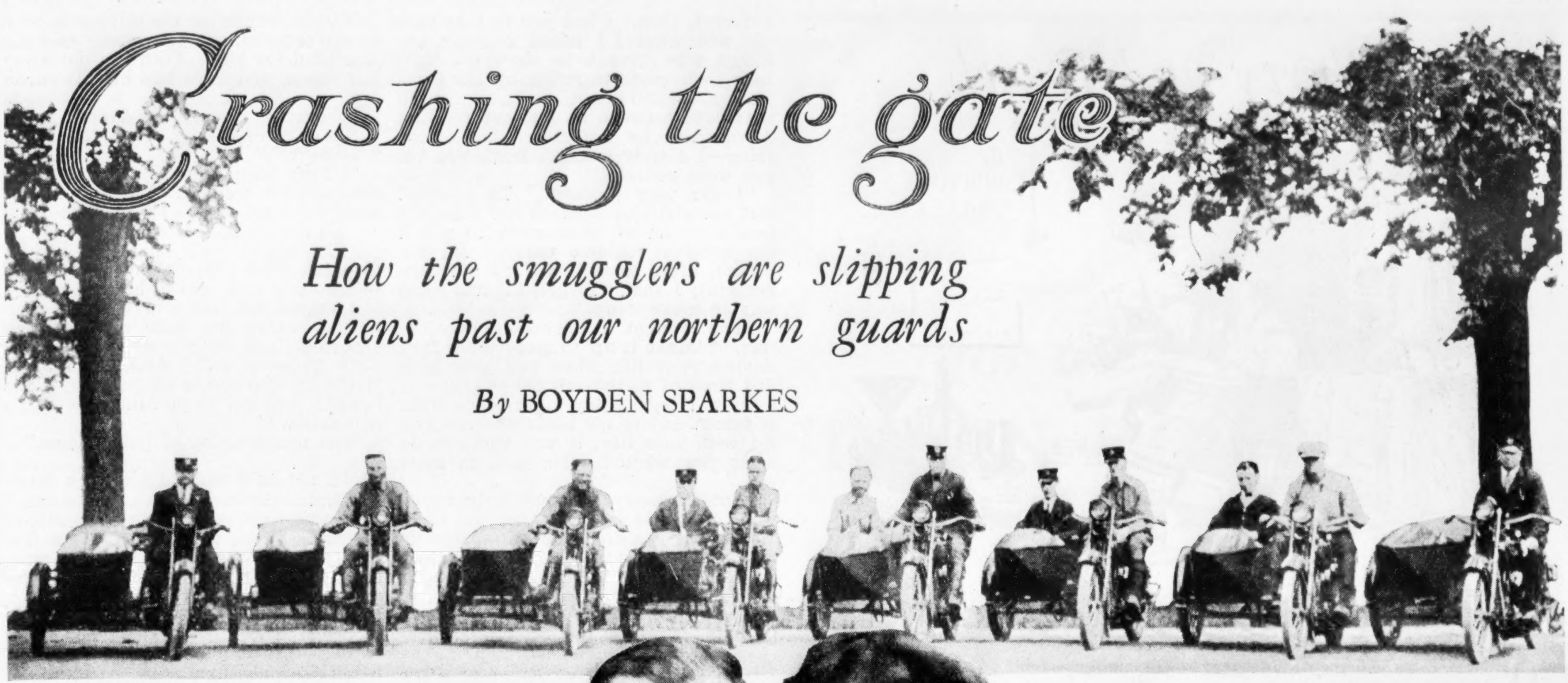
"So that was how! . . ." An amazed regard covered Tabor. "I couldn't understand; it seemed so strange you and I should have picked out the identical spot for . . . with the same idea. . . . But when I saw that black water," Jennifer confessed, as though ashamed, "I was afraid. And then you came along and—I saw your face in the lamplight. I guess you haven't any idea what you looked like; just to see you terrified me, somehow, and made me feel sorry for you. I said to my-

(*Continued on page 28*)

Crashing the gate

How the smugglers are slipping aliens past our northern guards

By BOYDEN SPARKES



Snapshots of Charron (left), the smuggler, in jail now, and (right) Anastaron, the smuggled

THE Main is a dirty street that bisects Montreal from river to river, a squalid avenue of cheap restaurants, cheaper moving picture theatres, shooting galleries, kosher signs, steamship agencies that do not represent steamship lines, second-hand clothing stores and pawn shops. It reeks with the odors and offends with the vices of New York's Bowery; and it is the beginning of a corridor through which flows illegally into the United States a stream of alien humanity.

Anartharios Georgiou Anastaron walked along that disreputable street. An undersized French Canadian in a gray ulster bustled across and, finding that he was "Grik" and wanted to go "Unistate," took him to another Greek. How much money had Anartharios? Eighty-five dollars. Too bad. It took $98 to get him into the United States. But the Montreal Greek would lend his countryman the rest, and he could send it back out of his first half day's pay. Anartharios handed his money to the other Greek. He held half a torn bill which Gray Ulster was to bring back before he could collect.

For nearly two years Henri Charron had been "runnin' ale'yuns." He would drive for thirty or forty or fifty miles and deliver them to some hotel or lodging house or farm in New York or Vermont—and get for a load sometimes as much as twice the market value of his eight-cylinder automobile.

Then Henri Charron became a member of a syndicate, because "ale'yun running" was so easy and so profitable that competition for raw material became too desperate for the successful operation of a single smuggler. Certain members of the syndicate, speaking the language of the immigrants, rounded them up and charged them $75 or $100 apiece, plus an $8 head tax, which somehow served to make the immigrants believe that the American officers at the border were being corrupted.

Our government immigration inspectors with commendable vigilance watched and examined all railroad passengers crossing the border; but until last year there was no patrol force worthy of the name, and the smugglers, of course, were using every mode of transport except railroads. Then Congress provided for a force of immigration patrolmen. The right of way of the Canadian "underground railroad" that begins in Montreal is about sixty miles wide at the border and extends from Alburg, Vt., to Malone, N. Y. There are more than fifty-four international roads important enough to figure on maps, to say nothing of innumerable dirt farm roads, to be watched. In this region the men in charge of the immigration service of the United States Department of Labor placed eight patrolmen, putting them under the command of an enthusiastic hunter of alien smugglers, Antonio Bonazzi.

His associates in less than half a year caught 298 aliens in the region between Alburg and Malone. Incidentally they caught thirty-seven automobile loads of liquor and one automobile loaded with imported toilet articles and two burglars, a purely gratuitous labor of love, for the pair were turned over to the New York authorities. The game Bonazzi plays is a sort of international "I spy." His aids are young men who had taken a civil service examination for the job of railway mail clerk. They had passed and so they were put on the government pay roll at $1,600 a year, given forty-five-caliber six-shooters (somehow the smugglers seem to prefer automatics), plenty of authority, a blessing and a motorcycle. They work out of the Rouses Point, N. Y., subdistrict of district No. 1 of the immigration service.

The telephone there was ringing. Bonazzi listened.

"That was Montreal," he told his men. "Henri Charron has started down with a load of Greeks. We got to get him this time. Our man saw him leave. It's a seven-passenger touring car. Come on, now, you fellows. Get that blinking Charron to-night. I don't mean just get his Wops or Greeks or his Russian Jews. This time get *him*."

Anartharios Georgiou Anastaron was feeling happy as well as sleepy. Not much more than an hour after leaving Montreal he had been informed by the chauffeur that he was in the land of his dreams, in the place where dishwashers got $45 a day. He was in the United States.

After half an hour the automobile turned into a farmyard, and in second gear growled its way through the muck to a place in the rear of a huge barn. Then the chauffeur went to the dark farmhouse, was admitted and did some telephoning.

Presently he emerged, yelled at the Greeks, and started his engine. Back on the road he began to drive furiously. After half an hour or so the car rolled into a small town. It was Plattsburg, and near railroad tracks the car came to a stop before a small hotel.

It was while the hotel clerk and the man in the gray ulster were writing in a book on the counter that two men rushed into the place with huge forty-five revolvers drawn and ready to shoot. Anartharios thought that they were going to kill him; but they were interested chiefly in the man in the gray ulster.

"That fellow Charron was a funny one," commented Bonazzi after testifying at Utica. "Think of him charging those poor devils a head tax! He pleaded guilty on two counts and went to Atlanta for a year, four months and a day, and had a $5,000 fine slapped on him in the bargain. What became of his Greeks? Queer names all of them, Anartharios something or other. Three months in jail for 'em and then deportation."

Wanted: United Cops

CHARRON was only one smuggler. Like a newly discovered gold field alien running has attracted men from many other occupations. Not all of them are Canadians. There was Edward Cronk, a New York State Trooper who "went bad." He was fired out of the constabulary, but before he was caught with a load of aliens this side of the border he had a charge of automobile stealing against him. Judge Frank Cooper at Utica, N. Y., sentenced him to serve five years in Atlanta and fined him $9,000. John Passero, whose specialty was the importation of Italians, was given a two-year sentence and a $4,000 fine at the same session of court.

Then there was the banana peddler Ovila J. Racicat. For years he had been crossing the border at will selling bananas, lemons and oranges; an unkempt figure who seemed not at all the devil-may-care sort who usually turn to smuggling. There is no telling what precious contraband had been hauled into this country in his fruit boxes by Racicat over a term of years. When he was caught he had in his cart an English Jewess and her two children. The woman said she had given $200 to a Montreal syndicate. Racicat said he had received only $55 for his share.

Albert Bineburg, a French Canadian, a youth of the gangster type, was caught ninety-seven miles south of the border at Schroon Lake with four Russian Jews in his automobile. Raoul Beauchamp, a Canadian, used to pick up the aliens he smuggled as they came bitter with disappointment out of the American immigration office in Montreal. When caught he was escorting a Polish Jewess through Rouses Point within a few blocks of the immigrant station.

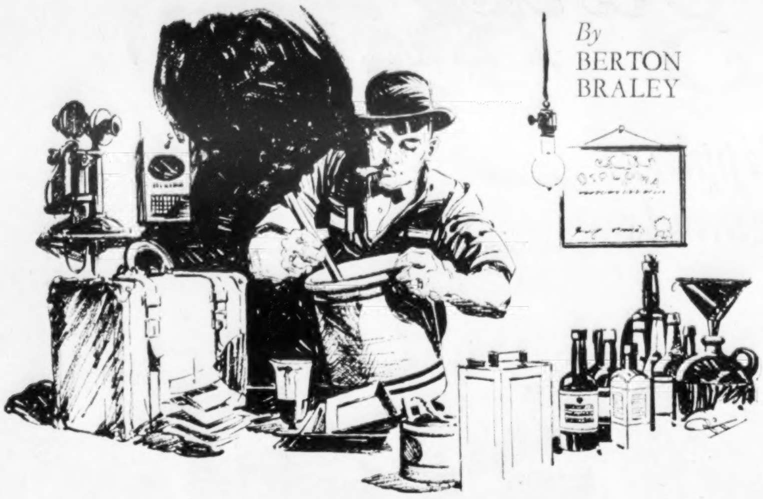
Chinese, Japanese and East Indian coolies are getting in, finding a market for their cheap labor. Women from the red light districts of the Old World are coming in.

Bonazzi and the other patrol inspectors of the immigration service are doing their work. But they are watching for aliens only. Customs officers are watching for smugglers of commodities or jewels. Prohibition agents are hot after booze runners. Narcotic agents are on the trail of the dope smugglers. The Department of Agriculture has its agents who decline to permit travelers to bring in oranges or animals without complying with difficult regulations; and there are other border guards doing specialized forms of police work and each service is failing because of the magnitude of the area to be guarded.

It would not require an army to guard the borders effectively if these police activities were combined. A single organization as good as the Pennsylvania constabulary or the New York State Troopers, properly trained and equipped and with the authority of the United States back of it, could close up the holes and make "ale'yun running" as rash as suicide or murder; could stop rum runners and make any form of smuggling a hazardous occupation instead of a merry pastime.

Liberty and Death

By
BERTON
BRALEY



Investigation shows that practically all liquor now sold in the U. S. is made of industrial alcohol

OH, GIVE us a drink, Bootlegger!
A tipple of modern booze,
A drink that a hobo beggar
Undoubtedly would refuse.
We fall for the lies you tell us
Whenever you make a call;
We're tickled to have you sell us
Industrial Alcohol!

We know that your gin would tarnish
The yellow of minted gold;
We know that your brand of varnish
Would knock any ostrich cold;
But still, though a bit unsteady,
We sample your humbug rye—
"A toast to the dead already,
And who'll be the next to die?"

Oh, many a friend is finished
Whose heart by your still was stilled;
Our numbers are much diminished
But come, let the glass be filled!
No laws that are legislatured
Shall stifle our liberty,
So give us a drink denatured
To prove that we still are free!

We know that your "Auld McGregor"
Is made out of stirred shellac,
But—give us a drink, Bootlegger,
And you can have all our jack!
We've written our wills already,
The sexton is standing by,
So—"here's to the dead already,
And who'll be the next to die?"

White Fire

Continued from page 26

self, 'My God! There's somebody in worse trouble than mine.' . . ."

"You could think that," Tabor gently said, "when your own trouble was so great!"

"It was all that awful look on your face. It made me forget myself, it would've anybody. . . . And then—*you* weren't afraid—I grabbed you. I don't know why; it wasn't any of my business. I kept telling myself, all the while we were struggling, you had as perfect a right as I had to chuck in your hand when the cards were stacked against you. But I couldn't seem to help trying to stop you, all the same; and a cop came along directly and helped me with you till we found a taxi. After that—"

A baffled head wagged over the riddle of human relations. "It sounds funny, I suppose, but I just couldn't leave you before you were where you couldn't do yourself any harm. It was exactly like my having stopped you made me responsible for you, somehow. I brought you here because I knew these people would take us in and no questions asked, in spite of the scarecrows we'd made of ourselves. I hadn't given up meaning to do—what I'd been meaning to do—and as soon as ever you were under the doctor's care I meant to quit and . . . finish. . . ."

"But you didn't: why?"

"You stopped me." A small smile tinged with indulgent reproach answered the contraction of Tabor's eyelids. "It was all your doing; you just wouldn't *let* me leave you. It was just like you'd made up your mind to get even with me for what I'd done to you, interfering. . . . And you didn't know anything, you didn't do anything you knew about, you were just like a dead man lying there."

"That feeling of responsibility for me—is that what you mean?"

"No. I'd lost that for the time being. . . . They'd helped me put you to bed and telephoned for a doctor, and it seemed like he never would come. It got along to almost midnight; and I was sitting here all alone, because you didn't count, alone and waiting and half out of my head—more than half, I guess.

"And at last it got to seem as if I simply couldn't stand it another minute. I thought I'd sneak downstairs and bolt for it. If anybody saw me, I'd say I was going out to the drug store. I hid everything we'd found in your pockets under your pillow, where you'd be sure to find it when the doctor brought you round, and put on my hat and started to open the door. And right then—it frightened me so, I almost fainted—only I don't faint—you called out to me behind my back in a way that made my flesh creep. 'Jennifer Challis'—like that. It was like God's doing . . . if there is a God . . . I don't know. . . ."

"Perhaps," said Tabor quietly. "Who knows?"

THE girl bent an intent face to his. "Do you believe in God? Yes—I suppose you do. You would. . . . I almost did, that night; it seemed too strange to be all accident; as if somebody or something must be responsible for the way things happened, like when you called me back. . . . There you were, sitting up in bed, stark crazy, raving about Lance and somebody named June—I made out later who *she* was. You started to get out of bed and I had to hold you down; and then the doctor walked in. He took most of the rest of the night to get you quiet. When he left I was worn out—too tired to care any more about dying. I fell asleep in that rocking chair the minute he shut the door, and didn't wake up till the sun got round to the windows. Everything was different, or seemed different, then. I had you to take care of; and what I'd heard in your delirium was enough to show me we'd both been made to suffer by the same man; and it all seemed so strange, with that bond between us, and our meeting down there by the river, and everything—I simply couldn't leave you till you were yourself."

"I am very grateful," Tabor said. But the girl had pursued her thoughts into a realm of abstraction to which his accents couldn't carry. He repeated, after some time: "I am very grateful; I shan't forget, I'll find some way to make it up."

That brought a start of remonstration. " 'Make it up' to me! What for? Saving your life when you were sick and tired of it and wanted to throw it away? I hadn't any right to do that. It wasn't any of my business what you did with your life; it was yours to do what you wanted with, just as mine was."

"But it seems I unwittingly saved yours. Do you hold that against me?"

"Well, if you did, that only makes us quits—doesn't it? Besides," the girl argued in quaint seriousness, "the way I see it, that's all nonsense, about our saving each other's lives. What do a few days more or less count in a lifetime? We're free agents still, aren't we? Nothing can stop me from walking out, if I've a mind to, this very minute, and . . . quitting . . . or you, either, as soon as you're well enough to walk. . . ."

"But you won't, will you?"

A worried sign of the head replied. "I've got over wanting to, I suppose. I don't know why."

"And I," Tabor said softly, puzzling up at the ceiling—"I've got over wanting to, too. And *I* don't know why."

"Funny, isn't it?" Jennifer said with an uncertain laugh.

"Very funny. . . ."

Those words seemed to come from such a distance that the girl bent solicitously over to look into Tabor's face.

"Have I tired you out," she cried contritely, "or upset you, made you unhappy, the way I've run on?"

"No," Tabor answered from far away. . . ."not unhappy. If anything, more content. But very sleepy. . . ."

THAT was the beginning of a companionship so anomalous that Tabor often, in his hours of reverie, wondered if the bones of his progenitors were resting as peacefully as they deserved to. Or didn't it matter to them, who had withdrawn so far beyond the shadow line? Didn't they know or care that a Wynne was hiding in a cheap theatrical boarding house, under a false name, and living a daily lie of even blacker dye as the "husband" of a woman who not only was unmarried but should have been the wife of another man?

The strangest part of it all was, to Tabor, that he didn't in the least care—he, a Wynne!—what they must be thinking, did they know, those shades of prim and steady-going forbears; or what, for that matter, the world would have thought, had it found him out.

He had earned his safe anchorage in this haven of strange peace. Time enough to concern himself with yesterday's importunate problems when he was healed whole once more and strong enough to address himself to the equally demanding problems of to-morrow. To-day at least was his; and Tabor was jealous and miserly with it, willfully determined to draw it out till it snapped, if it must, of its own tension.

To this end he spared no exercise of wit and cunning; and much exercise of both was needed; Jennifer Challis was restless with cares which she chose not to share. As he grew daily better, she took to absenting herself for intervals that were ever more protracted; returning always in a mood of more discouragement, apparently, weary and heartsick.

Toward evening of a day made memorable by the doctor's announcement that Tabor would be permitted to go out to-morrow for the first time to taste the air, Jennifer brought home the grayest face yet of fatigue, a face that mutely cried for consoling.

He communicated his tidings as soon as she came in, and she quietly said she was glad for him. Then she put away her wraps and gave him his afternoon tea.

"I daresay there's no danger now."

She arched brows over the echo: " 'Danger?' "

"Of my being recognized: it's a long chance that would throw any of my former friends across my ways to-day."

"All the same, it is a chance."

"The paper this morning had a dispatch from Philadelphia saying the police of both cities had given up the search for me and the detective agency which my wife retained had reported itself completely defeated."

"I suppose so." Jennifer handed Tabor his cup and in silence poured for herself. "When do you think you'll go home, now?"

"I'm not thinking of going home."

SHE sat back to hold him in a stare from under level brows. "Not ever? But you've got your business to attend to—at least, to wind up, if you're retiring—haven't you? And you must own a lot of property in Philadelphia, going on what you've told me."

"It will be a long time before I can be declared legally dead and my estate turned over to my executors. Meanwhile I can be making up my mind what to do with the rest of my life. Nothing presses me to decide in haste; I have money enough for our modest needs for months to come."

"I should say you had!" Jennifer declared. "I'll never forget the shock it gave me, that night, when I went through your pockets and found out how much cash you were carrying round with you. What did you want with so much? You've never told me."

"It wasn't all mine," Tabor reminded her.

"I know—I got that from your ravings. But you had enough over and above that ten thousand to buy the Russian crown jewels, almost. And if I hadn't stuck on the job here," Jennifer rather grimly pointed out, "it's a hundred-to-one shot somebody in the house would have sold 'em to you."

Tabor chuckled. "But you will admit we have enough to live comfortably on for a good while to come."

"That's just it. We may as well have that out now, Tabor." The girl slewed her chair round to face him squarely. "Where do you get that 'we' stuff? What does it mean?"

"The pronoun, first person plural," Tabor formally interpreted, "in this instance, obviously, I should think, means you and me."

"And what makes you think we can go on like this?"

"I can't quite see how either of us is to go on alone. We weren't meant to lead lonely lives, either you or I, Jenny."

"I've got my work. . . ."

"You mean your stage career?"

"We won't quarrel about the 'career' thing; and I don't feel much like laughing to-night. I've been shopping for a job everywhere, these last ten days; and all the agents and managers are just as fussed about it as if I'd never played any part but a housemaid in the amateur production of East Lynne for the benefit of the First Methodist Church back home."

"That," said Tabor, "I should think, makes it only the more evident that you need me just as much as I need you, Jenny. We're two lost people, you and I. . . . But perhaps that isn't quite fair; you have friends in your profession—acquaintances, rather, as far as I can judge. But I have nobody—I should be lost indeed without you."

Jennifer let a long minute lapse. A slow, faint wash of color stained her face. "Tabor," she quietly demanded at last, "what are you proposing?"

"That we go on," he replied in simple denseness—"as we have been going. Quite a number of people have come to know me, or know of me, as 'Mr. Drew,' and you as 'Mrs. Drew' in private life. Need we disillusion them? We're not uncongenial. Is there any reason why we shouldn't go on?"

After a longer pause, Jennifer soberly replied, "No; I suppose there isn't, really."

(*To be continued next week*)

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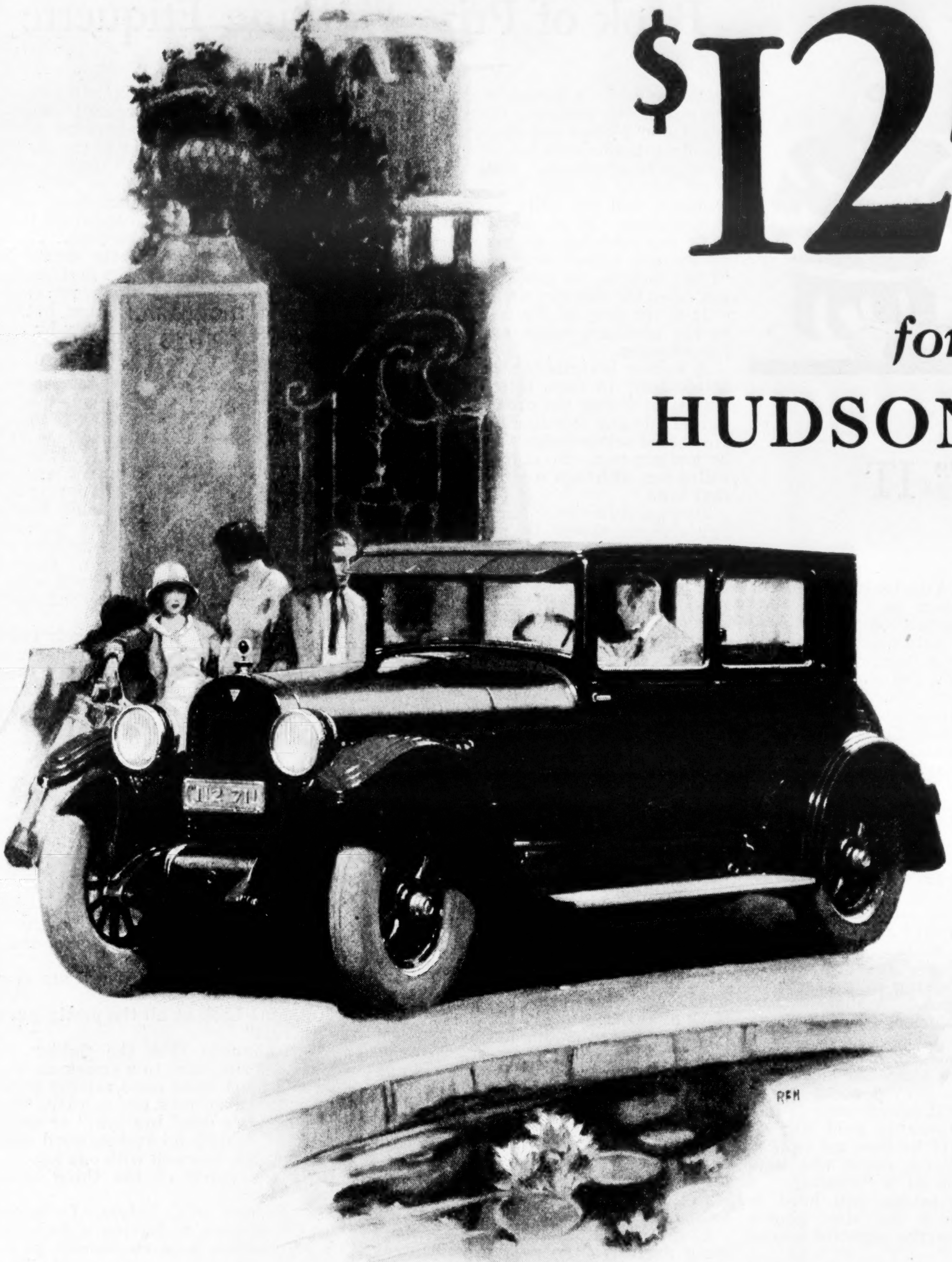

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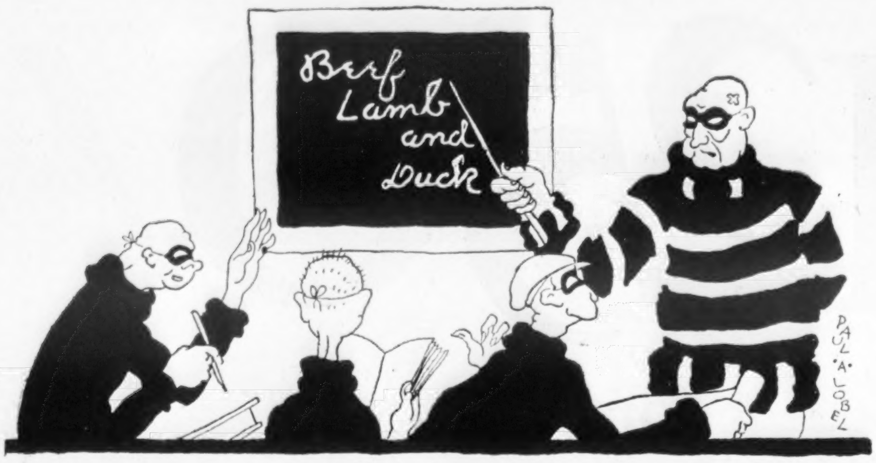


It's Greek to You— But the Crooks "GET" IT

By HOWARD McLELLAN

THREE yeggs, who had just pulled a safe-burglary, were eating at a lunch counter, when a fourth member of the gang entered, picked up the menu and said aloud: "Beef, lamb and duck." One by one the other three left the place. They had caught the underworld signal, in code, to get out—things were getting too "hot." Deciphered, the message meant: "The lamb [victim] has complained [beefed] and it's time to duck."

It's a strange thing about the patois of the underworld, which is both extensive and picturesque, that it was invented to shield the crook—to serve him as a code in conversation. But more often it works to his detriment, for the user of underworld slang is unmasked by his language.

The worst thing you can call a crook is a "shiever," for this means the lowest of the low in the already low underworld. It is synonymous with calling him a double-crosser, which is the basest level to which a crook can sink. There are no other epithets in the jargon of the underworld that carry with them such stigma as this one word.

All professional predatory crooks are "thieves." Forgers and bad-check artists are "paper hangers."

The lowest type of thief is the "booster," who works on "light occupation." His loot is small stuff. A thief whose hauls are large is a "derrick" and his occupation is his "racket."

Higher in the underworld's social scale is the pickpocket. The unskilled worker in this field is a "stall." He hasn't the expert touch that lifts a purse, but he comes in handy to his "mob" in diverting and misdirecting the attention of the victim when he discovers his loss and the "mob" is running to cover. The real pocket pickers are "cannons." The mob chief is a "heavy," or "tool." A "gee-whiz" is an armed pickpocket; a "whiz" a general utility man who can handle a gun in a pinch. Men who steal jewelry from the victim's person are "snipers."

Bank burglars, stick-up men, mail robbers and pay-roll grabbers who kill and go after big plunder rank highest as an underworld class. From their ranks yegg leaders, underworld "mayors" and politicians are chosen. They are known as "heavy men," not merely "heavies" as is the case with pickpockets; and their "racket" is known as "being on the heavy." If a "heavy man" possesses skill as a safe opener he is a "mechanic;" if he wields an acetylene blow torch, he is a "torchman;" if he can open a round manganese safe, he is a "cannon-ball torch." To yeggs a safe is a "box" and a vault a "shell."

Every gang of crooks has its "inside man," but that is a misnomer. He is very much on the outside. He finances the operation, fixes police officials, selects the targets for attack, plans the get-aways and procures the lawyers and doctors. Lawyers are known as "mouthpieces" and "legal bandits," the former title being applied to lawyers who are crooked and the latter to the general run of attorneys. A doctor is a "croaker."

A bank is known as a "bell joint" because of its alarms. A post office is a "glue pot." A safe combination is a "knob;" a key is a "screw." Advance scouts who size up the scene of action are "clouters," and sometimes when it is necessary to get expense money—as "front" money—they "knock over," or rob, a store or house. When a gang of thieves is operating it is "rooting."

All loot is "hot stuff" and all police agitation is "heat." Stolen bonds are "hot paper;" stolen diamonds "hot ice." Stolen silk is "gloss," or "worm." The locality in which crooks hang out is "the stem;" their rendezvous is a "ham joint," usually cheap all-night restaurant or pool parlor.

When loot is divided among criminals it is "razored." If it is merchandise, it is sold to a "fence" or "shade;" the operation of delivering it is known as "laying it on a spot." A share of loot is a "slice." When loot is cached it is "wormed;" when it is uncovered it is "fingered." When a member of a mob is deprived of his share he is "kissed out." If he gets peeved about it, he is a "fink," and if it is necessary to buy his silence whatever is paid him is "cough syrup." If he does not squeal, he is a "jake." A crook who gets nervous on a job is a "whatter;" a criminal who is taking jail hard is "stir crazy." Jail is the "stir." Stolen goods returned to the rightful owner are "kicked back."

Police authorities are "badges." A good-natured, dumb policeman is a "police man;" a "copper" is a hard-boiled officer; a "harness bull" is a uniformed officer. Plain-clothes detectives are "dicks," or "tailor-mades." Private detectives are "pets." Post office inspectors are "squeegees." A railroad man is a "rail" and a railroad detective is a "cinder dick." A police chief is a "grumbler," or "pot belly."

An old, worn-out yegg is a "fish." A "window smasher" is a low order of yegg who smashes shop windows for a living. The female associate of the crook is a "shouter."

A "grand in worm" means $1,000 buried. A "grand" is $1,000. It sometimes means also $1,000 in buried silk. A bolt of silk is a "pillow;" men who steal it are "spiders." "Drag-out men" are tunneling crooks. The home of a crook is his "flop." When crooks are photographed they are "mugged." When written about in newspapers they are "rigged." Prison-welfare workers are "stir vamps." When a crook is reformed he is "slippered," and becomes a "tame cat."

Bootleggers are "alky peddlers." All booze is "alky." A yegg who gets drunk habitually is a "spiller."

Any kind of narcotic drug is "junk;" the user is a "junker." Cocaine is referred to as "c;" morphine as "m." Opium is "mud." Adulterated drugs are "starches." When an addict takes the cure he goes on a "dizzy dance." A "nicker" is a cured fiend. A portion of drugs is a "deck," or "card."

Book of Prize Fighting Etiquette

Continued from page 15

industry and to complete my fiftieth year with the company is sufficient reward and I shall always treasure this wonderful aluminum button given to me as a mark of esteem. I thank you."

Of course it may happen that the audience will not quite understand the introduction. If so, any person, other than one who has entered on a complimentary ticket, may arise and say, "I beg pardon, my good man, but I did not catch the fighters' names. Who?"

It is the duty of the referee to come to the platform again and repeat the introduction.

A fighter invariably stands up when introduced; in fact, this is about the only time during the evening that some fighters do any standing up to speak of. He should acknowledge the introduction by a slight nod. No stiff formal bow is called for, although a lot of stiffs make that kind.

Dress and Duties of Seconds. A fighter's seconds should be neatly but not gaudily garbed. No livery is expected. The plain torn shirt, hand-me-down trousers and six-tone sweater make a proper attire. Each second should be clean-shaved, close-clipped and wall-eyed, and should remember that the police may not recognize him as the man whose face is on the poster with the "$5,000 Reward" over it. It is the duty of the seconds to see that their fighter has his identification disk on when the fight begins and that he is carried out quietly the minute it is over.

Conduct of Guests. Just as certain rules are prescribed to regulate the conduct of the fighters, so are others set forth for the conduct of those present but not voting. The rules governing the behavior of guests at indoor and outdoor fights are very similar, except that in most outdoor arenas, particularly the Yankee Stadium, Polo Grounds and Boyle's Thirty Acres, the average spectator is closer to his home than he is to the ring and therefore somewhat under the jurisdiction of the conventions of each.

The person attending an outdoor bout should start for the arena several days in advance, wearing walking shoes and carrying the regulation hiking equipment authorized by the Travel Clubs of America. He should search for his seat quietly, stopping to pitch camp for the night whenever necessary. Once having located his seat, the next thing to do is to try to locate the ring. This should be done by hearsay.

In either the outdoor or indoor fight early arrivals may present their seat checks to ushers. If the check calls for a seat seventy-five rows back and costs $16 the usual procedure is to slip the usher a half-dollar tip and then follow him to a ringside seat costing $87.50. The usher may be depended upon to throw out the rightful holder of that seat when he shows up later. It is not necessary for them to be introduced. Etiquette is etiquette and a half a buck is a half a buck.

Should anything exciting happen in the ring during a fight custom requires that every person in the arena jump upon a chair at once, shutting off the view of the gentleman immediately behind. It is then the usual practice to count ten and then begin climbing up the back of the gentleman ahead.

A gentleman climbing up the back of another should apologize briefly. But not until he is through climbing.

How to Start the Fight. There are many ways to start a fight, any number of which have the approval of the best people. In a formal bout, however, it is the custom to start a fight by ringing for it. When all the guests are in their places and the host thinks everything is ready to serve the fight the bell is rung. At the bell the fighter should rise, advance across the ring to his opponent, bow and say sweetly, "I believe this is ours."

The opponent should rise and say, "I was so afraid you might forget me."

The fighter should say, "I hope it's a waltz."

From that time on conversation must make itself.

Each participant puts one arm around the neck of the other and dances lightly, keeping to the approved steps and never indulging in any of the coarse and vulgar fantastics. While such dancing is purely exhibition dancing, neither fighter should manifest self-consciousness or let it be apparent that he realizes he is being observed.

After a rest interval the dance is resumed as above. For the first six or seven dances the fighters grow more and more attached to each other, but as the evening wears on familiarity breeds the usual contempt and they begin to get on each other's nerves. For them to become quarrelsome at this stage is entirely excusable and the exchange of a few blows will not be held against them.

What to do When a Partner Does Not Dance. It is difficult to give advice in this respect. While it is not exceptional for a couple to sit it out (particularly during a championship bout) and tell charades, the other persons present will like it better if some kind of physical action is indulged in. Games may be played if they are lively ones. The footrace is very generally indulged in under such circumstances.

When to Leave. It is extremely rude and discourteous for a fighter to leave a fight abruptly. He may order his carriage to call for him at 9:30 but, if the party is pleasant and the conversation brilliant, good breeding requires that he remain and let somebody else break it up. When, however, a fighter feels that he must take his leave very suddenly he should first apologize. Here are some accepted forms to be delivered while resting on the rosin in any horizontal position:

"Good night, Mr. Jones. I must thank you for an unexpected evening."

"Sorry I must go so soon. You will understand my position, I am sure."

"Farewell, farewell, my own true love. I demand a return bout."

"Good night, all! I hope to see you again soon."

"Oh, Ma! Look at all the pretty purple lizards!"

If it happens that the fighter is pressed for time, due to a smack on the chin, and must leave more rapidly than contemplated, he may cry quickly, "So long. Dadda's goin' bye-bye!" or land upon his ear with no spoken word and just wigwag a farewell with one leg.

It is the spirit of the thing that counts.

The Referee and Judges. In some cities the custom of leaving a decision to a referee has been abandoned, as it was found he was too often right. Instead the decision is left to one referee and two judges. The judges may wear conventional street attire, but the referee should appear in his shirtsleeves and a moderate amount of jewelry.

Custom requires that each judge look at the contest as long as he can stand it and then signal for the other judge to take up the task. At the end of the fight the first judge should whisper to the second judge, "Well, Ed, who do you think won the fight?" The second judge should yawn and ask, "What fight?"

The announcer then should call for the white slips of paper from each of the judges and from the referee. The slips should read as follows:

Referee's slip: "Let me have a match, will you, Joe?"

First judge's slip: "See you at Charlie's after the final bout."

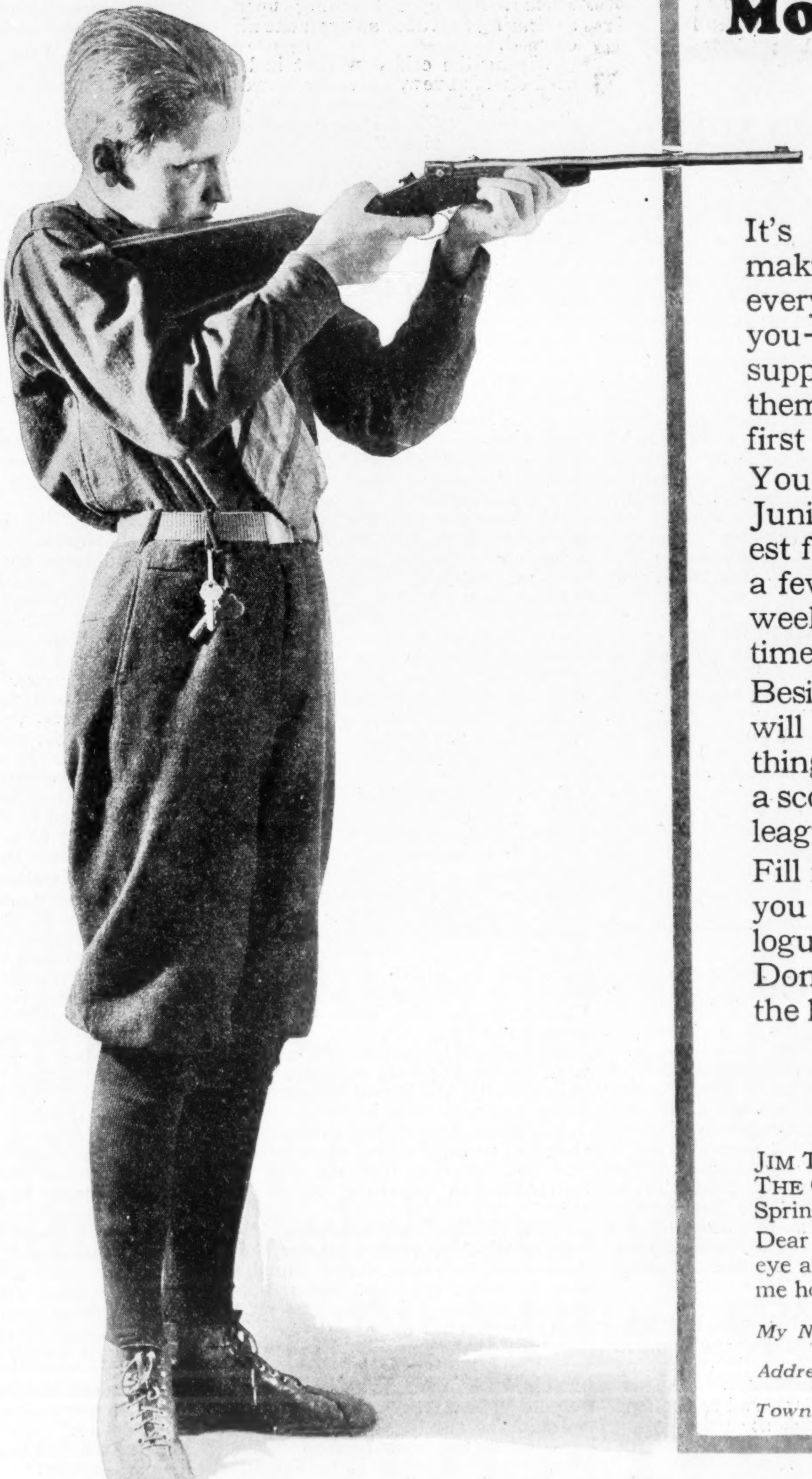
Second judge's slip: "You take seven drops of juniper juice to two gallons of alcohol and add two parts of water. They say it is good stuff."

The announcer, after reading the slips, holds up his hand for attention and says in a firm voice, "The referee and judges call it a draw."

There is no appeal, except in cases of new evidence.

The next in this helpful series will be "The Book of Vacation Etiquette"—August 22d issue

BOYS——!



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"CONSIDER HER WAYS"

By FREDERICK SKERRY

IMAGINE a society where slavery exists, but with contented slaves; where multitudes of thieves and spongers have not broken down a spirit of community helpfulness; where beggars are met with succor and permanent guests abide in every household.

And how would you like somebody to walk in, hang up his hat and make his home with you? The ant does just that. But, unlike most guests, these guests of the ant pay their way, and in return for a home and solicitous care provide their hosts with saccharine. And the hosts are not forever wondering when so-and-so will take his departure; nor do they hint at the idea.

Slaves are regularly born into slavery, of captives taken for the purpose, but, as far as naturalists have been able to learn, nobody is writing an Uncle Tom's Cabin about it, nor have any abolitionists made any violent protests. The slaves know when they are well off, and they stick. There'll never be a war over them.

When a beggar pats you on the back you, no doubt, often squirm and say—if you do not bawl him out for his familiarity—the equivalent of "Allah will provide." Yet the ant in response to such an appeal (only the beggar does his patting with his feet) invariably comes across with some honey. If a beggar patted you with his foot—well!

Mr. Ant is a stickler for racial purity, and the foundress of a community is relieved from all work and carefully waited upon in order that she may give all her attention to breeding. Human husbands might learn a lesson from that.

These little creatures hear and feel and smell; the sense of sight is the least useful. Some naturalists maintain that they are rational beings; others, while admitting a high order of intelligence, deny them reasoning power. They are master builders, and for protection can give a well-planned and well-constructed residence the appearance of a heap of casual rubbish. They are chemists, abstracting food by processes and using the waste for other purposes. It has been demonstrated that were we as strong at the waistline as the ant we could, while suspended by neck and heels, support a full-sized telegraph pole.

The next time you see a colony of ants, drop your golf club and lie on your stomach for a couple of hours and watch them. You may not improve your stance, but you may learn patience—very necessary when you're going around in 105—or so; and, yes, you may learn why the Old Testament says: "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise."

The Alibi of Salvador

Continued from page 19

long. With a gurgling cough the ungrateful child threw himself spasmodically backward, fighting for breath, and generously deluging his chagrined nurse with the rejected drink before he burst into a tumult of denunciatory shrieks, in which disappointment, outraged confidence, and fright reached the climax of the afternoon.

Discouraged and beaten, Salvador let him lie where he had thrown himself, and, forgetting in this final defeat even his impending disgrace, he bowed his head in despair. Soon, however, he was roused by a troubled sense of something missing—something which had, it seemed, always formed an insistent part of his consciousness. The afternoon had become suddenly and stridently still. Salvador straightened and looked about. Lying at his feet, half a round little fist stopping his erstwhile gaping mouth, was Juan—sound asleep. Salvador stared! then he breathed a mighty draft of peace, and in less than two minutes there lay cuddled side by side in the warm sand two spent little figures—Salvador Calaveras, bad hombre of the Third Grade, and his latest conquest.

Needless to say, it was with some misgivings that Salvador took his seat at school next day. Too late to come in with the line, he noticed as he entered the room a singularly disconcerting hush, as if his arrival were a significant event. Without doubt there was gossip in the wind. Fearfully he looked at Ramón Sedillo; but Ramón was leaning back in his seat, ankles crossed, hands in pockets, shining eyes fixed upon the ceiling, a model of engaging innocence.

IT WAS Angela Robles who had Miss Lipscomb's recognition at the moment. Angela was enthusiastically expanding a topic already introduced.

"Ticher, yess, ma'am, and in the arm they shoot heem—that sooch nize yong man, the *agente de policía.* So tells the grandmawther off Emilia."

"Dear me, Angela, that was terrible, wasn't it?" Miss Lipscomb was delightfully startled.

"Ticher, yess, ma'am!" Angela squirmed and blushed her gratification at this cordial reception of her news item.

"Well, children," said Ticher, "that is all most unfortunate." Her tone hinted that she assumed the subject to be exhausted; but Pedro had yet a word that must be said.

"And, Ticher, I know one boy that doss not laik that cop." Pedro allowed a reflective eye to stray toward Salvador.

A premonitory chill wrenched Salvador from head to foot. Desperately he remembered those threats into which Ramón had forced him yesterday. He saw now whither all this was tending. And as if in answer to his unspoken fear, the Third Grade turned with one accord to regard him thoughtfully.

"Ticher," Anita Perez wanted to know brightly, "what you theenk they do to such a bad hombre laik do thees theeng?"

"Oh, they will probably put him in jail," said the all-uncomprehending Miss Lipscomb. "You see, he has broken the law."

"Better he goes queeck to the church and tells up large prayers to the Virgin that they do not find heem," admonished Emilia, her eyes brooding upon the squirming Salvador as upon one already doomed.

Wiping the cold dew that had gathered on his brow, Salvador heard with a fresh chill of horror Mateo's easy assumption, "Oh, I theenk mebbie they find heem all right."

Again Salvador faced a battery of eyes that tried and condemned—and admired. For in the face of this mass of circumstantial evidence and the guilty mien of the suspect, who could refuse to believe the worst? Like an impaled angleworm he wriggled under their gaze. Gratified vanity and fear contended in his guilty soul. Even in that awful moment he blushingly luxuriated in the horrified adulation of his classmates. Then he remembered Ticher's words and shivered with terror. "To jail!" Salvador had heard about jail from a grandpa who had spent months in a rebel carcel in old Mexico, and he was devastatingly aware that he did not want to go to jail. More ardently even than his hard-worn prestige he wanted not to go to jail. But how to escape? Ramón, perhaps could save him—at what a cost—only Ramón. And Ramón had shown no disposition to come to the rescue of the Third Grade bad man, even for the pleasure of unmasking him. A peep showed Ramón sitting as he had sat throughout the discussion—legs extended, hands in pockets, smiling up at the ceiling like a bland, noncommittal little heathen image. No hope there.

"BUT when did all this happen?" Miss Lipscomb asked, finally sacrificing professional scruples to honest curiosity.

"*Ayer* [yesterday], Ticher, after we go from the school," Gilberto hastened to inform her. "He goes alone to the heels—that cop—and one comes and shoots heem." Then, fearful lest she might be missing the pith of the whole situation, he added in a husky rattle meant to be confidential, "Salvador Calaveras—he also goes then up to them heels."

Abruptly it broke upon Ticher. With what the Third Grade regarded as scandalous levity, she buried her face in her hands and wept with mirth.

"Children, this is too preposterous," she cried weakly, when she could speak. "Do you mean to tell me you think Salvador had anything to do with this?"

"But, Ticher," expostulated Miguel indignantly, "iss eet not all very clear? *Ayer* that Salvador maiks thumb the nose to thoss cop, and thoss cop—he ponches heem. *Sí*, Señorita, on the pants he ponches heem! *Bueno!* And does not that Salvador then tell out veree loud, 'I feex heem! I feex heem plentee?' Doss not the *agente de policía* go to the heels? And doss not that Salvador go also to thoss heels? That cop—iss he not shoot? And, Ticher," Miguel pointed solemnly to Salvador's belt, "iss there not the gon off Salvador?"

Flushed by his eloquence, Miguel rested his case and sat down. There was a moment of appalling stillness, during which the accused, white to the lips, looked appealingly from one to the other. Then from Ramón Sedillo came a sound—a strange, choking sound. To Miss Lipscomb's reproachful look Ramón turned eyes of polite deprecation.

"You weel pleass excuss, Mees," he apologized suavely. "Eet iss nawtheeng. Joost—I theenk off sometheeng fonny."

It was Jesús Estradilla who gave the final fillip to Salvador's now all-enveloping panic.

"My *mama*," Jesús told them happily, "knows a man what keels a cop. They tie to hees neck a string ontil his face iss black—oh, veree black—and he keecks weeth the laigs at the air. Mebbie," Jesús hazarded pleasantly, watchful eyes upon the pallid Salvador, "already he also dies—that nize yong cop."

Wildly Salvador gauged the distance to the open window. He did not propose to have a string tied to his neck until with the very black face he kicked at the air—not Salvador; and even now the law must be hot upon his trail.

INDEED, it was at this very moment that his fate did burst upon him; and it came with a shock more horrible than his worst fears. A sudden blood-curdling shriek from Hortensia, echoed sympathetically by three fourths of the startled Third Grade, brought even Ticher to her feet.

"Oh, ron, ron, Salvador!" Hortensia was screaming. "Pleass you weel ron queeck! They are come—thoss cops—to take you!"

It was but too true. Just outside the open door stood an officer; and it is no exaggeration to say that he was even more startled than the palpitating Third Grade.

"Children!" cried Miss Lipscomb. "Well, Ramon?"

For Ramon Sedillo, after one wild glance at the all but fainting Salvador, had suddenly sprung from his seat, flourishing frantic fingers; and even Ramón the jaunty showed the gripping strain of the moment in the chattering of his little chin and the glitter of his eyes.

"Ticher," he burst out, "pleass! I weesh espick." Ramón drew himself up and faced them, a citizen of integrity, whose word would not be questioned. "Yesterday," Ramón told the uniformed intruder impressively, "I also go to the heels. I see that Salvador Calaveras. I know he *doss not shoot that cop.* He—" Ramón was hesitating as if in an unwonted embarrassment for words. Salvador, gripping his desk, cowered low, and miserably waited. It was coming now—that ruinous revelation which alone could save him from the grotesque horrors so ably depicted by Jesús. Henceforth his name would be a mockery to his Third Grade public. But what was this?

"He has awther beezness—" Ramón paused to bury a tremulous cough in his hand before he finished a trifle hysterically, "beezness *mas importante.*"

For a moment the officer stared from teacher to pupils in blank amazement. Then he burst into a huge guffaw that almost brought the nerve-racked Third Grade up standing for a second time in ten minutes.

"Shoot Sawyer? Good Lord!" he almost wept. "No, ma'am, he didn't. No one did. Sawyer jest naturally let a tree wipe him off his horse. I stopped to say, ma'am," he went on more composedly, "that you'd better dismiss ten minutes early to-day. The company's using dynamite down the street, and they want these kids out of the way before they shoot."

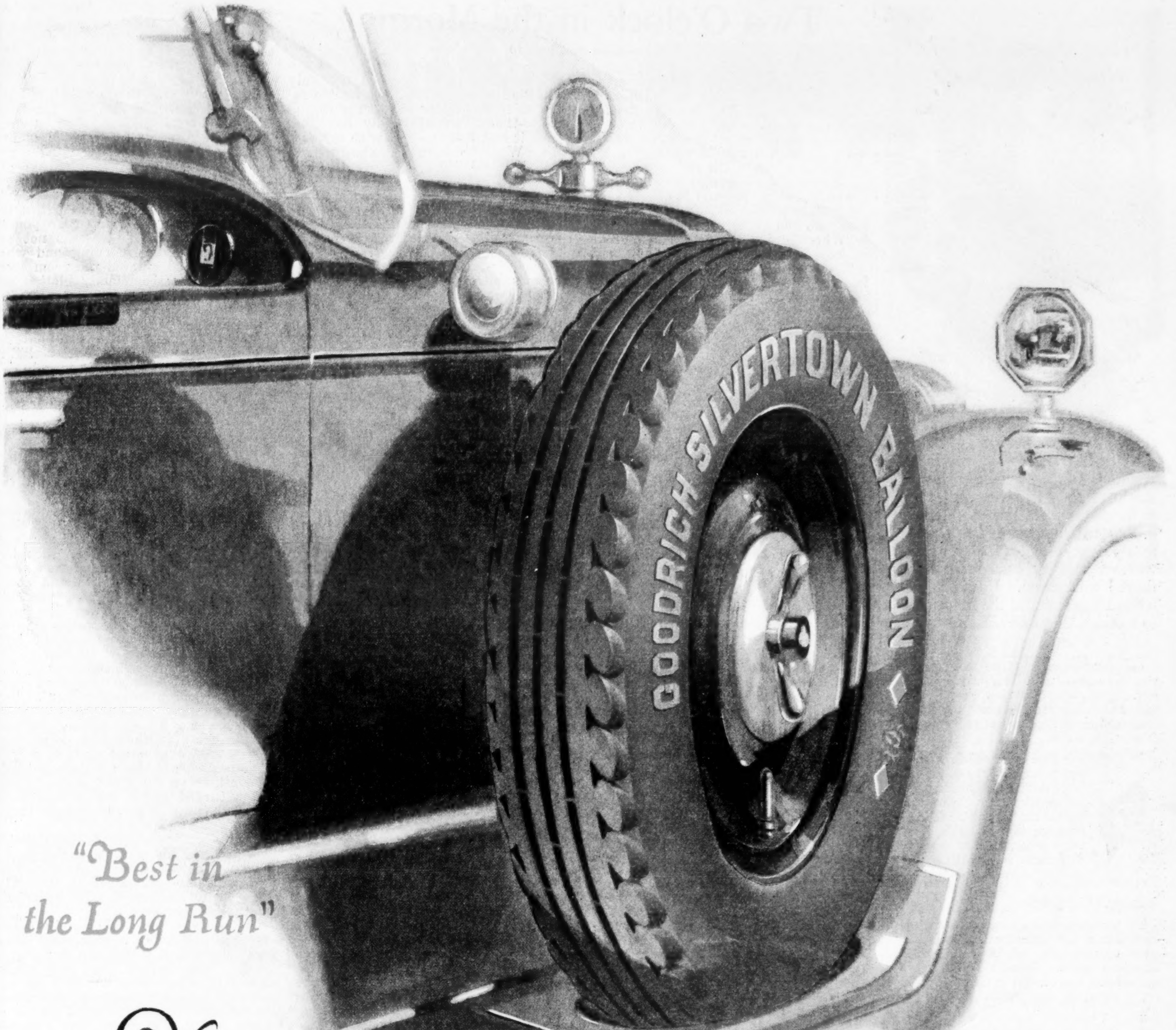
But it was later, when Salvador, somewhat dizzy with the whirl of events, was climbing upon his Juanita, that he had his great surprise. Ramón strolled to the gate and, hands in pockets, stood regarding him with a sheepish grin.

"I theenk mebbie," Ramón observed, "you do not keel no more cops—eh?"

"I do not," protested Salvador shakily, from a full heart, "never keel nawtheeng—never!"

Then Salvador got his surprise. Looking over his shoulder as if to reassure himself that they were unheard, Ramón suddenly became very serious.

"Mebbie again," he advised as one having authority, "that babby yells laik crazee—you espank heem. Espank heem plentee! I do so once to my leetla seester. Ever seence she minds me better than all thoss awthers."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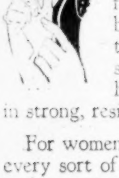

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Morse & Burt Co., Mfrs.
412 Willoughby Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Please send me the address of the Cantilever store nearest me.

NAME ____________________

ADDRESS ____________________

CITY ____________ STATE ______

Two O'clock in the Morning

Continued from page 10

two and three o'clock in the morning (there you are again!) With a cry of "Fire!" one of the sleeping firémen suddenly sprang up, hurried into his clothes, and slid down the pole. Thinking that he had caught sight of a fire through a window, the rest of the company piled after him, and they and their apparatus were all ready to depart when the captain addressed John Delaney, the man who had given the alarm.

"Where did you see the fire?" the captain demanded.

"I didn't see it," said Delaney, "but I know there is one. Captain, my old pal Paddy Flynn came to me in my sleep, and he says: "There's a fire in Pearl Street. Hurry up, John, and get to it, because if it ever gets a start on you, you'll be killed!"

All the company knew of Paddy Flynn, a member of Engine Company No. 27 who had been killed in a fire a short time before. They knew also that Flynn and Delaney had been close friends for years, and that ever since Flynn's death Delaney had not been himself. Delaney's captain, however, felt no sympathy for him on this occasion.

"Delaney," he said, "I believe you've been drinking. Now, if this ever happens again, you'll go into the book in red ink"—the captain's way of saying that he would prefer charges.

All hands went back to bed. Twenty minutes or so later an alarm "hit the telegraph"—an alarm from Pearl Street! It was a roaring blaze when the firemen got there, and the second alarm brought Dr. Archer.

In the excitement of fighting the fire the members of Delaney's company forgot all about Delaney's dream—that is, they did until it was discovered that Delaney was missing and his body was recovered from the cellar, where he had been killed by carbon monoxide gas.

"Often," said Dr. Archer in telling me this story, "I have been led to wonder whether, after all, each of us does not have his unavoidable fate. I remember a case where two men escaped death in a building collapse in ways that seemingly could be accounted for only on the basis that they were born to die in some other manner.

"The building was an old four-story brick tenement at Walker and Lafayette Streets, and it fell of its own decrepitude with all its occupants in it."

"What time was that?" I interposed.

"Just about two o'clock in the morning! The north and east walls went down with the interior of the building, but the south and west walls still stood when I arrived a short time after the firemen.

"A remarkable sight was presented where the south and west walls joined at the second story. Just enough of the second floor held at this point to support a bed, and in it was a man. If he had attempted to get out of bed, he would have stepped into empty space; and there he stayed until the firemen raised a ladder and brought him down. All the other persons who had been with him on this floor were killed.

"Near the bed was a door which the wind was swinging to and fro against the south wall, and this led to an incident that was stranger still. I remember hearing a fireman say that the banging door was likely to bring down the south wall, but the danger of this did not stop the work.

"In a little hole in the ruins a man was found. He was fully conscious and apparently not much hurt; but was pinned down by two beams which rested across his legs. The work of sawing through the beams was still in progress when a shout was raised that the south wall was falling. It swayed long enough to give the rescuers a chance to flee, and then down it came!

"When the ensuing cloud of dust had cleared away, the rescuers hurried back to the place where the man had been pinned down by the beams. It was wonderful enough that he had survived the original collapse of the building; no one had much expectation that he again would be found alive. But for the second time he escaped not only with his life but unhurt. It was so remarkable—you might almost say miraculous—that I would hardly have believed it had I not seen it with my own eyes. When the wall fell, the banging door that had been attached to it was thrown across the hole in which the imprisoned man lay, and thrown in such a way that it fitted over the hole like the cover of a box and so afforded the prisoner complete protection.

For telling here at the end I have reserved what among all of Dr. Archer's adventures was one of the strangest as well as the most perilous. It was one in which, owing to his dual capacity as a fire surgeon and one of the chief executives of a big life insurance company, he experienced about the grimmest joke on himself that a man ever has had to look back upon.

One Washington's Birthday—you have guessed it, it was about two o'clock in the morning!—a fire broke out, nobody knows how, in the armory of the 71st Regiment, New York National Guard; this armory extends from Thirty-fourth to Thirty-third Streets on the east side of Park Avenue. The firemen arrived to find that the blaze had gained a long start on them, and eventually nothing was left of the great building but its walls.

Dr. Archer reached this fire in company with Colonel Nathaniel B. Thurston, then deputy commissioner of police. Two or three hours later, when the fire appeared to be well under control, these two men started to leave the scene together. First, however, Colonel Thurston wished to telephone Police Headquarters. They went to the Park Avenue Hotel, which, extending from Thirty-third to Thirty-second Streets on the west side of the avenue, was diagonally opposite the burning armory.

While Thurston went to a telephone booth Dr. Archer waited in the lobby near the clerk's desk. As he stood there, in one of the elevator shafts there slowly descended a car, with no person in it; and it was in flames!

The mystery of that car remains today as dark as ever. One guess is that it was deliberately set on fire and started down the shaft by a person who had conceived a maniacal hatred for Edward Croker, then New York's fire chief. Such a person might well have figured that the origin of a fire in the hotel at that time would surely be attributed to the armory fire across the street and hence to Croker's failure properly to guard the surrounding property. As a matter of fact, Croker was tried for negligence and acquitted.

But to return to Dr. Archer and Colonel Thurston. After they had given the alarm, they started up the main stairway in the front of the hotel. At the fourth floor they were halted by the intense heat. Returning to the lobby, they made their way to the rear stairway on Thirty-third Street, and again ascended. While they were doing so, all the lights in the building went out. Again reaching the fourth floor, they heard cries for help coming from somewhere down the long corridor leading to the front of the building. The corridor was full of smoke, but they managed to grope their way along until they reached the room whence the cries were issuing.

Two men, in their night clothes, were at the window. When they saw Dr. Archer and Colonel Thurston enter the room and shut the door behind them, they called out: "Are you trapped too?"

The situation was hurriedly explained to them, and they were told to throw on a few clothes. When the door was again opened, smoke poured in in dense volume. It was not yet five o'clock in the morning and what little light had entered the room from the street was completely blotted out by the smoke.

"Everybody down on the floor!" cried Dr. Archer, who knew very well indeed that on the floor would be found the only air that would give them a chance to live.

The plan hurriedly gotten up was that Dr. Archer and Colonel Thurston each should take a man and try to keep shoulder to shoulder with him as they crawled along in an attempt to reach the rear stairway. It was explained both by Archer and Thurston that, as they left the room, the turn was to the *right*.

Colonel Thurston and his man went first. As Dr. Archer followed him through the door, he felt the touch of his companion against his shoulder. The next minute this touch was gone. In the appalling blackness and choking smoke, the doctor groped for his charge, but could not feel him anywhere. He suspected that the man in his confusion had turned to the *left*, and he turned to crawl in that direction. He could not call out—that, filling his lungs with smoke and gas, would have been instantly fatal. But he crawled along for many feet without any success. To go further seemed certain death, without its doing any good; and, as a matter of fact, it was by no means sure that the man had not, after all, taken the right turn. So the doctor turned about and managed to get to the rear stairway, where there was pure air.

At the stairway he found Colonel Thurston and his man. But there was no sign of the other man. As it turned out, this man *had* turned to the left; there, far up the corridor, his body was eventually discovered.

The two men Dr. Archer and Colonel Thurston had found in that hotel room were buyers for a Western dry goods house. Just before they left their home city, they were solicited by an agent to take out accident insurance. One refused; the other signed up for a $5,000 policy. The one who refused was the one who escaped with Colonel Thurston. The policy taken out by the other provided that, in case of his death in a burning building, the amount to be paid his beneficiary should be doubled. Dr. Archer had tried to save this man from a burning building—and had lost him. And the company which issued the policy was the one which Dr. Archer served as chief surgeon and adjuster of its medical and claims department. A little later he was called on to O. K. the claim for $10,000.

Samuel Scoville, Jr.

knows an animal that can battle successfully with venomous snakes and swarms of wild bees. And Charles Livingston Bull has done the matchless pictures for

HONEY BADGER

in next week's

Collier's

Picked Out Of The Air

by Jack Binns

Good Work, Herbert

SOME time ago I was complaining, with other fans, about the interference caused by broadcast stations operating too close together in wave length. This was due to experiments carried on under orders from the Department of Commerce.

We must now give the department full credit for eliminating this form of trouble. The entire broadcast system is operating as smoothly as could humanly be expected from such crowded conditions.

DEPT. OF COMMERCE
RADIO DIV.
"say, have you noticed any grounds for fears in this vicinity?"
"grounds? no, but I've heard some awful 'dirty' remarks!"

Is It a Good Thing?

IN ADDITION to increased power, some of the broadcast stations are going to try the so-called "super-power." Many experts have been preaching against this, because of the possible interference such power might cause. The best way to find out whether there will be any interference is first to try the new stations out. The Department of Commerce is going to run a fully equipped motor truck about the country in order to determine at first hand in every locality whether there is any ground for such fears.

Who's Cuckoo Now?

OVER in England they are considering placing a microphone on the engine of one of the crack railroad trains, so that radio fans may listen in to the noises made by the rushing train. They have already broadcast the zoo noises. It seems to me that, after the train, the broadcasting of a cuckoo's song would complete the cycle and make everybody happy.

We're Not So Rotten

MOST of our traveling citizens who are actively interested in radio return from Europe deploring the chaos which exists in this country. "We have no concerted plan, no definite objective, nor any order," they lament.

All of which is quite true, but think how much more fun it is to bring order out of chaos, than merely to maintain order already established. Moreover, the latter tends to kill initiative which is imperative in creative genius.

We Keep on Going

THIS country may not have any definite goal in sight so far as radio is concerned, but there is one consolation: it is moving along all the time, and invariably manages to get some place by nightfall. Come to think of it, the European countries which have established definite goals for themselves haven't scored yet, so far as we know, and we've been watching the game pretty closely.

Buy One and See for Yourself

TWENTY-FIVE cents in stamps will get for you a copy of our radio map, which is proving so popular. It shows all present broadcast stations, call signals, wave lengths, power, kind of service, standard time divisions, radio districts with their numbers and boundaries, and it also gives a distance finder. Send your order to Collier's, Radio Map Department, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

If, after you have studied the map, you can think of any valuable suggestions that might improve it, send them in. We pay $10 for suggestions which prove valuable enough to use.

Pocket Money

BE SURE to keep a copy of all radio stories and suggestions which you send us, as we find it impossible to return any of them.

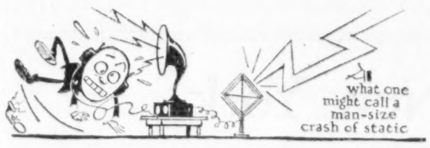
All stories must be brief, to the point and original radio experiences or suggestions. We pay $10 for all stories which we print, sent in from our readers.

Atop Pike's Peak

HERE is an interesting experience sent in by H. H. Buckwalter of Denver, Col.: "Last week I spent a night on the summit of Pike's Peak. The top of the peak for probably 3,000 feet depth is a pile of sandstone rock that is a perfect insulator. The snow piles don't reach a good ground, and the cog rails are useless—I know. I tried them.

"After complete failure by the usual methods I tried laying three wires on top of the rocks, spreading them out like a double V. The set was placed at the point, and the wires spread toward Denver. The center wire was the aërial, and the two outside wires were connected to the ground binding post on the receiver. Signals came in good and strong with very much less static than expected, but the directional effect was very pronounced.

"Tried laying the wires—about 100 feet long—toward the east, and Chicago, Kansas City, Omaha and Des Moines came in very well. Went to Windy Gap, in Middle Park, Col., a well-known dead spot. Tried the same plan with excellent results."


what one might call a man-size crash of static

Paralysis Conquered

THOSE of us who have played with vacuum tubes for the past twelve years or so realize one striking development of major importance in the tubes now generally available. They do not paralyze every time an excessively strong signal is picked up by the antenna.

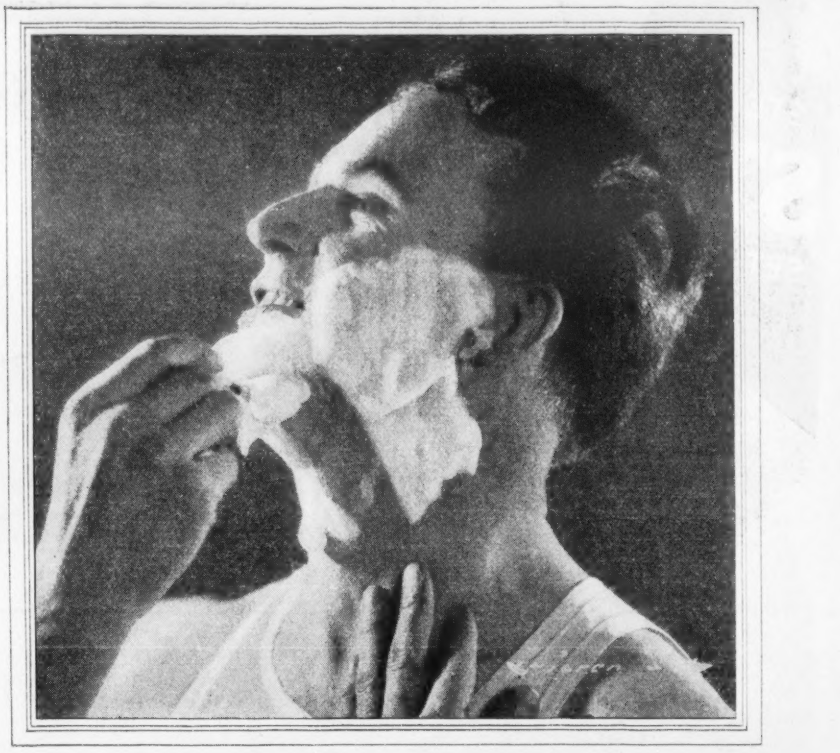
In the old tubes a crash of static or signals from a near-by station would completely paralyze the tube and render it inoperative for a period of a few seconds. The new tubes overcome this disadvantage because of better filaments with greater electronic emission.

She's Not "Constant Reader"

LOUIS E. DECHANT of Belleville, Ill., sends me this one: "An old maid living here in Belleville bought a radio set. She is an old friend of the family, and a local boy was playing the piano from KSD. I thought she would be interested, so I called her by telephone and told her to listen for the Post Dispatch station to hear this boy play.

"After I had given her the wave length, etc., she said:

" 'But I don't take the Post Dispatch. Do you think I can get him?' "



These little improvements in lather ..... mean big improvements in shaving

ANY shaving cream will give you lather—in time.

Williams bulks large from the first few strokes of the brush.

Any shaving cream will hold its moisture—for a time.

Williams *works up wet* and the water stays *in* the bulky lather until you've finished shaving.

Williams strips the invisible oil-film from the beard so that *all* of each hair is softened for easier cutting.

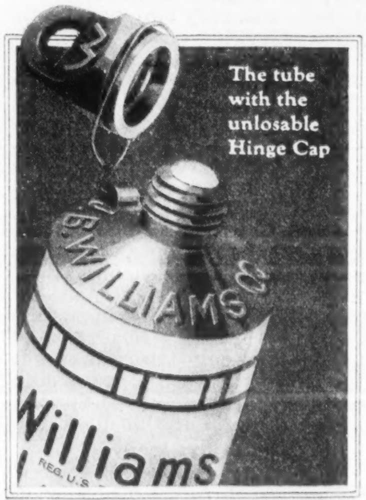
That is important. For a well-softened beard makes razor blades last longer.

Williams has a beneficial effect on the skin so positive that its daily use conditions and flexes your skin for easier shaving. Pure, white, uncolored—no complexion soap could be better for your face.

There *is* a difference in lathers! You'll discover it when you shave a few times with Williams. To do this won't cost you a cent. We'll send you enough Williams for a week's shaving free.

Mail Coupon below

Fill out coupon below or use a postcard to get the free trial tube. The regular large-size tube of Williams is 35c. The double-size tube at 50c. contains *twice* as much cream and is the most economical tube you can buy.



Williams Shaving Cream

MAIL THIS FOR FREE TRIAL TUBE
(This tube does not have Hinge-Cap)

Address The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 38-B, Glastonbury, Conn. If you live in Canada, address The J. B. Williams Co. (Canada) Limited, St. Patrick Street, Montreal

Colliers-8-8-25

Aqua Velva is our newest triumph—a *scientific* after-shaving preparation
Trial bottle free—Write Dept. 38-B

STERILIZED
STAR
SET IN RUBBER
STAR
SET IN RUBBER

The best shaving brush ever made *for* $1

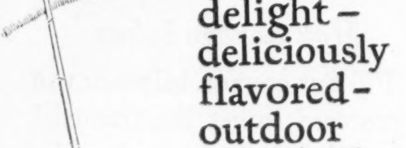
Other Models from 35¢ to $10.00

Made by the men who invented the safety razor ~ ~

STAR SAFETY RAZOR CO.
BROOKLYN N.Y.

A real delight – deliciously flavored – outdoor men find its use

"a sensible habit"



BEEMAN'S
Pepsin Gum

AMERICAN CHICLE CO.

SELL INDIVIDUALIZED BUSINESS XMAS CARDS

WANTED - immediately in every community, a man to close orders for individualized Greeting Cards. Will have dealers assistance. Our *Made-to-Order* line offers profitable work and repeat orders to salesmen qualified to call on business executives. We furnish portfolio and convincing facts for easy selling. Whole or part time. *Write for details today.*

Turner & Porter, Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

Tom Masson says—

A CHAIR of banking and finance has been endowed in a Western university. Now let's start one in some American home.

* *

Notice to all desert islands: Please lay in a good supply of lip sticks and rouge pots. A movie star may be cast away on you at any moment.

* *

One test of prosperity is when you can always get credit enough to live beyond your means.

* *

The way things seem to be shaping up in Europe just now, the war between this country and Japan may have to stand in line and wait its turn.

* *

Early morning services are now being held for golfers. The rest of the day is spent in repeating what the minister said.

* *

Suggested motto for Mr. Rockefeller's Fifth Avenue church: "All modernist improvements."

* *

Future description of a public park: A collection of apartment houses, shops and cabarets now covering an open space where trees and grass once grew.

* *

The increased postage for private postcards makes the local postmistress remark: "Two pennies for your thoughts."

* *

It will soon be time for us husbands to be getting back home from our wives' vacations.

* *

There might not be any money in biology even if it was put on a praying basis.

* *

"My greatest fault," complains E. W. Howe, "is that I put off until to-morrow that which I should do to-day." We can go him one better: We put off until the day after to-morrow and then forget it.

* *

In the old days when you wanted to get speed out of a girl you turned off the gas. Now you turn it on.

* *

"What's the difference between Sunday and any other day in the week now?" asks an anxious inquirer. You can get run over twice as often on Sunday.

So This is New York

Continued from page 7

Paul's look like a canter in the park! Honest, we went through everything but college, and pretty soon motorcycle cops took up the chase, with foot gendarmes standing on the running boards of commandeered cars and blazing away merrily. Bullets flowed like water, and there was only two more shots fired at Gettysburg!

But we had a running start, and the traffic maze helped us too. While I weaved my taxi in and out at breakneck speed, the cops seemed to get in each other's way, and at Van Cortlandt Park I'd shook off everybody. In spite of all the shots exchanged, neither me, my tires, gas tank or the inmates of my taxi was hit. They made me drive 'em way beyond Hastings, where a touring car joined us with two other guys on the front seat. I stopped by request, and one of my fares hands me a hundred-dollar bill and tells me gruffly to beat it. I was only too glad to get rid of 'em, and I breathed a heavy sigh of relief as they jumped in the touring car and vanished up the road at top speed.

"So this is New York!" I says to myself.

Well, when I finally got back to the garage with my bullet-riddled taxi, which looked like it come direct from the Marne, I found quite a reception waiting for me. The committee was composed of cops, reporters and photographers, and they seemed hugely glad to see me. They didn't wait for me to climb down off the seat; they was so impatient they pulled me off it!

THEN they begin a cross-examination of me which must of lasted a couple hours and reduced my weight about fifteen pounds. I told 'em forty times all I knew about my two free-shooting passengers—and I knew nothing: how they come to engage me, what they looked like, that I'd never saw 'em before in my life, would be greatly pleased if I never seen 'em again, and that I drove 'em away from the bank because of the loaded gun pressed against my neck. On that last point I got a lucky break because a couple or three citizens which had saw the start of that wild race stepped forward and says I'm telling the naked truth. Finally, after I'd posed for the newspaper photographers, I was allowed to go, but told to hold myself ready for more questions at police headquarters.

That night the papers is full of the daring hold-up of the Stevedores & Scientists' National Bank, together with the part *I* was forced to play in the get-away of the robbers. A tingle run merrily up and down my spine when I read that them two brigands had grabbed $40,000 and wounded one of the tellers. My photo and one of my wrecked taxi also decorated the front pages, and I got quite a thrill out of reading all the details, feeling I had suddenly become a person of great prominence in the bustling port of New York! I knew Barbara Baxter would read all that and I felt like calling her up and saying, "So nothing ever happens to a taxi driver, hey?"

But I didn't. Instead, I sit up half the night talking over the robbery with Butch Ford and Left Hook O'Brien, which looked on me as a hero of the first water, though Butch warned me the cops would probably make my life miserable from then on. Butch hit a homer on his guess, for when I reported for work the next morning I got two fearful setbacks—I was both fired and pinched!

A couple of burly plain-clothes men took me down to headquarters on what they called a "short affidavit," where I was searched, booked on "suspicion of grand larceny," finger-printed, and all my measurements taken. I was almost a year afterwards getting the police to destroy all that stuff!

Well, when the John Laws got done toying with me, they led me into a office where there was a lieutenant, a copper stenographer and some hard-boiled, assorted gumshoes. I was invited to sit down, and then the looey nods to one of the dicks, who opens a door, and in steps—Jack Fairfax!

AT MY start of surprise and the wild glare I give him, which the cops was quick to notice and read the wrong way, Fairfax shot me a swift, evil grin.

"Did you ever see this man before?" the lieutenant asks him, pointing to me.

"Yes, sir," says Fairfax, and then goes on like he's reading it out of a book. "I hailed this man's taxicab on Broadway a few moments before the robbery of the bank. It was stopped at the curb, and I didn't see there were two men inside until I came up to it. They were in earnest conversation with the chauffeur, and didn't notice me at first. I distinctly heard the three of them discussing a proposed hold-up and instructing this fellow as to *his* part in the affair."

With that as a starter, he reeled off the most sensational downright lie I ever heard since I read "Gulliver's Travels"! No fooling, I was too dumfounded to dash across that room and knock him dead, or even butt in on his story. The stenographer is taking all this down, and by the time Fairfax got through he had swore in black and white that I helped frame that hold-up! When I did find my tongue, I was too mad and excited to talk clearly and they locked me up in a cell.

I guess that's where I'd been yet if Barbara Baxter hadn't read in the papers about me being jailed. She come flying down to headquarters with a lawyer, and when she showed the bulls her credentials as a federal detective they let her see me fast enough. Barbara didn't even ask me was I guilty—she simply said she *knew* I had nothing to do with that robbery and it was a outrage to lock me up! Then we had a session with the lieutenant. The lawyer pointed out that I had no police record, and they'd already held me more than twenty-four hours without enough evidence to hold me at all, except as a witness. He demanded my release, saying he'd be responsible for me, and Barbara chimes in with how I helped her in her government duties at Fairfax Falls, explaining just why Jack Fairfax was sore at me. When she wound up by saying that Fairfax is even then out on bail awaiting a trial that will probably send him to Atlanta, Mr. Lieutenant weakened! I finally got released in the custody of Barbara's lawyer, a smart old guy named Yerkes.

Believe me, I was plenty grateful to Barbara, and I had to admit that her being a detective at *that* time—woman's job or not—was a great thing for *me!*

However, my trouble was just the opposite to being over. The rap had gone around, and I soon found out that getting mixed up in the bank robbery had not only cost me the job I had, but had barred me everywhere else! The few dollars I had left galloped away for room and board, then my watch, new suit and an overcoat found out what it meant to lay in a pawnshop. Butch Ford and Left Hook O'Brien staked me a few times willingly, but I couldn't go on living off them boys forever, and neither was I ready to accept their propositions to enter the ring. I would of called it a day and crept back to Fairfax Falls again, only that would of looked like I was yellow and the Big Town had licked me. Honest, I didn't know *what* to do!

I WAS sitting in Butch Ford's gym one afternoon, watching Left Hook O'Brien go through his final workout for his rumpus with Rough House Hicks, when the phone rings. Butch answers it and says it's for me. That lawyer, Mr. Yerkes, had been trying to line me up for a private chauffeur's job, and I was hoping it was him, so I rushed eagerly to the phone. A female voice dashed my hopes—it was Pansy Pilkington speaking.

"Hello, Bill!" she says pertly. "What's a six-letter word meaning holdup?"

"Garter!" I snarled into the phone, mad enough to battle a lion and give the lion the first two bites!

"That's a wise crack!" she giggles.

"So is the Grand Canyon!" I returned, "What do you want?"

"Don't be so peevish!" she says. "I suppose, now that you have a bank roll, your old friends are apple sauce—is that it?"

"What do you mean I got a bank roll?" I asked her, surprised.

"Oh, don't kid *me*, Bill!" says Pansy. "I read the papers regularly. You sure put over a speedy one, I'll tell the world! I always knew you had lots of nerve, but robbing a New York bank—"

"Do you mean to say you think *I* had anything to do with that?" I almost screamed into the phone.

"Bill, don't put it on for *me*—I knew you *when!*" she says calmly. "I only hope you got your share, that's all. By the way, if you feel like throwing a party for old time's sake—well, I'm not doing a thing to-night!"

In rage and disgust, I slammed up the receiver. She thought I was a burglar. Can you beat that?

Well, fate or luck, whatever you want to call it, works in mighty strange ways! Barbara Baxter had never saw a prize fight in her life, and I got her to go with me to see Left Hook O'Brien meet Rough House Hicks at the Garden. Our seats was so close to the ropes that if they'd been any closer Left Hook would of been disqualified for having his friends in the ring with him!

Rough House Hicks was a good boy, but he was no match for the hard-punching, iron-jawed O'Brien, who almost knocked him off in the very first round. It wasn't a fight; it was a slaughter, with O'Brien the busy butcher! Unfortunately, Hicks was what is known in fistiana as a "bleeder," and he soon was a gory sight, which didn't please Barbara a particle. In the second frame, when O'Brien begin battering his unlucky tête-à-tête from pillar to post, Barbara said the brutality of the thing made her ill, and she demanded that I take her home at once.

Well, I didn't quite agree with Barbara's views of the matter, and I was enjoying seeing my buddy do his stuff, but I decided to obey orders rather than get in wrong with her again. We're rising from our seats, when in looking across the ring I suddenly recognized a familiar face in the crowd right opposite. The fellow's features puzzled me for a minute. I knew I'd seen him somewheres, but—*where?* Then I grabbed Barbara's arm, squeezed it till she let fall a little cry and wheeled on me in surprise, but I was gooseflesh all over and even forgot to apologize for my roughness. *The guy across the ring from me was one of the bank robbers!*

I quickly panted out that information to Barbara, and at once she was as excited as me. She says to tell a near-by copper, which had been keeping his eye on *me* ever since we come in, but I growled:

"That bull will gum things up—hold everything, Barbara. I'm going to nail this baby myself!"

Left Hook O'Brien and Rough House Hicks was in a furious mix-up, and the howling crowd was following their every move. I tried to work my way around the ring to reach my man at the other side, and in doing that I shut off the view of the ringsiders. Loud yells of "Hey, sit down, Dumb-bell," hands grabbing fiercely at me and a chorus of angry boos slowed me up. This shouting attracted the attention of the bank robber, and he seen me headed for him. He knew *me* all right, for he started to get up and duck. But I seen a lifetime chance to square myself with Barbara Baxter, the world and the Stevedores & Scientists' National Bank, and the sight of that parsnip slipping out of my hands like that made me desperate! I couldn't move a inch past the angry ringsiders, and I looked wildly about for a short cut to the other side of the ring. In a flash I seen one!

TO THE thunderstruck amazement of the crowd, I jumped through the ropes right into the ring where O'Brien and Hicks was slamming away at each other. Immediately the house was in a uproar, and the referee gazed at me like he was stunned! The two scrappers was far too busy with each other to notice me, and still ferociously battling they milled across my determined path. Was a mere prize fight to keep me from my prey? Blah! I impatiently grabbed the boys by their shoulders and flung 'em aside, to collide against the ropes on opposite sides of the ring. The referee come to life and grabbed me, but with one shove I sent him sprawling to the canvas. Then I dived through the ropes over his prostrate body to land on top of the wildly cursing bank bandit, who, caught by the jam around him, was wedged there tight!

At almost the same instant Left Hook O'Brien recovered from the shock of my charge across the ring and knocked the still astonished Rough House Hicks as cold as the middle of a nut sundae!

Well, that's about all there is to this bedtime story, except that Barbara Baxter thought my capture of the robber was the pig's velocipede, and I got five thousand dollars' reward from the Stevedores & Scientists' National Bank. Think of it—five grand! What I done with that plumber's ransom I'll tell you at our next session. Bring the kiddies!

Another Bill Grimm story will appear in an early number of Collier's

CHARLIE CHAPLIN

The real Chaplin is an impulsive genius. How he works and plays and contrives to indulge his mother's every whim is described in next week's Collier's, in an intimate article by his friend

KONRAD BERCOVICI

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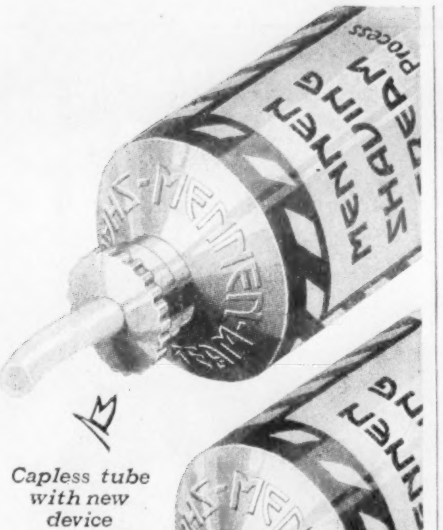


Capless tube with new device

Original tube with threaded cap

Tu-be or *not* Tu-be?

Way back in 42 B. C., Publius Syrus said: "Powerful indeed is the empire of *habit*."

Sixteen centuries later Shakespeare wrote: "How use doth breed a *habit* in a man!"

Since the copyrights of both these authors have expired, I'll use their nifties to illustrate a point.

The Mennen Company perfected an ingenious opening device for tubes that replaced the old-style threaded cap. This invention, applied to Mennen Shaving Cream tubes, was hailed as a masterpiece by millions of men. My mail was flooded with enthusiastic letters.

Yet here and there was a man who frankly confessed that he was "sot" in his tube ideas. The ingrained *habit* of years was too strong to change overnight.

Now I know that no Mennen user would give up the cream, even if we packed it in burglar-proof safes. But I want every Mennen fan to know that he can have his cream in the tube that suits him best. We have kept right on producing Mennen's in its original package.

Every druggist has Mennen's in the old tubes as well as the new. "You pays your money and you takes your choice."

Either type of tube costs 50c and contains the shaving cream that has created more good-will and honest appreciation than any other man-product ever made.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN
SHAVING CREAM

Services Rendered

Continued from page 13

Namah waited until Shann had gone and she and Grace sat before the fire on the living-room couch, Little Namah contentedly braiding the strips of her father's paper into a mat at their feet, and then she said she thought things were pretty uncomfortable for Thomas Shann and he needed a bit more considering.

Grace was sweet and patient and gentle. She kissed her mother and thanked her. "But you really can trust me, Mumsy dear, to know about my own husband. If I were less sensitive, you know, or if I were selfish—"

She talked a good deal, while Little Namah, having finished the mat, got a salt shaker and sprinkled salt over the back of the tufted rose-colored velvet couch, and in the end, reconvinced of the wisdom of letting her alone, Namah left her and walked on slowly down to the shop.

That walk was one of the outstanding events of her life. Inwardly she was as excited as she was outwardly calm. For she knew that while Grace talked something that had held her had been broken. She knew that now at last, and through no ruthlessness of her own, she was free. Grace had freed her. She didn't know how, but the fact she knew, as if it had been a thousand-dollar bill that she held in her hand.

"I'll give him the managership," she said to herself, "on the first of the month, if business continues as good as it is. And then I'll go off alone for a year. I'll"—she drew in a long, half-frightened breath—"I'll go to Venice!" she breathed softly, all to herself. She was rather wildly happy, away deep down inside. "And young too!" she thought defiantly. "No other human being dreams how young I am!"

Life came out well, after all, if you only waited long enough.

The news was waiting for Namah on her return from a business trip to Chicago. Grace sent it down to the station by Rhoda Miller, a young matron of about her own temperament. Rhoda delivered it dynamically:

". . . That woman who sells you ribbons!"

"Caroline Gray?" Namah was almost as surprised as if she had heard that Shann had cut the children's throats. "You don't mean Caroline Gray?"

RHODA nodded, her brown eyes flaring with indignation. "They talked for three hours in the hotel sample-room. The clerk heard her begging him to go away with her. She said that he *couldn't* be happy with Grace, and there wasn't any use in trying."

"What did *he* say?" Namah's throat and breast were tight with breath.

"*He* said he guessed that was true, and that he ought to have known it from the beginning. And then *she* said that *she had!*"

"They come from the same town," Namah said. "They've known each other all their lives. He bought the ribbons for the store, and when she came they always had lunch together at the hotel. She's the only friend of his I ever heard of. But there was never a touch of—anything like that. Did they go away *together?*"

"Together. The station agent saw them get on the midnight train. He was carrying her suit case and his own." He left this." Rhoda placed before his mother-in-law Shann's valediction.

"DEAR GRACE: *I am going away. I am not coming back. I am sorry. Please tell your mother I am sorry. Thank you for everything. And tell your mother I thank her too.*

Your affectionate husband,
THOMAS SHANN.

Namah locked her hands and looked into the distance. She thought: "It's me he has hit the hardest. He's leaving me stranded—almost back on the rocks of thirty years ago. Grace has the children. And everything else that he ought to have given her, *I* shall have to supply, as I have in the past. How could he treat me like that?

"Grace," she thought, "won't want anything from me but listening."

As she went into a kind of wake that Grace was holding, she felt that this common misfortune, which should have brought them closer, had separated them further yet.

Grace sat on the rose-colored couch, flanked by Little Namah and Jean-Lou, with Baby in her lap. The closest of her women friends sat around her, in attitudes of admiration and sympathy. She was white-cheeked and dry-eyed, gentle and quiet.

When the door opened and she saw her mother, "Darling!' she cried, "*Darling!*" and held out her arms and lifted her face with its big dark hurt eyes that seemed to say, "You see how I suffer, but you can trust me to be brave," and pulled Namah down and buried her face in her shoulder. Namah got up as soon as she could and sat stiffly beside her.

"If Mother could only let herself go," she had once heard Grace say, "life would be so much easier for her."

Namah wondered.

The women talked of Thomas Shann.

"There was always a look in his eyes—" said one.

And another, "Oh, anyone could see—you *must* let me say it, Grace—that he was made of different stuff, coarser clay."

And then Grace, softly, out of an ineffably gentle brooding, "What chance did he have with a woman like that? What chance did *I* have? What chance do women like me ever have against women like her?"

And then an eager dropping of, "What indeed!" "I've often said it." "But even if he *could* bring himself to leave you, dear, how could he *ever* have left *them?*"

Then Grace again, very soft, very brave: "Little pigeon!" with a kiss on Jean-Lou's tumbled black hair; "Little duckie!" patting Little Namah's hands. "Try not to blame him any more than you can help, all of you, won't you? He's"—her voice trembled a little—"he's just mixed up. He has lost his way. Some day he'll find it again."

"And then you'll take him back?" cried Rhoda Miller. "Grace, you *wouldn't!*"

Grace pressed Little Namah and Jean-Lou closer. She smiled wanly above Baby's curly head, and shook her own that was so much like it. "I don't know. How can I tell? I'm not one of those hard, holy, unforgiving women. And he—he is *their father.*"

Namah left a little abruptly and went to the shop to see what had to be done to bridge the gap until Shann returned.

For she too was convinced that he was coming back. Not because Caroline Gray was "a woman like that," but because she wasn't. Namah, who was the only one who knew her, thought that Caroline was very much like Grace.

"Grace and babies," she thought, "femininity and furbelows—I could have understood if he had gone away to get free of them! But to jump from Grace's frying pan into the fire of Caroline Gray! . . ."

"He'll have everything that bothered him before," she thought, "and it'll all be worse, since he won't have the decency of being married. There may not be babies, but Caroline herself is as bad as three of them, and in a strange place he'll get the full force of her. It's just an infatuation. He'll be back in a year."

But he wasn't. Nor yet in two. Nor three.

SALLY HERON had moved away, and none of the other employees was managerial timber. Namah's patience remained; waxed more considerable under the abrasions of the years, like a callous place on the body, but her resilience lessened. And the load that Shann had eased down upon her shoulders became as much a part of her as the grizzled "switch" that she twined every morning in her thinning hair.

Grace and the children came to live with her, and the house she had occupied alone in fastidious orderliness slacked off into a tumbled nursery.

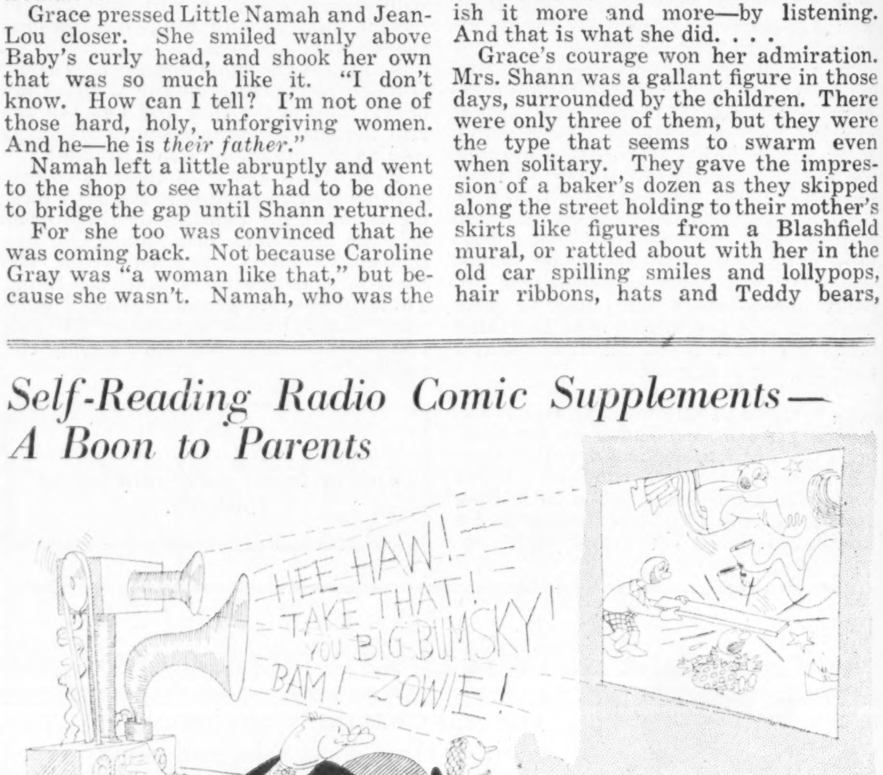
"You don't mind, do you?" Grace begged at first, with that tremolo that lay in those days under everything she said. "It simply isn't possible to deny the little darlings anything just now, is it? To make them feel shut off, alone?"

And the children, so established, so remained. The years went by, and the house, with its appurtenances, was theirs, including Grandmama. No one knew what it meant to her to give up the orderly quiet that had lain like rich moist soil about the roots of her life.

But more and more passionately she loved the lively crew into whose hands Fate had delivered her. The more she gave up for them, the more she loved them. It was the only way she could justify herself to herself. There was an immense capacity for affection under the quiet exterior and habitual restraint of Grandmamma Forbush. Life brought her closer now to Grace. The tricky space that lay between them was unguessed and unadventured by her daughter, and Namah knew now that she would never speak to Grace across it: but she learned that *she* could diminish it more and more—by listening. And that is what she did. . . .

Grace's courage won her admiration. Mrs. Shann was a gallant figure in those days, surrounded by the children. There were only three of them, but they were the type that seems to swarm even when solitary. They gave the impression of a baker's dozen as they skipped along the street holding to their mother's skirts like figures from a Blashfield mural, or rattled about with her in the old car spilling smiles and lollypops, hair ribbons, hats and Teddy bears,

Self-Reading Radio Comic Supplements—A Boon to Parents


HEE HAW!
TAKE THAT!
YOU BIG BUMSKY!
BAM! ZOWIE!

Father: Well, if we have to have comic supplements, thank heaven that at last I don't have to read them making the rounds of Grace's friends.

It occurred at the edge of a small town to which she had come on business. A wait of three hours before the homeward train had sent Namah down a street through the fringe of the town into a path beaming with dandelions, under the wide white eyes of dogwood blossoms and the blood-fresh green of half-curled leaves, and then to an acre or so of vegetable gardens and an old red brick building that had once been a factory, and Shann. He stood between the cavernous-looking arched doorway of the building and the neat, luxuriant gardens, an old short pipe with a nick in the side of its bowl in his mouth, a long-headed mongrel hound at his feet. Their faces as they turned them toward her were rather alike.

He reddened past the coat of sunburn that he wore, made the stub of a movement to hold out his hand and thought better of it, took his pipe from his mouth and said painfully, "Were you *looking* for me? Has anything happened?"

"No," she said slowly, on both counts, and appraised him without emotion. The long, patient, folded face, that spoke so faintly of anything else, spoke to her no longer now even of loyalty and steadfastness. "If something *had* happened, I shouldn't be looking for you. I came here to buy a bankrupt stock. There's no train till seven o'clock. Do you *live* here?"

"Yes." He hitched his pipe toward the doorway. "I'm a truck gardener."

It didn't seem to make any difference. She remembered the things she used to think she would say to him if she ever had the chance, but the feelings from which they sprang had burned away. She wanted to turn and go back along the path without more talk. She made a half-unconscious, wavering movement to go. Shann understood and grew redder yet.

"Won't you come in? I want to tell you something."

She hesitated. If he had anything to say to her, she'd be sorry afterward she hadn't overcome this indifference and listened to it; but, "I don't want to meet Caroline Gray," she said, looking about for signs of her.

He had always been slow of speech, doing his thinking first. A blackbird swinging on a cat-tail released its tripping run of notes—as though a spring slipped its catch and shook a little peal of bells—four times before he replied, "Did you think I went away with Caroline Gray?"

"Didn't you?" she said, with short an tart contempt.

"No. What made you think—?"

"The station agent saw you," she said in the explicit tones in which she had once given him directions in the shop. "He saw you board the midnight train with her, carrying her suit case and your own."

"But—"

SHE laid her hand on his arm. "Don't lie to me. We were friends once. The whole town knows about it. Anson Beardsley, the clerk of the hotel, heard her urging you to leave Grace and come away with *her*—and heard you say you'd do it, since there wasn't any use in trying to be happy with Grace. Do you see?"

"Yes," he said slowly. "I never thought of that. I suppose I ought to have. I just happened to take that train. I didn't know she was going on it. She got off at Akron Junction and took another. She was on her way to marry another man. It was that made her talk like that to me. She was going to be happy herself and she wanted me to be happy too. I—why, I haven't seen her since."

As he stood there, as valid and simple as the carrots and onions growing behind him, she saw that he told the truth.

"Then why did you go away?"

"Don't *you* know why?" said Shann.

"I never thought past Caroline. Do you mean—?"

He looked down at his long broken-nailed thumb as he rubbed it against the bowl of his pipe. "I mean, all Grace wanted was children," he said queerly. "After she got them she didn't need me any more. There wasn't any reason why I should go on—go on"—he seemed to be seeking the word he wanted on the polished surface of the pipe—"go on staying with her," he finished lamely.

"Don't you think you owed something to your children, and to *me?*"

"Yes," he said, distressed. He took a determined breath, as if facing something difficult he had known was coming. "That's what I wanted to talk to you about. Won't you come in?"

She turned toward the arched doorway. "Why didn't you tell me why you went away?"

"I thought you knew. Wouldn't you have known if it hadn't been for Caroline Gray?"

"I suppose," said Namah, with reluctant honesty, "I suppose I would."

"I live upstairs." He led the way across the big bare room that constituted the ground floor.

AGAINST the shadowy walls she could see rough, earthy symbols of his changed estate: wheelbarrows and hand plows and frames of hotbeds.

She followed him up the stairs.

"I came here when I left, and I've been here ever since. I picked it out from a farm-agency catalogue. It was the first place I looked at, and the rent was cheap. I wasn't after anything much but being alone."

She took the split-bottom rocker he offered and looked at the whitewashed walls: the small, hard-looking clean bed, with its neat fold of gray-and-black checked blanket across the foot and blue calico cover on the pillow; the solid deal table, with its big oil lamp, tobacco can, and big pasteboard box of matches, and little stack of books. A last sun ray glinted on their titles, and there it was: "The White Company."

While she sat silently for a moment the room said something to her very plainly on his behalf. She looked at him suddenly, and one of those rare flashes passed between them upon which, when they come, human relationships are built. There was not much left to be put into words.

"You are happy here. You ought not to have married my daughter. I can see that. But how could you leave the children? *I* couldn't, and they are not mine."

Shann sat down helplessly on the edge of the bed and let his arms hang straight.

"They are not mine either. They—well, they are just like Grace! I never did feel they were mine. I don't think Grace wanted me to. When I went out with them I felt like a nurse or something—not their father. And— Oh, I don't know—I don't suppose I could make you understand, but— If one of them had only been a boy! . . ."

And Namah understood that too.

She said so, and they sat looking at each other in the gathering dusk. She had the strange and lonely realization that each of them had come closer to the other than to anyone else.

Shann got up and took three little brown books from a corner of the table.

"I haven't forgotten them. I'm not as bad as that." He opened the books and laid them in her lap. "I want to help you look out for them as much as I can. I've put in all I could spare."

The books showed that he had deposited in the local savings bank every week for each of his children five dollars for all of the weeks in the three years.

"I see," she said at last, and closed the little books and held them out. "You'll do anything for them except go back." She looked at him steadily. "Well, maybe you are wiser than I am. I've wanted to get away too, you know. I've planned for it for years. But after you left I gave up planning. It couldn't have been both of us. I suppose it is usually the man who wins. In a way, *I've* paid for your vacation."

Shann took a long breath.

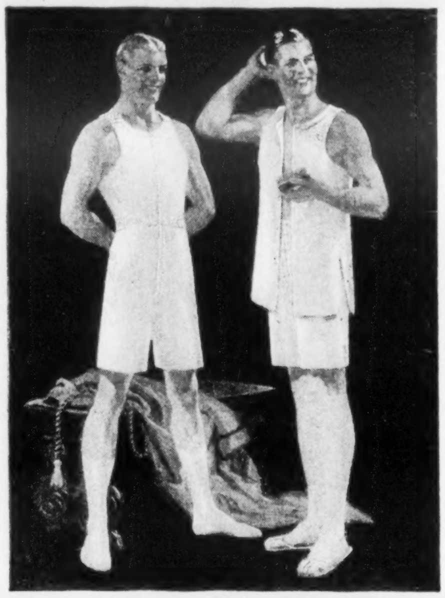
"I know. You were getting ready to go when Grace and I were married. And then when I went away and left you with the bag to hold. I knew it all the time. Well, you've been kinder to me than anybody else in the world, and—well, the vacation's over. I'm coming back."

Namah sat up straight and looked at him hard.

"Coming back to stay?"

"Yes. For the rest of my life. I had made up my mind before you came."

"Not Exactly
Dressed—
But
Well-Dressed
Just the
Same!"



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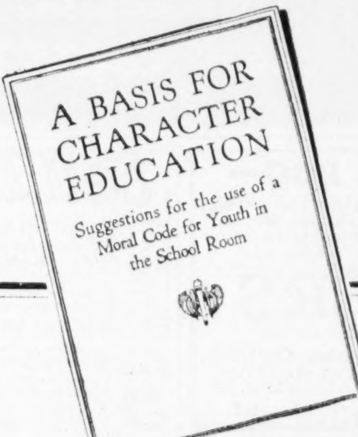

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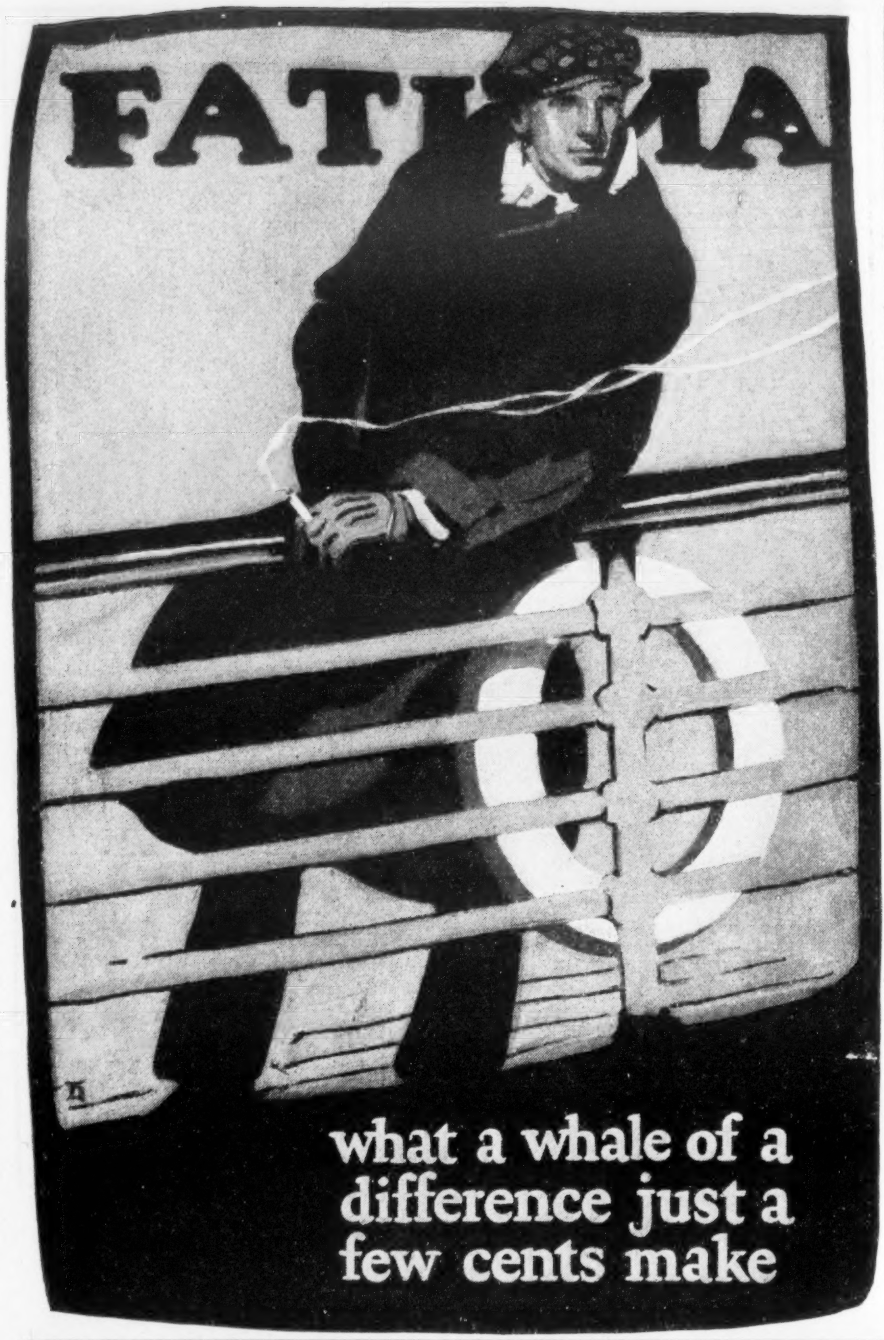
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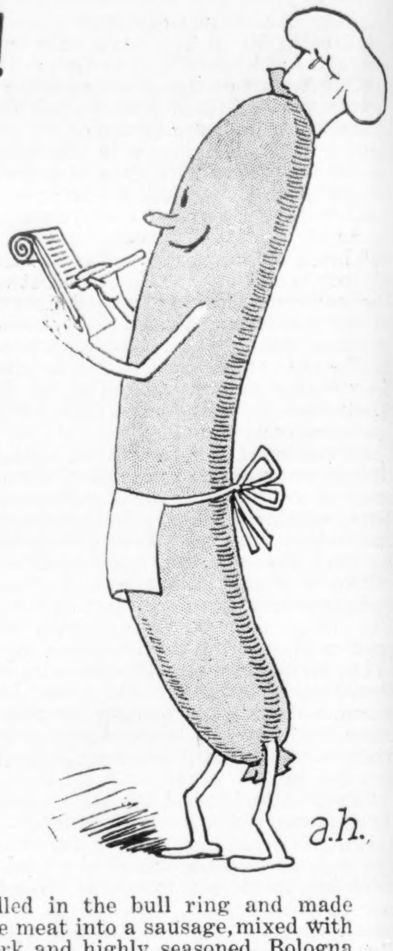
HOT DOG!

It's a BIG BUSINESS

By W. O. SAUNDERS



AT THE ball park, at the seashore, on hot plates in lunch counters and on roadside stands everywhere—hot dogs. Millions of hot dogs! Did you ever stop to think of the vast proportions this unique industry has assumed in America in recent years? You probably haven t. Well, here's something to talk about the next time you eat hot dog.

American meat packers chopped 707,322,588 pounds of meat for sausage last year, according to the Bureau of Animal Industry of the United States Department of Agriculture. The American Institute of Meat Packers estimates that four hundred million pounds of this meat went into Frankfurters, or hot dogs. Think of it! Estimating eight six-inch links of sausage to the pound, that's about thirty-two million hot dogs; enough if laid end to end to go around the earth thirteen times and then some; enough, indeed, to throw a life line to the Dog Star—as far as life lines usually go.

What is hot dog? Well, it is mostly bull; bull meat mixed with pork, highly spiced, steam-cooked and smoked over hickory smoke. It originated in Bologna, Spain, so long ago that only the main facts may be recalled. They used to slaughter an enormous number of bulls in the arenas of Spain in days when bullfighting was more popular and more brutal than it is to-day.

It looked like a great economic crime to see so much prize beef wasted. But nobody wanted bull beef just so; bulls are tough and not so delicious as cows and steers are. A butcher in Bologna had an idea and bought bulls that were killed in the bull ring and made the meat into a sausage, mixed with pork and highly seasoned. Bologna sausage appealed to the popular taste.

Germans borrowed the formula, put the same sausage mixture into small casings and Bologna became "Frankfurter" in Frankfort and "Weenie" in Vienna. Coney Island gave it the name of hot dog and popularized it.

One stand in Coney Island that has been selling hot dogs for half a century is reputed to have a sale of five to ten tons of Frankfurters a day in the busy season. Somebody has to sell a lot of 'em to get rid of that four hundred million pounds a year.

Coming in COLLIER'S

Albert Payson Terhune

Albert Payson Terhune comes of a writing family and once stood up to Gentleman Jim Corbett in a private bout. He knows men, women and dogs. And he is writing some brand-new stories about all three for Collier's.

William Allen White

The "Sage of Emporia" has the gift of portraying men so that every character line is plainly visible. His forthcoming articles on Senator Borah, "The Lone Lion of Idaho," and Senator Curtis, whose power rivals the President's, will help you to understand these men who will be in the news when Congress meets.

Walter Camp

The last article Walter Camp ever wrote will appear in Collier's for August 29th.

The Northwest Mounted Police

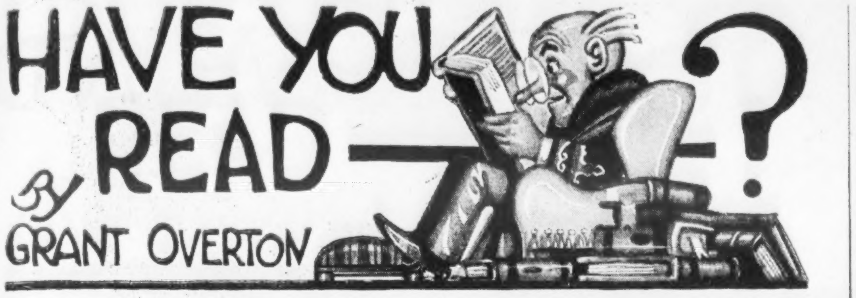
A series of true stories of the dramatic adventures of Canada's heroic red-coated patrol by Walter Liggett.

George Arliss

This famous American player, who, we discover, can write as well as he can act, contributes an amusing article, "BEHIND THE SCENES," to Collier's for August 29th.

Will Irwin

"THE RICHEST PEOPLE ON EARTH" live in a certain Middle-Western state. Their skins are not white, but they have accumulated a great deal of the white man's golden burden. Mr. Irwin tells all about them in the August 22d issue.



HAVE YOU READ?

By GRANT OVERTON

TWENTY-NINE on September 24th—that's the age of F. Scott Fitzgerald, author of "This Side of Paradise" and of a new novel, "The Great Gatsby."

It is five years since "This Side of Paradise" appeared.

One of the best ways to describe "The Great Gatsby" is to say that for the first time in reading Scott Fitzgerald you forget his age.

"This Side of Paradise," as one man said, had every imaginable fault except the fault that would have been fatal. It lived; the people in it lived and you lived as you read it.

Fitzgerald's second novel, "The Beautiful and Damned," had moments. But when it was finished it was just a second novel by the author of "This Side of Paradise."

"The Great Gatsby" really comes off. Without being anything more than memorable among the novels of the season or the year, the book is the most thrilling of 1925 so far in one direction: It unveils an author.

One novel does not make a writer any more than one swallow makes a summer drink. Show me a brilliant novel by a youngster and you show me a brilliant novel by a youngster—but you show me nothing more.

The infant prodigy exists in music and chess as a force to be reckoned with, but not in fiction. In judging "The Great Gatsby" you have to take into account how severely handicapped Scott Fitzgerald was simply from the fact of having written "This Side of Paradise" at twenty-three.

"The Great Gatsby" is not necessarily a novel of wide appeal. I don't even know whether it is fully intelligible to anyone who has not had glimpses of the kind of life it depicts. That life I should describe as the froth on the wave of the city washing out into the edges of the countryside. It is a mixture of iridescent bubbles and scum. It is silly, empty, bursting and beautiful. It leaves a dirty mark on the ground. You stare at the stain and wonder which is real, the glint of loveliness that you saw or the smear that is left.

And the answer, of course, is that both are real, real as life itself, the queer mixture of beauty and pain, courage and cruelty that blows bubbles continually for all of us. . . .

Well, if you had lived on western Long Island or in Westchester County, N. Y., or just outside Chicago or San Francisco or any other sizable city, you will recognize everything in "The Great Gatsby."

The novel takes it title from a fellow who has a big estate and gives magnificent week-end parties, admission on your nerve only. No one knows anything about Gatsby, and so everyone understands perfectly that he is a bootlegger who founded his fortune as a spy in the war—and so on.

Smart Life Soberly Portrayed

THE story is told by a man living next door. It concerns, besides Gatsby, a typical rich young married couple who also have a fine house and a little girl and nothing in common. There are a couple of other threads in a pretty badly tangled skein.

You pick up your morning paper and see a headline: NAMES NEIGHBOR IN SOCIETY DIVORCE, or NEW EVIDENCE IN SMART SET'S MURDER. "The Great Gatsby" is a perfect picture of the life that produces those headlines. It is the story that the morning paper never gives you.

Please don't get the idea, however, that the book is melodramatic. It contains murder and sudden death, but off stage. You get what went before, and you get the consequences.

That is why I say this novel is thrilling. That is why I say it reveals a man who can write (and "write" here means go on writing and growing). Mr. Fitzgerald has said something like this to himself:

"Let the morning paper supply 'kick.' I am not a reporter; I am a novelist. My job is not to supply the reader with a kick; my job is to make him feel an emotion.

"The newspaper tells him what happened, but it never makes it clear enough. The reader wants to know *why* it happened. He wants to know how in thunder such a thing *could* happen. I'll show him how!"

If Scott Fitzgerald were a horse, I would back him now in anything where he had to go a good distance.

You Mustn't Miss "Drums"

A WHILE ago I spoke of a first novel, "Drums," by James Boyd. Now I think I did it less than justice. I guess I said that it discards all the flummery of historical romance and makes you feel that you are living in the North Carolina of the 1770's. But it is a lot better than just that. It has a quality of naturalness and freshness that John Fox, Jr., used to manage; it is better than Fox. It ought to be a strong contender for the Pulitzer Prize for the best American novel of 1925; but probably not.

The Pulitzer Prize has, so far as I can recall, been awarded to no first novel except Margaret Wilson's "The Able McLaughlins," a pretty thin affair, I thought. And it was not awarded to "The Able McLaughlins" until that had been for a long while a best seller.

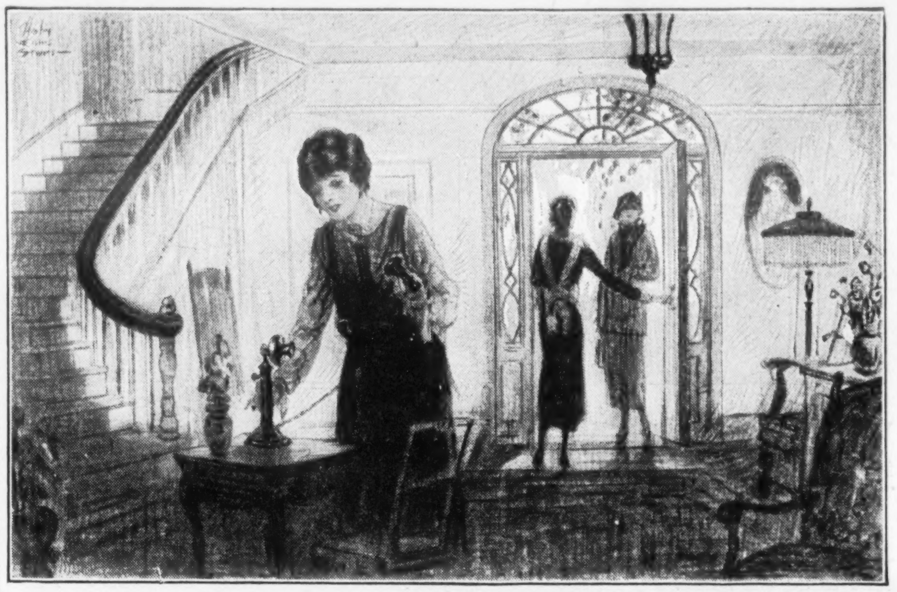
The Pulitzer Prize is not used to discover and proclaim meritorious work by new writers. There have been admirable awards of this prize, through Columbia University, but like most such affairs it is an advertisement.

I would, however, almost offer a prize myself for a good, popular and *interesting* book on science up to date. Perhaps Edwin E. Slosson will write a new one. I can talk with a man like Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the arctic explorer, and get a thrill out of what he tells me, but an hour's talk at luncheon isn't long enough. Physics has knocked the pins out from under chemistry; mercury vapor has been changed into gold, thus realizing the old alchemists' dream; there is a continent larger than Australia and higher than Asia in the Antarctic, an appalling, snowy, ice-bound No Man's Land which we are not prepared to fly over; Iceland is a racial test tube sealed up eight hundred years ago and Icelanders are 60 per cent Norse, 35 per cent Irish, and 5 per cent other racial strains—all these fascinating facts, past and present, spill over in an hour's talk. But if I want a book about such affairs, there isn't any. Even if I try to find three books, one of science, one of geography, one of history, I can't find readable ones. The people who know can't write and the people who write don't know enough.

The most interesting American biography of the year so far is the life of Brigham Young, by M. R. Werner, author of "Barnum." It is practically a history of the Mormon Church, of course.

"The Great Gatsby." By F. Scott Fitzgerald. Charles Scribner's Sons.

"Brigham Young." By M. R. Werner. Harcourt, Brace & Co.



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WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND

Wanted—Not Charity, But Advice

To the Editor of Collier's:

BOYS working their way through college are not unusual occurrences to-day, but I wonder if it is possible for a girl without a cent to do the same.

I am a girl of seventeen years of age, have just graduated from high school with honors, and find mv dream of going to college cannot be fulfilled because of the financial side of it. I have no one from whom I could borrow money. Now, I am intelligent, and at least fairly talented in a certain line. Is it possible for me to work my way through college beginning without a cent? Are there any girls who have accomplished that feat? If so, would they give me their advice—not by saying "where there's a will, there's a way" and the like, but advice which I can follow materially? College means a great deal to me.

"NEW JERSEY,"
Ogdensburg, N. J.

Take Off the Bears

To the Editor of Collier's:

In the June 27th issue, Donald MacGregor writing: "Don't Send Him Canes,' the following appears: "Somethin' we brought him from home in Louisiana—a couple of bears. Mountain bears. I captured 'em myself."

Now, Mr. Editor, Donald got those bears out of his imagination—we have durn few bears in Louisiana and no mountains nowhere whatsoever.

A. REEDER, Baton Rouge, La.

A Job for Us

To the Editor of Collier's:

We are in an Old World university town in Germany. Last night we went to a great Rhein meeting—in a gigantic beer garden—1,000 students and more than 1,000 townspeople were all there together. It was most pathetic to see the hard, set faces of the boys—silent, determined, tense—ready to die all over again to-morrow for that bone of contention, Alsace Lorraine! We heard fiery speeches and exquisite Rhein songs—sung by men's choirs. And there was my husband beside me with a great wound across his back—who had watched for four years—to see a cap rise across a trench, and shoot it. And at our table sat four students, who lit his cigarette for him and chattered away to us as if we were blood brothers!

There are one or two American boys here—and I looked at them and thought to myself—"are you going to be strong enough and *sane* enough to make us keep the peace?" For it seems to me that America is the hope of the world! It is the only country that is strong enough to afford a sane lead—and a sane mind on the subject of war!

PHYLLIS BOTTOME.

He Took Our Joke Seriously

To the Editor of Collier's:

In a recent issue of your splendid weekly you poke some fun at the Anti-Horse Thief Association because of its fight on petting parties. This organization has been the butt of many good-natured jokes during its seventy years of activity, but really this petting party business has been too serious to be a joke.

You are mistaken too when you say that the A. H. T. A. has been revived for the special work of routing petting parties along country roadsides. The order has not had less than 20,000 members during the past twenty years.

W. W. GRAVES, National President,
St. Paul, Kansas.

The First Amphibian

To the Editor of Collier's:

In the June 20th issue I read a letter from Lt. Col. T. A. Ross, referring to mv invention of the Loening Amphibian.

The amphibian referred to in your issue of April 25th has been recognized all over the world as an invention by the recent issuance of patents in all countries, which specifically cover the original features of a unit hull and body tractor type of flying boat with an amphibian landing gear.

Incidentally, in the Loening Amphibian the tractor propeller in front of the pilot, due to the special construction of the machine, is remarkably protected from spray, exactly as on any single-float seaplane, and the seats of the pilot and observer are so high in the back that they have been actually found by test to be free of the bothersome effect of the spray, which mostly passes under the lower wing. Tests of seaworthiness made by army and navy flyers have also indicated very satisfactory results for the new design.

GROVER LOENING,
New York, N. Y.

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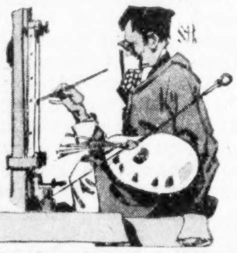

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Ten Votes for Bobbed Hair

To the Editor of Collier's:

After reading P. R. B.'s letter from Portland, Maine, in your July 4th issue, regarding "bobbed hair," I want to say that I heartily agree that he will remain a bachelor of 36-plus many years, so far as we "bobbed haired" maidens are concerned. In a few years he will have a much slimmer chance of selecting a long-haired princess for a bride than he now has.

I think that "bobbed hair" is by far the most sensible style that women have ever adopted, and I am thankful that I live in an age when women don't have to be ruled by old-fashioned men like P. R. B. When he casts one vote against the "mode," I cast ten in its favor, and here's hoping the style will last forever.

"THE MODERN GIRL,"
Grenada, Miss.

Page the Prince

To the Editor of Collier's:

Ho! For a bearded prince, the perfect mate for the long-haired princess.

I wonder if P. R. B. of Portland, Maine, has a nice, long, thick, glossy beard and bushy mustache!

I hope he hasn't let the barbers rob him of this masculine adornment as Delilah robbed Samson of his strength.

Oh, for the days when beards were beards—and men were men—

Alas! I couldn't let my lover climb to my tower on a braid of my hair like the princess in a fairy tale; but then, I'd lots rather climb down alone without risk of hanging myself on a rope of hair.

Come on, P. R. B., confess your acquaintance with Portland's tonsorial artists.

ONE OF THE GRACES,
Birmingham, Ala.

Hair-Splitting, If Not Hairy

To the Editor of Collier's:

If "evolution is not the act of creation, but the means by which it is effected—the method of God," as we are told by H. B. Lewis in Collier's of June 27th, then why did not Mr. Darwin and his contemporary scientists tell us so?

They left God entirely out of the universe, and undertook to account for the existence of everything, including the origin of man, by a process called evolution.

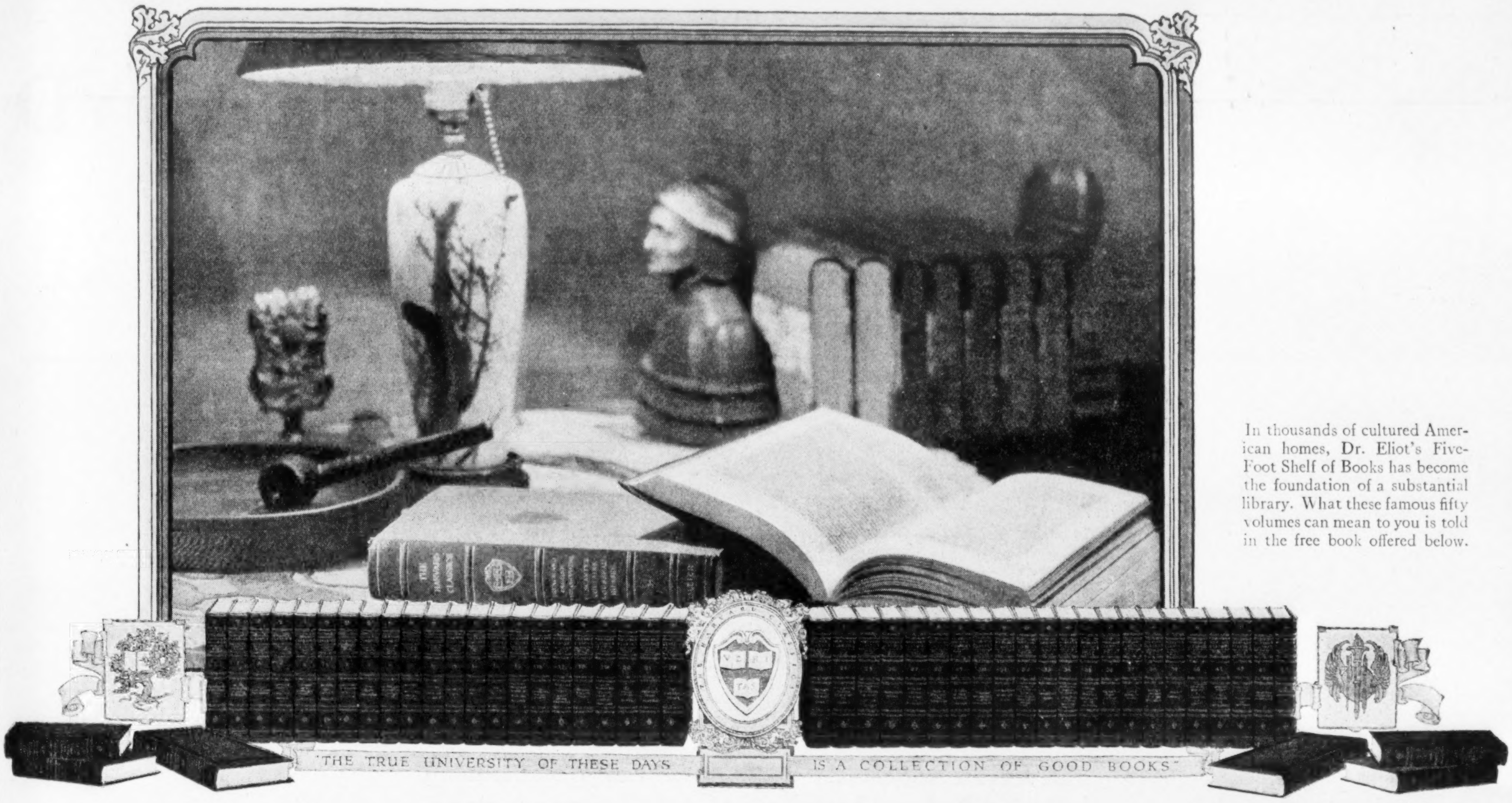
Now, what is evolution? Who can define it? Prof. Herbert Spencer says: "Evolution is an integration of matter, and concomitant dissipation of motion; during which the matter passes from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite heterogeneity, and during which the retained motion undergoes a parallel transformation."

It seems that the word evolution is used to explain all the development in all the universe in all time, and to account for the origin of species, man included.

Mr. Spencer, however, could not complete his system without admitting the presence of an "infinite and eternal energy."

Now, just name that infinite and eternal energy GOD, and admit that He "created" and fills the universe, and all the controversy is ended.

J. MALEY WILSON,
Marion, Ind.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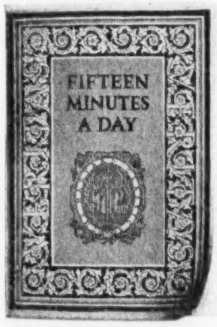

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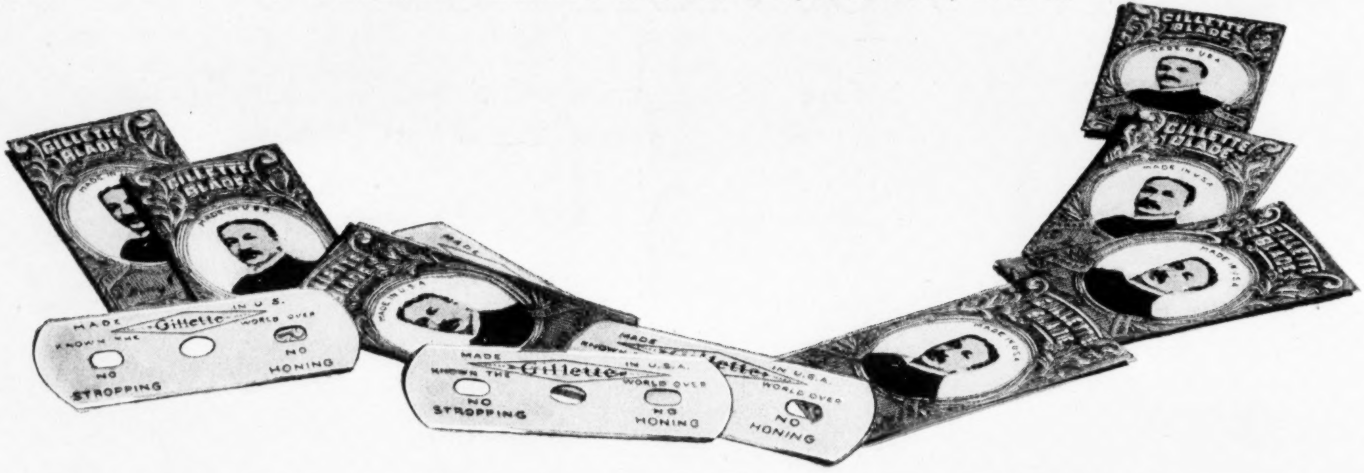

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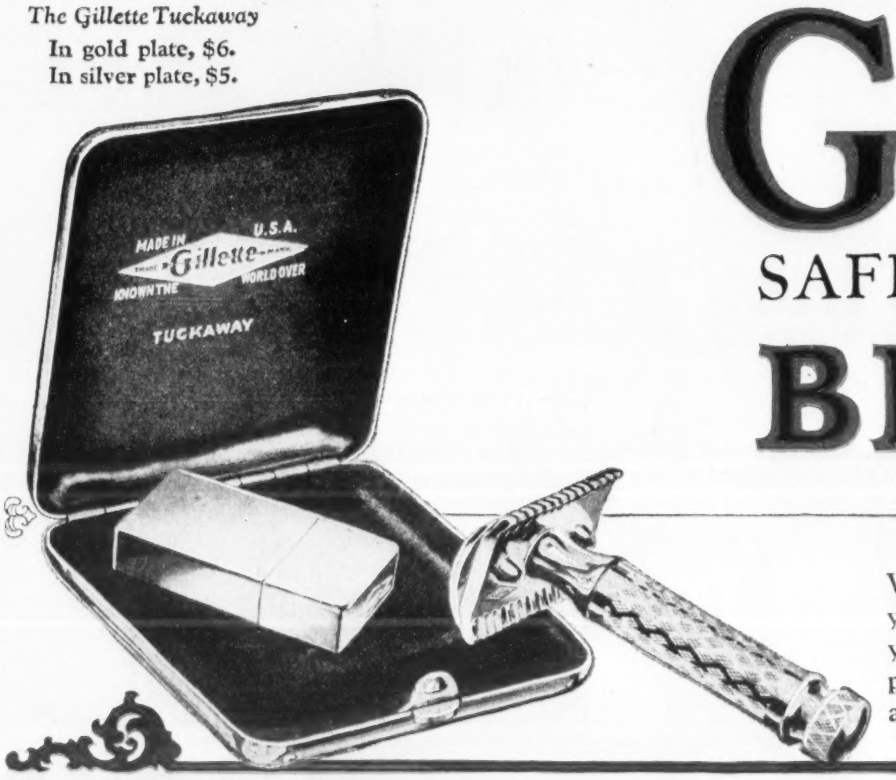

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